Privateer Press™

NO QUARTER MAGAZINE™

ISSUE № 4
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THE SPRIGGAN AND THE HAMMERSMITH

WARMACHINE®

MORE PREVIEWS!

HORDES™

IRON KINGDOMS™

SPIES, PIRATES, AND STEAMSHIPS

JANUARY 2006

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ON THE COVER

CYLENA RAEFYLL & THE NYSS HUNTERS

Driven by vengeance and the will to survive, the once reclusive Winter Elves have crossed into the kingdoms of men. Cylena Raefyll and her band of Nyss Hunters strike allegiances with those who can further her purpose.

EVA WIDERMANN

A rising star in the industry, Eva resides and paints in Germany.
This cover is the first piece from Eva for Privateer Press and we look forward to working with her in the future.

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No Quarter Magazine

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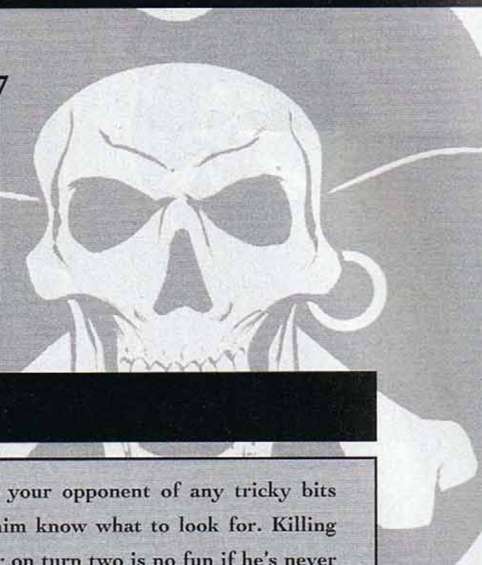
FIRE IN THE HOLE!



Spirit of the Game...

1) If the measurement is close – give it to them. Don't quibble over millimeters in a game of inches.

2) There is no such thing as a "cheesy" or "beardy" army list, or Warcaster. His army did not beat you, he did. Get a tactic together to fight it and kick his ass next time.

3) Unless a tactic is prohibited by the rules, it is not unsportsmanlike. The things you can do on the battlefield are generally clear and fair. Unless you are actually cheating – go for it.

4) Playing defensively is not inherently bad. As long as you are having an engaging battle, fight smart and have fun. For the record, running away for several turns is neither fighting smart, nor having fun.

5) Losing is part of the game. No need to argue about the details. If you think you should be able to take him – rack 'em up and play again. Even in a tournament, losing is okay.

6) Warn your opponent of any tricky bits and let him know what to look for. Killing his caster on turn two is no fun if he's never seen the technique before and had no clue how to face it.

7) Bring your "A" game. He came to get a good game in; play hard and give him a challenge.

8) Play it out. In a tournament setting, dropping out after a round or two is in bad form. Leaving because you are losing means someone else won't get to play next round.

9) Paint your armies. I don't mean that every piece you use has to be painted every game, but show some effort and progress in each event. Playing against painted models makes the game more fun for everyone.

10) Keep page 5 and page 23 of Prime in mind. Page 5 tells you to play like you've got a pair. Page 23 tells you to be a good sport and not dwell on disputes.

All of us have played him. He's the guy you don't like to face, not because of his skill, but because of his style. He questions every rule. He uses calipers to measure your movement, but snaps his own ruler away faster than a cobra. He picks his dice up a millisecond after rolling them and proudly announces "HIT!". He references some vague rule clarification to justify his shenanigans, but can't seem to locate it when asked. When he loses, he blames your "cheesy" army composition. If you let him, he can suck every shred of enjoyment out of the game due to his lack of social skills and his poor sportsmanship. His jackassery is legendary

He is That Guy™, and there is one in every crowd.

In my experience, most WARMACHINE players are not That Guy™. The players I see tend towards the Page 5 mentality of "kick their ass and make them love you for it."

I got an e-mail last week from a player, asking me to define "the spirit of the game". Apparently there had been a debate in our forums on the topic and he wanted my take on the subject. To be clear, most of our players understand this right away. At the dozens of events I attend each year I am always surprised at the amount of great sportsmanship this game attracts. They seem to inherently understand that you can have an aggressive, no-holds-barred, slugfest, and still play for fun. You don't have to nitpick every rule and measurement. You can bring your A-game and still let the other guy have a blast.

Some of our players are new to miniatures games and may not have faced That Guy™ before. Others may come from systems such as card games, where things like quitting in the middle of a tournament is acceptable. To them I present my Survival Guide for New Minis Gamers – or How not to be That Guy™ in WARMACHINE. These are some of the tricks I use to keep from turning into That Guy™ myself.

Above you have my formula for avoiding the pitfalls of "That Guy™" mentality. Now that you are armed and dangerous, you have the basics for not becoming That Guy™ as well as the tools to cope with him when he pops up.

Until next time,

Play like you've got a pair!

Duncan Huffman

-Editor in Chief

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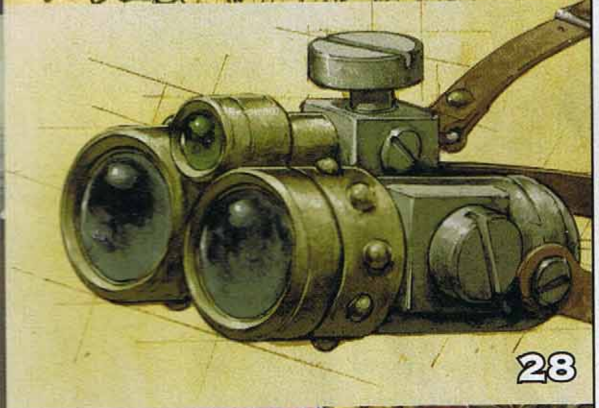

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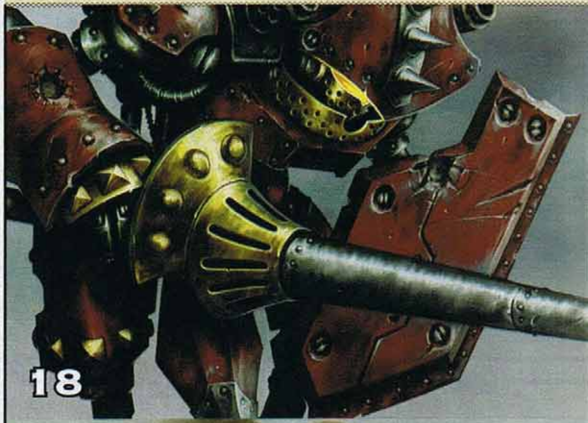
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BOATSWAIN'S CALL

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Q&A, AND GENERAL SHENANIGANS

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ISSUE Nº 3
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INTO THE PAST OF THE WITCHFIRE!
Dexter Sirac Unearths a Legend
IRON KINGDOMS
WARMACHINE
SUPERIORITY
New 'Jacks and Troops from the New Book for WARMACHINE!
HORDES
PICK YOUR PET!
Choosing a HORDES Faction
NOVEMBER 2005

I just picked up No Quarter #3 on Friday, and I'm just letting you know the solitaire puzzle on page 16 is great and I'm just asking to see if maybe there can be more in future issues.

-Eric Van Skike

Wish granted my friend. Not only will you see another in this issue, it got such a fantastic response that we plan on keeping it around long term as a feature. No promises, but you may actually see more than one in an issue soon...

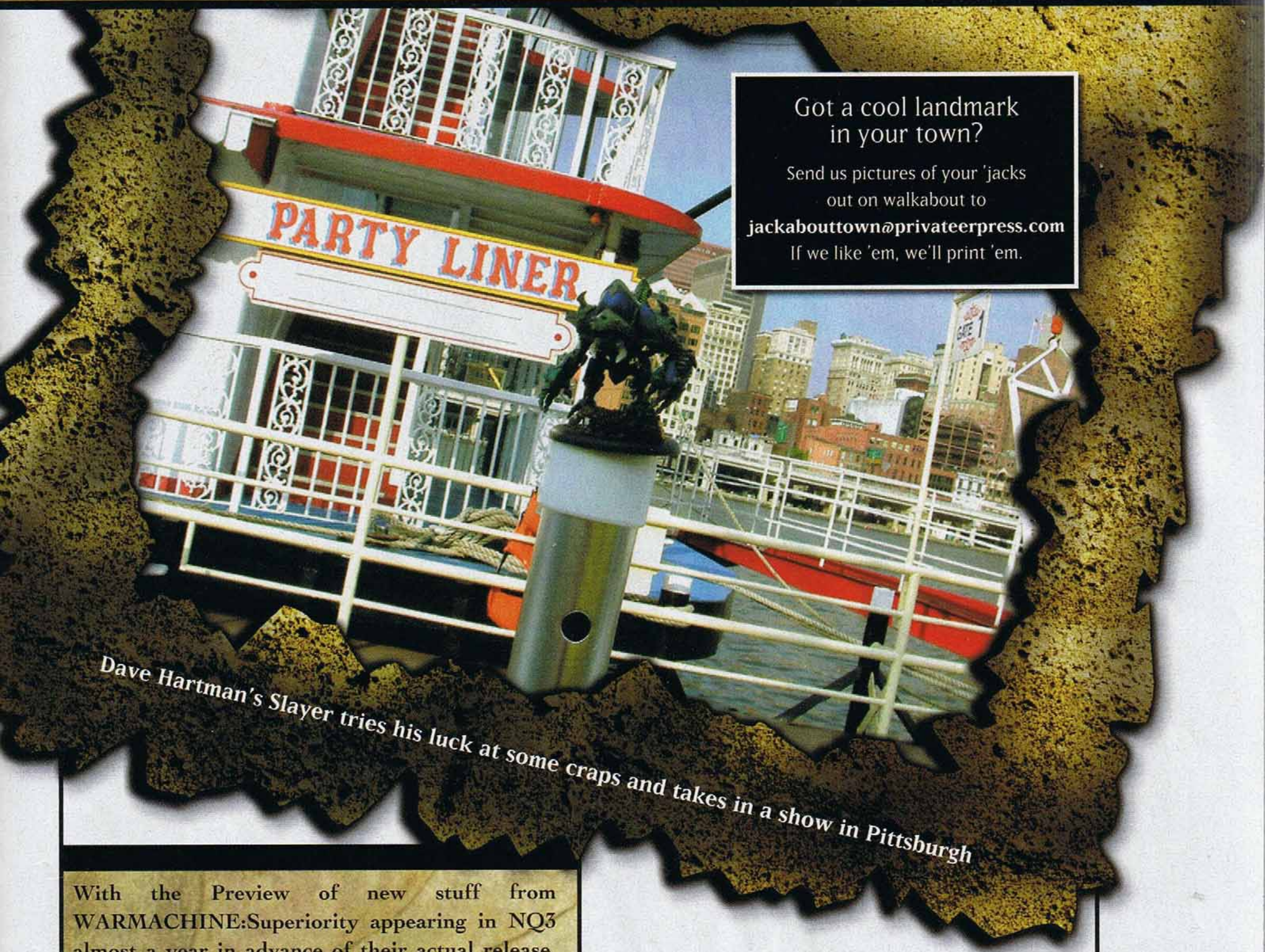
Glad you liked it.

On page 19 of issue 3 of NQM the Man-o-War Demolition corps is set at "leader and 5 troops : 54 points" is this correct? As additional units are 16 points each and the unit box set has 3 figures, wouldn't it be leader and 2 troops?

- The_Veneficus

Glad that struck you as odd Veneficus, because as written, they would be a bit on the overpowered side.

That was a misprint. The stat boxes for the Man-o-War Demolition Corps the words "Demolisher's Damage" should be replaced with "Field Allowance". The text "Leader and 5 Troops" should read "Leader and 2 Troops". The text "Up to 4 Additional Troops" should be "Up to 2 Additional Troops".



Got a cool landmark
in your town?

Send us pictures of your 'jacks
out on walkabout to
jackabouttown@privateerpress.com
If we like 'em, we'll print 'em.

Dave Hartman's Slayer tries his luck at some craps and takes in a show in Pittsburgh

With the Preview of new stuff from WARMACHINE:Superiority appearing in NQ3 almost a year in advance of their actual release, can we expect the rules for these previews to change before Superiority is released?

If so, than will player feed back on the forums (from those that proxy the unreleased stuff) effect your decisions as to any changes? Is this being seen as a way for you to have a mass play test of new stuff before its official release?

- Nacho_Agogo

Aside from the above misprint, the rules will stay as written. We have a massive play test system already in place for all of our new rules. Hundreds of man ours go into each rule from dozens of different groups (both in-house and out) all over the globe. In short, we don't release things that we don't believe to be fully ready for you to play. These guys have been through the wringer to get into your hands.

No Quarter Magazine is the place to see these rules first. Not as a test case, but as kick-ass, fully functioning additions to your armies.

Will you be including announcements of various sanctioned tournaments [in No Quarter Magazine]? I am especially interested so that I can make plans to attend the few that pop up in my area.

That and I need advanced notice so I can rush painting my models. (Lazy me, I do it all at the last minute.)

-The Gun Nut

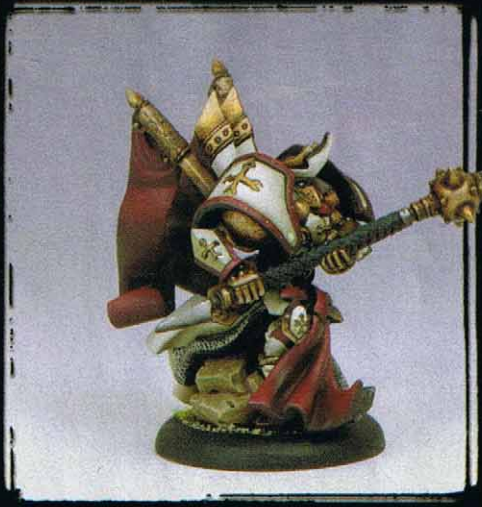
Thanks for the mail TGN. We did think about putting tournament announcements in the magazine, but with the hundreds of events happening each month all over the globe we discovered we would have to add far too many pages.

We will list our major convention events hosted by Privateer Press a month or two before hand so that you can paint in time. You can also find local events listed in our forums in the "Play Like You've Got a Pair" section (forums.privateerpress.com)

WARMACHINE

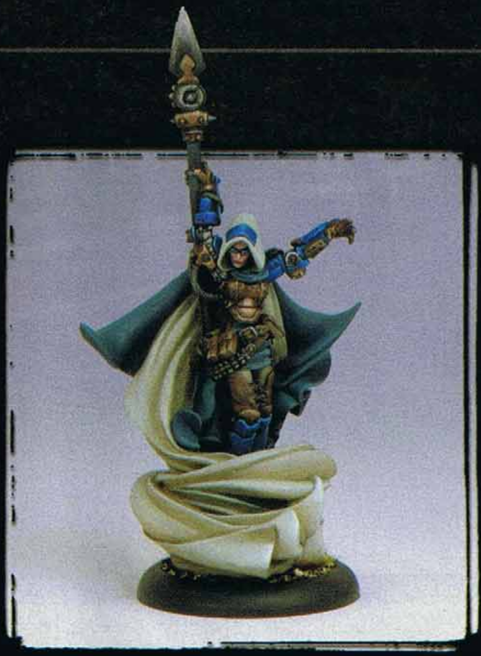
New Releases

January



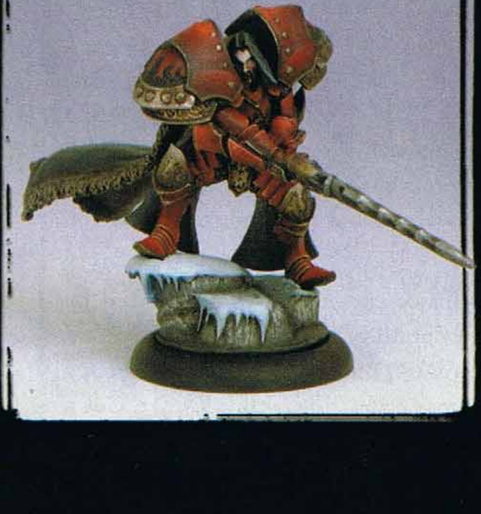
Protectorate Warcaster Grand Exemplar Kreoss
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson

PIP 33035 $14.99



Cygnar Warcaster Major Victoria Haley
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson

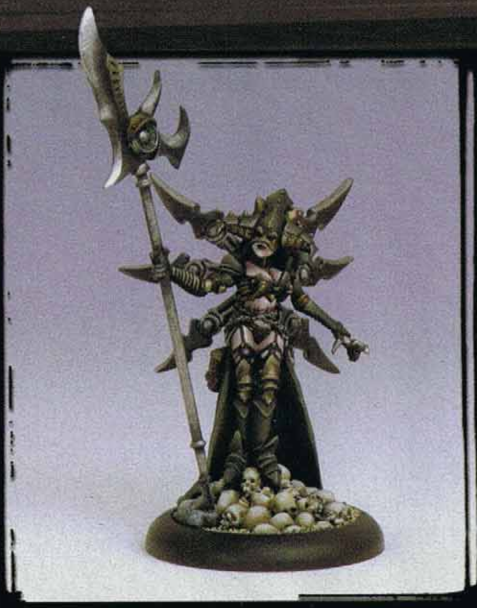
PIP 31033 $14.99



Khador Warcaster Vladimir, the Dark Champion
Sculpted By: Kev White

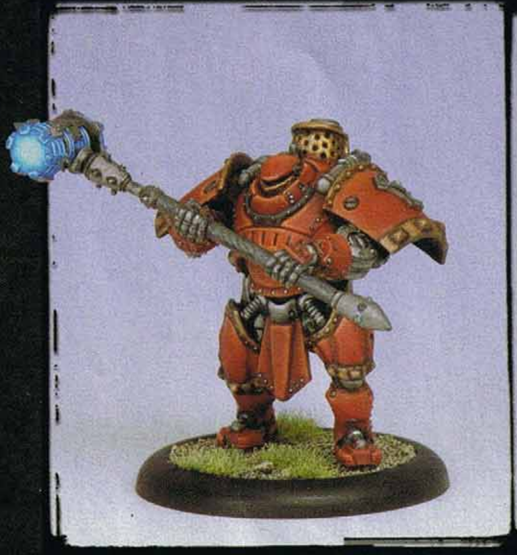
Epic Khador Warcaster Vladimir, the Dark Champion – Now recovered from his deadly wounds, Vladimir Tzepesci once again marches amongst the armies of western Immoren and toward a destiny he must fulfill. Few among the Iron Kingdoms know of the true treats to come, however the dark champion shall see to it that either a zealous prophet or undead regent pays the ultimate price for threatening his precious Motherland.

PIP 33035 $14.99



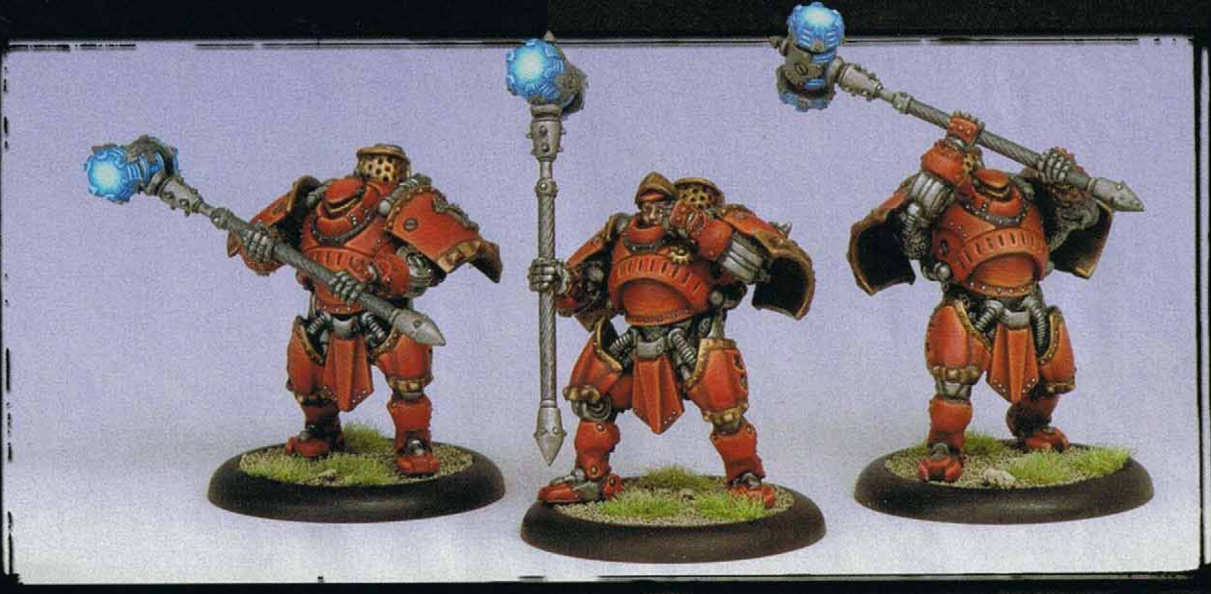
CRYX WARCASTER WRAITH WITCH DENEGHRA
SCULPTED BY: GREGORY CLAVILIER

PIP 34037 $9.99



MAN-O-WAR DEMOLITION CORPS
SCULPTED BY: JOHN WINTER

PIP 33038 $12.99



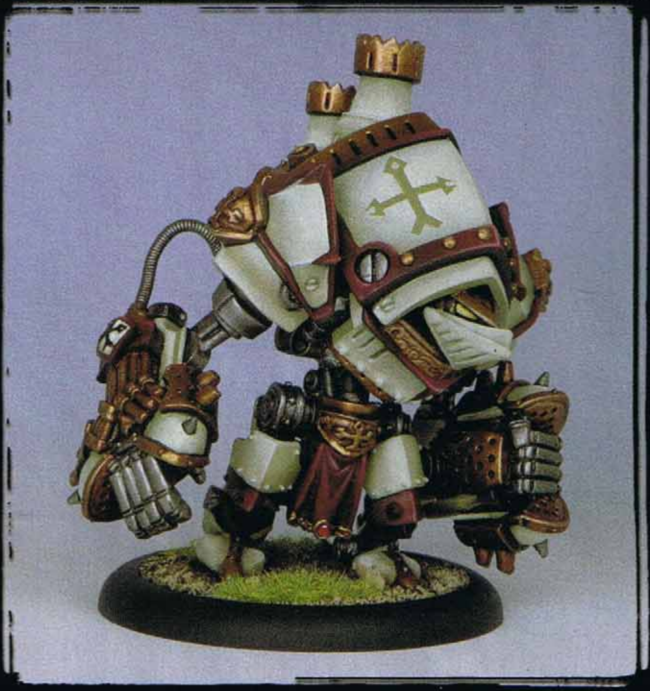
MAN-O-WAR DEMOLITION CORPS UNIT BOX
SCULPTED BY: JOHN WINTER

PIP 33037 $38.99

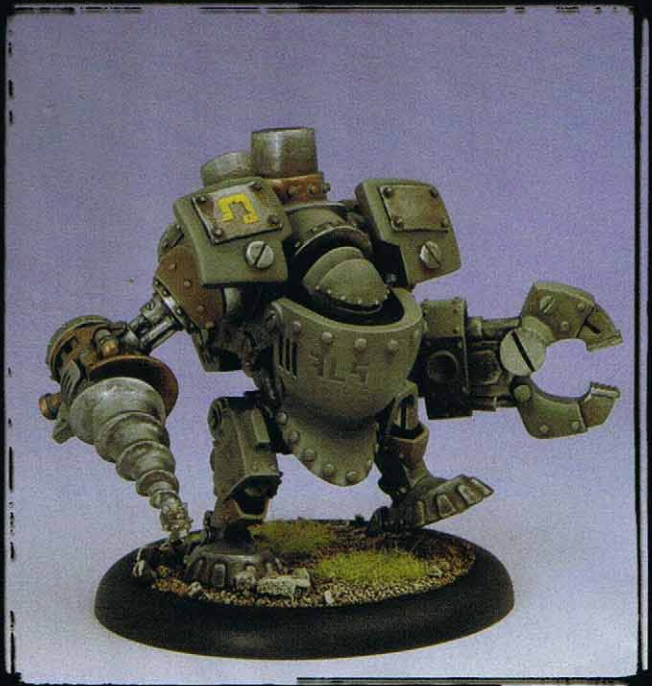
KHADOR MAN-O-WAR DEMOLITION CORPS LEAVING SHIELDS BEHIND TO FOCUS ON PURE OFFENSIVE BRUTALITY, THE CORPS IS EQUIPPED WITH ENORMOUS MECHANIKALLY ENHANCED ICE MAULS. THESE PACK A FREEZING PUNCH THAT TURNS ARMOR BRITTLE AND FREEZES FLESH BEFORE THE HEAVY WEAPON PULVERIZES ITS TARGET

WARMACHINE

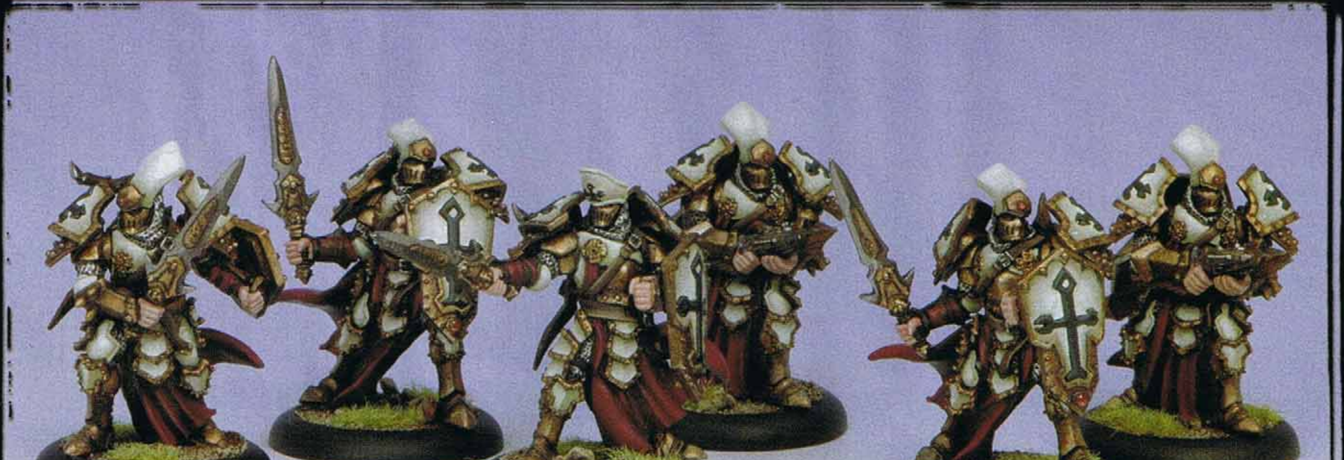
New Releases



Protectorate Castigator Heavy Warjack
Sculpted By: Mike McVey
PIP 32038 $29.99



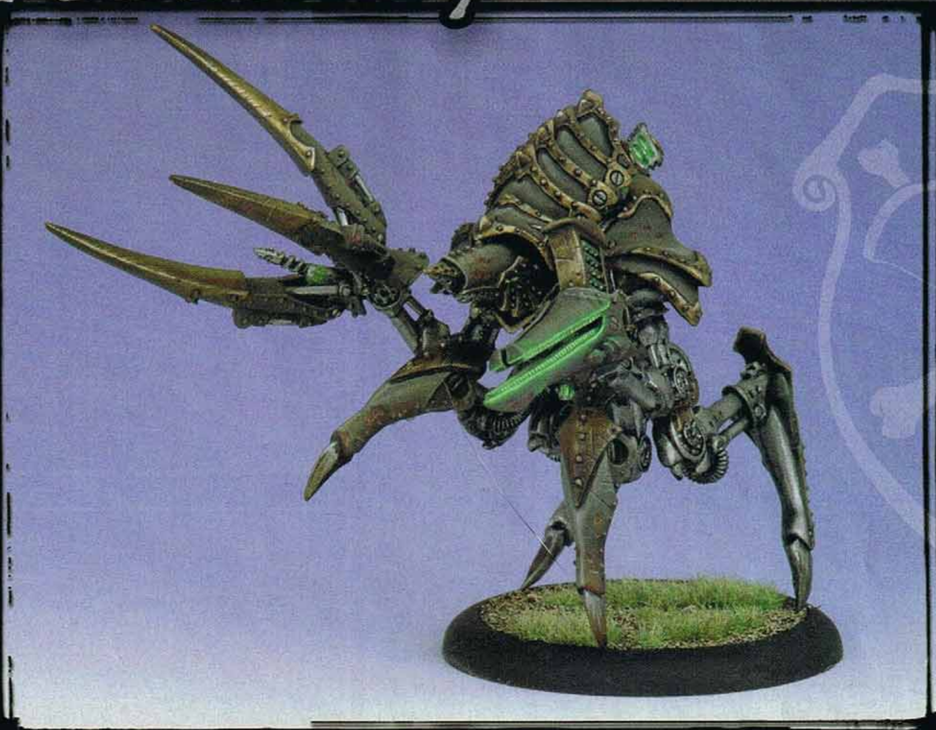
Mercenary Driller Rhulic Heavy Warjack
Sculpted By: Peter Flannery
PIP 41017 $19.99



Protectorate Exemplars Errant Unit Box
Sculpted By: Steve Saunders
PIP 32036 $29.99

Protectorate Exemplars Errant (2)
Sculpted By: Steve Saunders
PIP 32037 $9.99

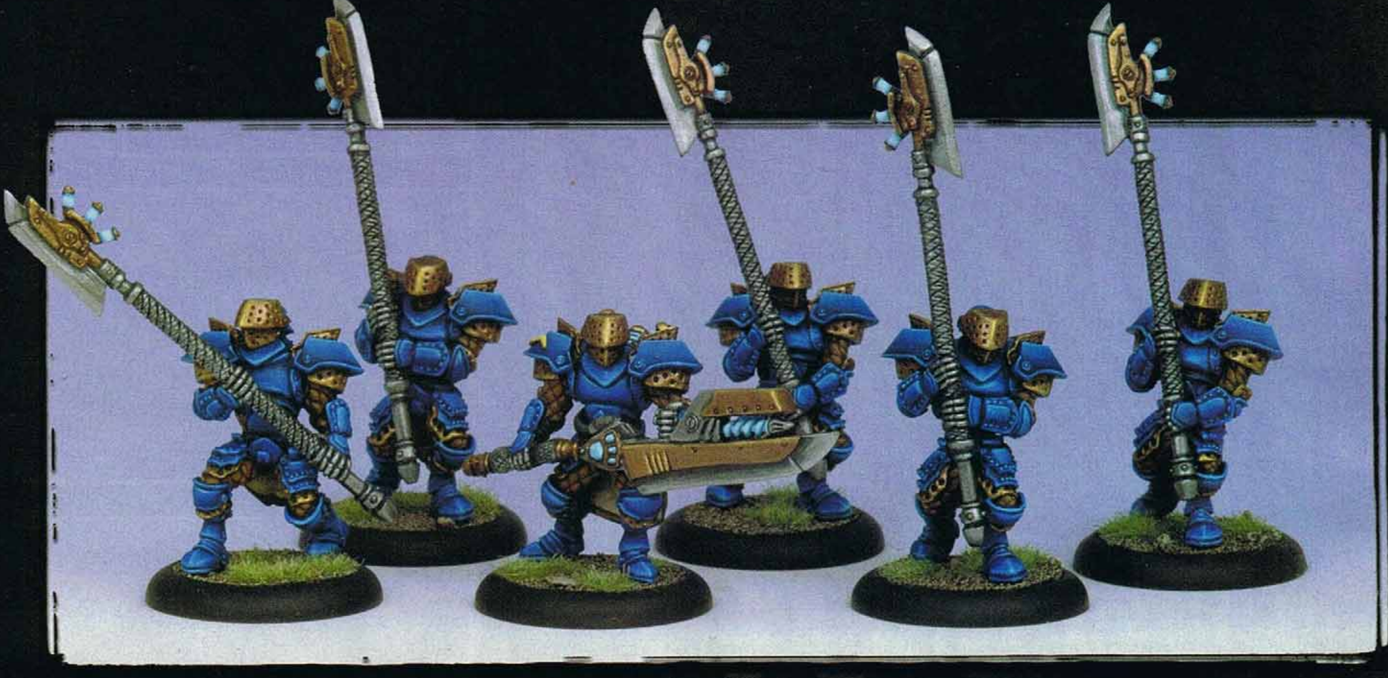
February



Cryx Harrower Helljack • Sculpted By: Jeff Wilhelm

Cryx Harrower Helljack – There is no clean death in the Harrower's wake. Those cut down by its scything Perisher claw endure a fate worse than death as their immortal soul is spun loose, harvested, and transformed into ammunition. The Mortifier cannon can launch occupied soul cages—ghostly shells capable of passing through any obstacle before solidifying to shred flesh and metal in a necromantic implosion.

PIP 34039 $29.99



Cygnar Stormguard Unit Box
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson

PIP 31037 $36.99

Cygnar Stormguard (2)
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson

PIP 31038 $11.99

"WAR-TORN" MERCS

By Ron Kruzie with Rob Stoddard

Last issue we detailed how to paint a Mercenary Nomad to a "showroom" finish; this issue we plan to take it a step further. This article is for all the generals out there that love the dirt, the grime, and the damage that warjacks attract during battle. For everyone that missed last issues "Showroom" Mercs article I'd like to recap the tools that I'll be using throughout this article. I'll be using Citadel paints and inks, Windsor Newton Series 7 brushes, a few old brushes, and a paint tray. With that taken care of and the black smoke of the enemy on the horizon it's time to gear up and get painting.

We'll start by adding some dirt and dust to our "showroom" Nomad. To simulate this we'll need to create a dirty mix. Using an old brush place some Snakebite Leather into one of the paint tray compartments, in another compartment place some Bestial Brown. Using a third compartment we will want to create a 50/50 mix of Snakebite Leather & Bestial Brown. Once we have the color mixed we want to thin this with a ratio of 1-part paint to 3-parts water. This super thin stain is called a glaze or watered down wash. Utilizing your old brush, start slapping on the mix—get dirty, extra dirty on the legs and feet. Don't forget the nuts and bolts, this will help to simulate a bit of rust. Paint some of this glaze flowing down with gravity to simulate splatters that are running down the 'jack. Next, add a bit of Scorched Brown into the mix. At this point I'm not even paying attention to the ratios. There's no time in battle. Now that we have thick wet mud, blotch it on; mud splatters, it's not neat and controlled. Make sure to hit up the legs. Splat some onto the underside, don't be afraid, get caught up in the fray! (1) Paint like you've got a pair!

During our march through the mud it appears that our once beautifully detailed buckler acquired some wear and tear. To accomplish this effect we'll go back to the pristine buckler with teeth. Ah, such pretty teeth. We want to thin some Black paint and paint in around the edges of the teeth—put a couple of slash marks on them. Be mindful now, don't destroy the design itself; it still needs to look like teeth. It's obvious now that our Nomad has been getting the most out of its buckler. (2)

Any warjack that has seen some action isn't complete without chipped paint and battle scars. We'll start with some rusted scars, but we need the right color mixture. A 50/50 mix of Dark Flesh and Black provides a good base color. Work around the 'jack—place the chips on any edges where you think paint would flake off from maneuvering around obstacles and everyday wear and tear. Place a few chips around the torso and hull to showcase bullet marks

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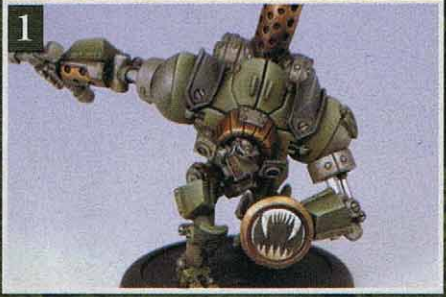

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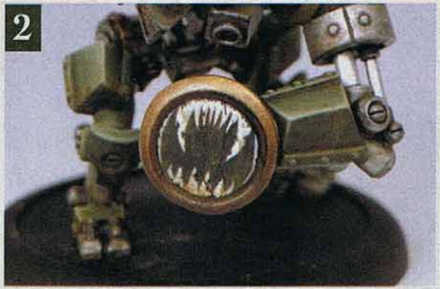

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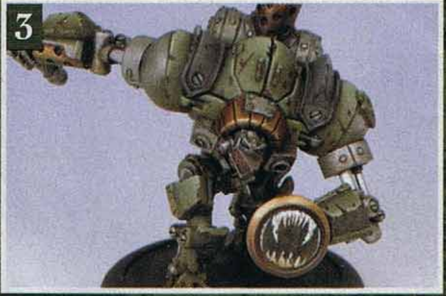

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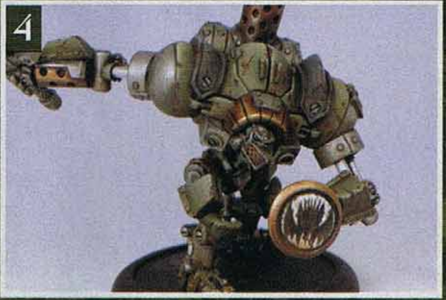

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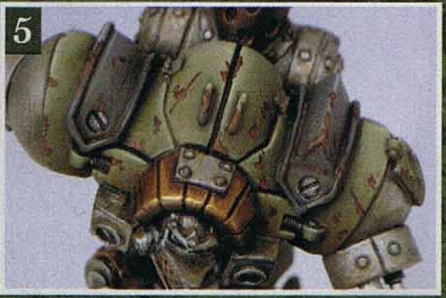
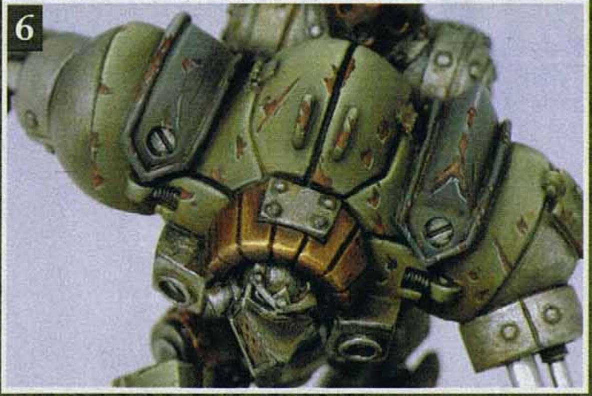


and sword slashes. (3) After we have our base color down we will go back in with straight Dark Flesh. Paint this directly into the chips, we want to place this highlight towards the bottom of the chip, leaving the top of the chip dark, this will simulate the shadow of an indention and will greatly help to achieve the final look. (4) With a bit of Snakebite Leather added to the Dark Flesh, we have a perfect highlight to place at the bottom of the chip. This will give the look of rust exposed to the sunlight. (5) For this last stage it's a good idea to bring out your finest tipped brush because we are going to highlight under edges of the paint chips. Since we are working on our "showroom" Nomad from last issue our highlight color will consist of Rotting Flesh with a touch of Catachan Green to cut the brightness down a bit. Take your time and paint fine lines under the chips; this will simulate a 3D effect of depth for the damage and indentation to the paint. (6) Be mindful of the light & shadow, matching these highlights to the one previously on the 'jack can greatly help.

Now occasionally on the battlefield you run into a few crazies that might be a bit over confident and get too close to a warjack. What do they manage for all their effort? A few good slash marks and scrapes against paint, suckers! With our green highlight mixture, once again Rotting Flesh with a touch of Catachan Green, make really thin slash marks on the armor, just feel it out: where would those poor troopers place their futile blows? (7)

Next we'll add another small detail that can take a 'jack to the next level. Streaking the rusted paint chips can be that extra touch. Create a 50/50 Snakebite Leather & Dark Flesh glaze, then streak the paint chips with the flow of gravity. This is done after all our paint chip highlights have been laid own and are now dry. We want these to look like the chips rusted out after the damage occurred. (8 + 9)

6



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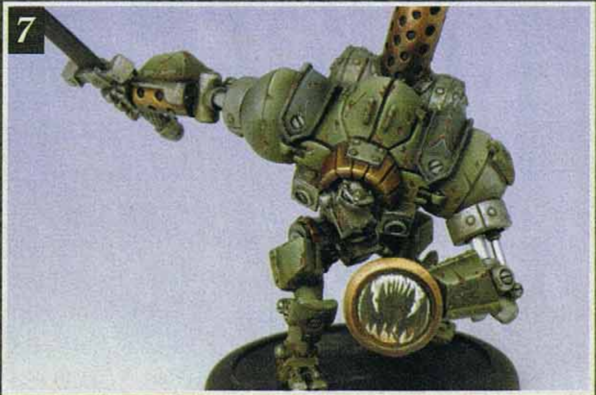
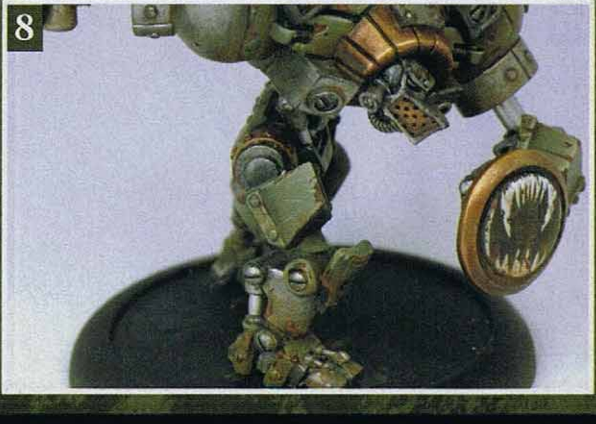


The slash marks that we are going to add to the brass are painted with the same mix we used in last issue's article to shade the brass during the early stages. With an old brush, grab a few drops of Scorched Brown, placing it into a paint chamber. Next we'll add some Brown Ink & Chestnut Ink, as well as a bit of water until our mix appears muddy. After painting the slashes in the desired locations we'll mix up a highlight. (10) With an 80/20 mixture of Burnished Gold & Brazen Brass, place a fine line under each slash, again this helps create the three dimensional effect. (11)

Putting our steel through the same rigors as our brass will bring the entire 'jack together—this is

8



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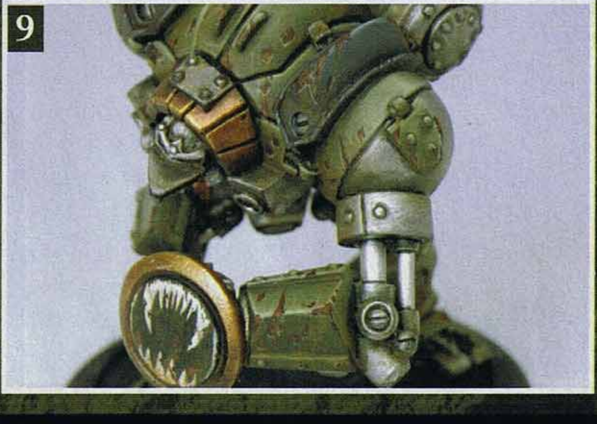

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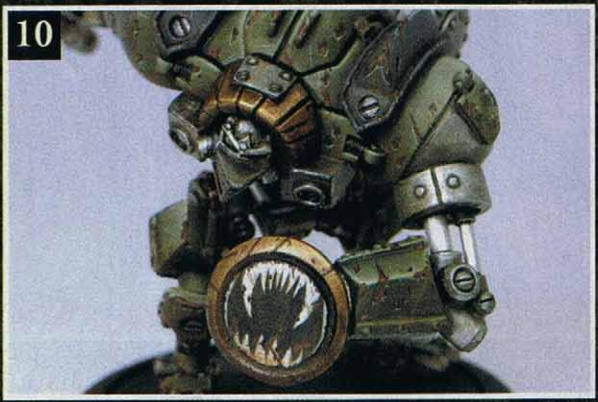

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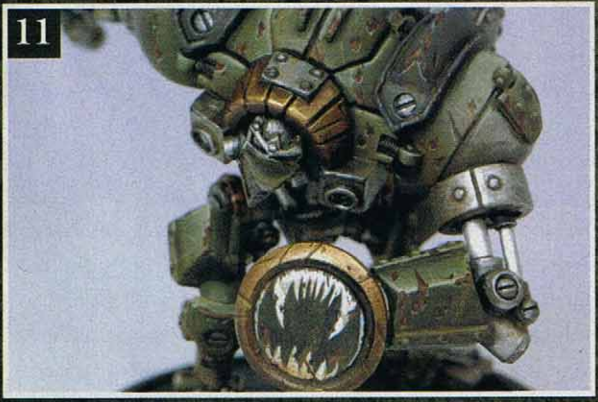
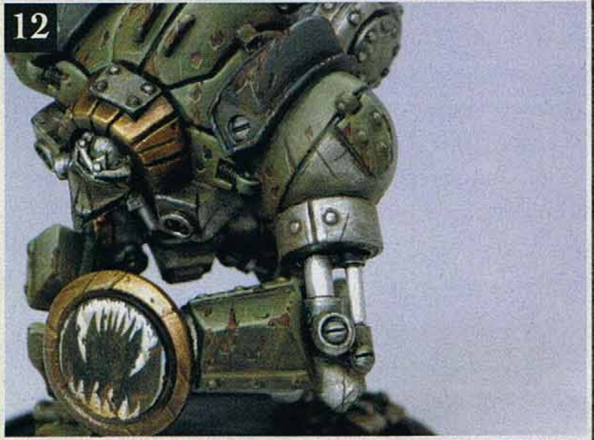


accomplished in the same fashion only with different mixes of course. Take some Bestial Brown and mix in some Blue & Brown Ink, than add some water. If you have been working with us since last issue I would recommend using the same mixture as you did to shade your Boltgun Metal. For those starting fresh, the ratio of paint, ink, and water to use for your slashes will be up to your personal taste, you might like it more brown, whereas I like it blue and thin. Experiment and discover what works best for you. After creating our perfect mix and adding the slashes to our Boltgun Metal, (12) we used straight Chainmail and placed fine lines under each of the slashes. (13)

Now for one badly maintained, sloppily sharpened sword. Starting with a Chainmail base coat, (14) slop some of our metal stain mix onto the blade; this is the same mixture that we have been using throughout this 'jack. Don't be afraid to get dirty, this sword has seen a ton of action, and we wouldn't have it any other way, right? (15) Next hit the blade with more Chainmail, underline the slash marks, and give the edge of the blade a really rough sharpening job. Accomplish this look by going down the edges of the blade and making small streaks all the way down. (16) Now a shiny sword will not do

12



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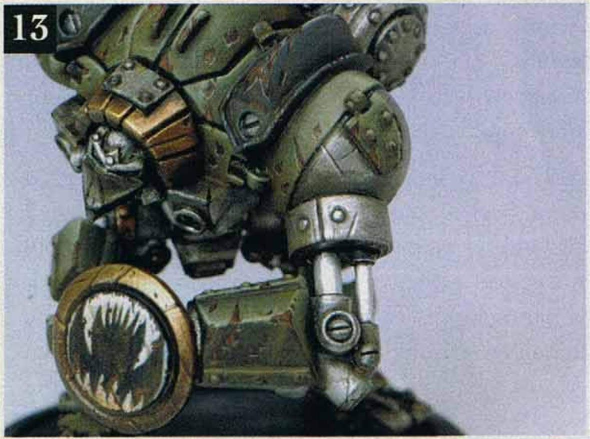

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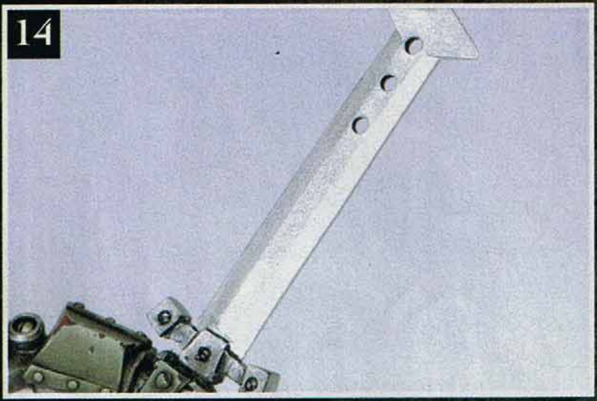

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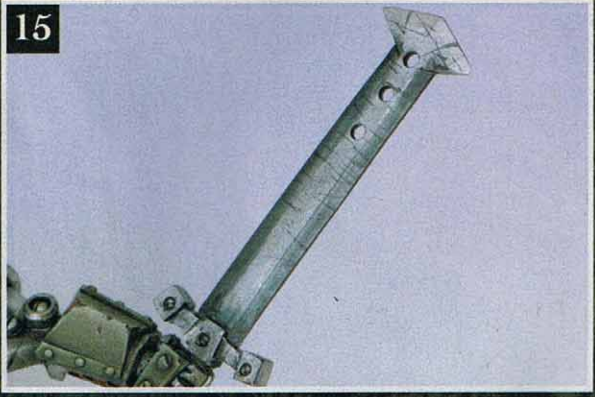


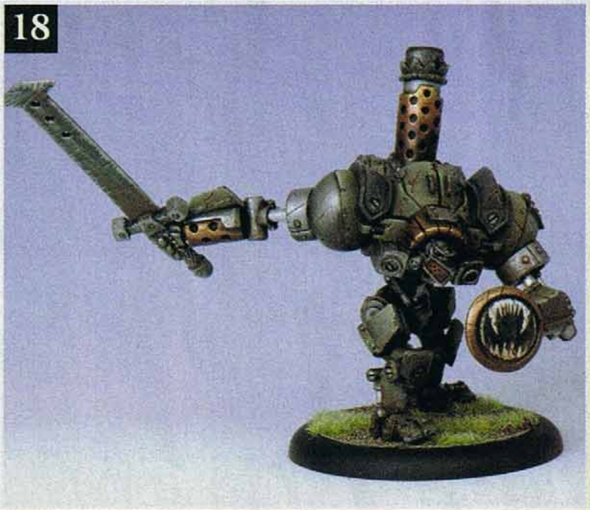
when the rest of our Nomad has been to Urcaen and back. We need to rust this baby up. To get our rust splatters mix up a 50/50 mix of Snakebite Leather & Dark Flesh, splotch it on, run it down the blade, get the mud on there. (17)

All that we have left is to finish a few minor details and the war will be over. Since we have not painted the boiler we have to put it through our now classic steel method—however, do not bother highlighting the top edge. We will blacken the edges near the opening to give it a soot covered look. To take care of the eyes we hit them with a base of Red Gore, then a straight highlight of Blood Red, and finally a small point of pure White in the upper corner of each.

After the sand has dried, we'll want to paint it with a mixture of Scorched Brown thinned with equal parts Brown Ink & water. This will make painting our base much easier than using straight paint; the ink in particular really helps stain the sand. After our base coat has dried we will drybrush Snakebite Leather onto the sand. Drybrushing is a technique that will quickly kill your brushes, thus I strongly recommend using old brushes when working on your bases. After you dip your brush into the paint you will want to rub the majority of it off onto a paper towel, leaving a small amount of paint on the brush. Next quickly run the brush back and forth across the surface of the sand—repeat this many times, as the paint will remain on the raised areas. With our Snakebite Leather in place and dry we will repeat the process with Bleached Bone for the highlight.

With an amazing foundation laid we have one final touch, Static Grass. After utilizing white glue to get our Static Grass in place, let it dry, then we will dry brush Bleached Bone directly over the Static Grass. This will give us a baked battlefield look, not the lush green and pretty look; we don't want to give our opponent the wrong impression. And with those final touches our Nomad has gone from factory 'fresh' to battlefield 'hard & weathered.' (18 & 19)

18



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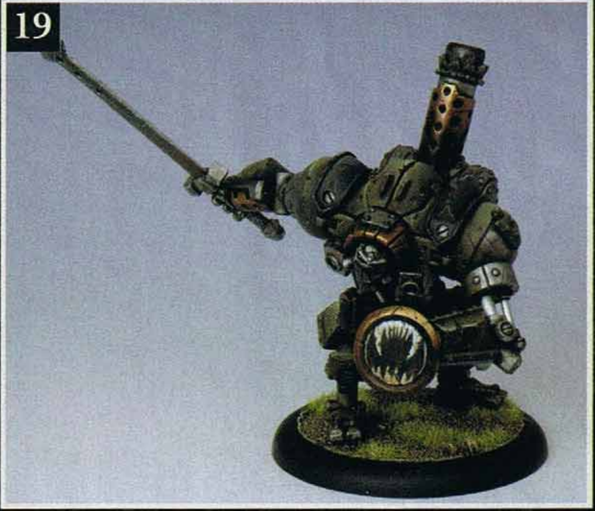

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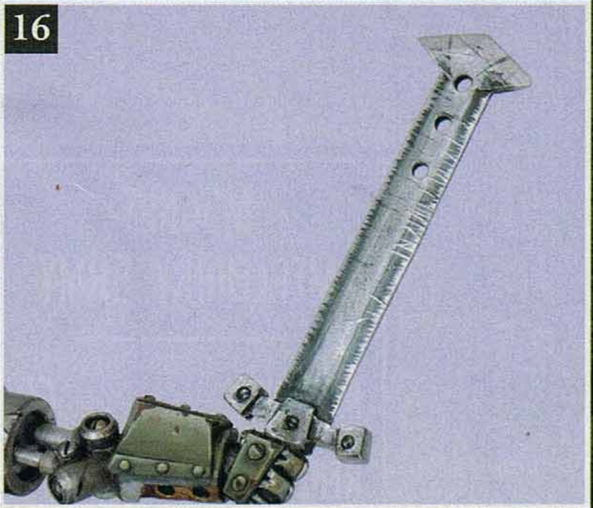

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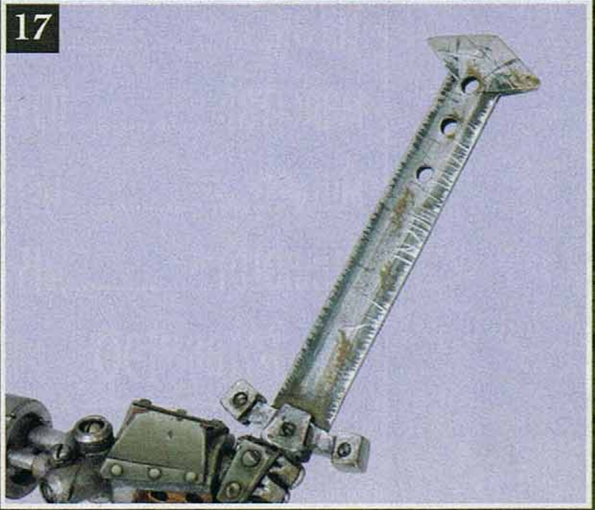


FULL METAL MAGNUS

BY MARKY "WAR MARMOT" ERHARDT

So I'm sitting in the break room eating my sprouts on rye sandwich when Duncan walks in smelling of rum and goat cheese and says "Hey Marky can you write an article on your Magnus list?" Knowing that this will only lead to more work for Duncan, I say "sure why not." I like making work for Duncan; it is one of my hobbies. Plus I would get the chance to show some folks how I use Magnus. Besides, I can't let Kevin get all the glory (his list in NQM#3 was great).

My goal is to show what a boatload of angry 'jacks can do. This is not your typical Magnus list. This list takes a basic foundation of the battle box 'jacks and throws in some things suitable for my own play style. It is unlike most lists you see today because it is so metal heavy. It is five 'jacks, a mad man, and one well-dressed Gobber. That's it. No guys with big poles or nets. No smelly trollkin. No dwarves. This list is all about cold hard steel. It bears down on your opponent like an ice cream truck driven by a mad clown. He will see it coming, but be too mesmerized by the sound of pop goes the weasel to do anything about it. That's when the hammer drops and POW!

Now before you say "No way Magnus should take all 'jacks...", Magnus belongs in the action. The 'jacks I take with him don't need a lot of handholding and he has six focus to make them hum. In my opinion, he should be surrounded by heavy metal. I try to get Frenzy up on my Mangler early. I usually upkeep it depending on what my opponent throws at me. After that, I like to get trucking across the field so the rest of the focus goes to the jacks. Keep the 'jacks moving with the five focus he has left and you can get into position for a very nice ranged barrage. Hit them with your templates early and often, and let the two big 'jacks mop up. Simple.

Let's walk through some basics of the jacks to see how it all fits together.

The Renegade's one-shot AOE is one of the most frightening things in the game. I bring two. It rips the faces off of troops and knocks everything else on their cans. The melee weapon is no slouch either; the shred ability is crucial for efficient focus usage.

The arc node is gravy. Sure, there is a 50% chance of Magnus taking a few points of damage from the thing but he can take it. He's tough. In a pinch, don't forget that you can slam with the Renegade, and then channel when he's not engaged.

The Talon is a bit like a butter knife. Plain and simple but slides between your opponents ribs quite well when wielded by a deranged psycho. The Mangler in contrast, is a beating on legs.

MAGNUS MERCENARY ARMY

MAGNUS	69
RENEGADE X2	130
TALON	61
MANGLER	105
MULE	110
REINHOLDT	15

TOTAL 490

Five 'jacks, a gobber, and an attitude - 'nuff said.

I always take a Talon with my Mangler; they compliment each other well. It is not that the Mangler needs the stall effect to hit, but when I want to head butt, throw, or slam a Jack it is always nice to have a Talon at his side to set up the assist.

The Mule comes in as heavy artillery support in the early game and follows up as a great mid-game beat stick to support the other 'jacks. Don't underestimate the value of that AOE 4 blast with Critical Devastation to really ruin your opponent's plans.

Versus troop heavy lists use all the blast templates to avoid getting swamped. Magnus has his Scattergun template (twice per turn with his gobber sidekick!), and Raining Steel to help out with the Obliterators from the Renegades, and the Mule's Steam Lobber.

When facing heavy 'jack lists, remember to use your jacks to support each other. Don't let them face things alone. Use Disruptor to pull the fangs if the enemy 'jacks get close and remember to channel spells from behind the enemy 'jacks to get Magnus' Backstab bonus.

If it looks too tough—slam it. If there are too many of them—trample them. If you feel you can't damage it—throw it out of your way or slam the snot out of it.

This list is not for the timid. You have to be willing to lose a few times to get the hang of it and certain lists can ruin your day if you let them. But once you have the basic tactics down, it can be a really impressive beating. Plus, it's five 'jacks! Pure fun to play.

Let's wrap up with some final advice for this army:

- **Go fast. If things get bad you have a "get out of hell free" card with Magnus' feat.**
- **Your Renegades are not useless after the Obliterator shot. They still have the arc node and a nasty weapon.**
- **Use power attacks. With paired kill teams of jacks, this can make all the difference.**
- **If all else fails slam a 'jack through it; even your own.**
- **Use your maneuverability and your overwhelming templates to keep your opponent playing your game.**

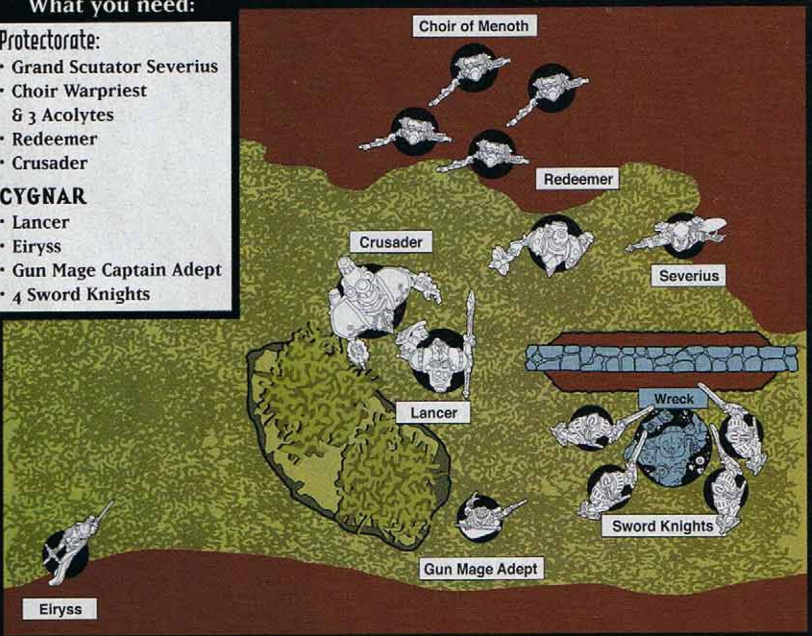
Menite Madness

By David "DC" Carl

What you need:

Protectorate:
- Grand Scutator Severius
- Choir Warpriest & 3 Acolytes
- Redeemer
- Crusader

CYGNAR
- Lancer
- Eiryss
- Gun Mage Captain Adept
- 4 Sword Knights



It's crunch time. The guy across the table is talking smack about forgone conclusions and "the Will of Menoth..." Time to put him in his place. In this WARMACHINE brain teaser we'll see if you can juggle a few things at the same time. Just like last time, see if you can win in a few different ways. Use Average die rolls to calculate the best course of action, or press your luck and roll it out.

The Setup:

Severius stands two inches behind a low wall with a Redeemer about an inch to his right. A four-man Choir of Menoth stands just a couple inches behind the Redeemer. To Severius's right and farther upfield, a damaged Crusader stands four inches away (columns 5, 6, and 1 are completely marked off, and column 2 has two points of damage). Severius has held on to four focus points to overboost his power field.

You are the Cygnar player. Stryker has no focus to allocate due to Severius's feat, Divine Might. He is also engaged in combat, unable to aid his few remaining troops. Eiryss stands a little over 20 inches from Severius on the opposite side of a forest. Four Sword Knights stand three to four inches in front of Severius on the opposite side of the linear obstacle. A Gun Mage Captain Adept waits five inches behind the Sword Knights, and, lastly, a Lancer stands toe-to-toe with the damaged Crusader, just under four inches from Severius. Unfortunately, the crafty Protectorate player has armlocked the Lancer's War Spear.

The Challenge:

Drop the Scutator. Without focus, Stryker is unlikely to fare well against the models engaging him, so it's now or never. Severius is down to 10 damage boxes, and your opponent is counting on his DEF14 and ARM18 to keep him in the game. Sure, a Sword Knight might get a miracle damage roll, but there's a better way. Tip the odds in your favor, and ensure the geriatric Scrutator feels the might of Cygnar.

Our Solution:

With his current DEF and ARM, Severius is a pretty tough customer, but average rolls will be plenty if the four Sword Knights can get their Flank bonus. A Death Bolt from Eiryss's crossbow will disable the left arm system of the smoking Crusader, breaking the armlock. The Gun Mage can Thunderbolt the Redeemer positioned between the Lancer and Severius – with the right angle on the Thunderbolt, even just a 1" push will allow the Lancer to walk into melee with Severius. The Crusader will get a free strike, but, can only Bash. Take full advantage of Reach in order to leave room for the Sword Knights. The Lancer's actual attack roll is pretty irrelevant – the key is that he allows the four Sword Knights to make eight attacks with the flank bonus, more than enough to send the Grand Scrutator to Urcaen with some average rolls.

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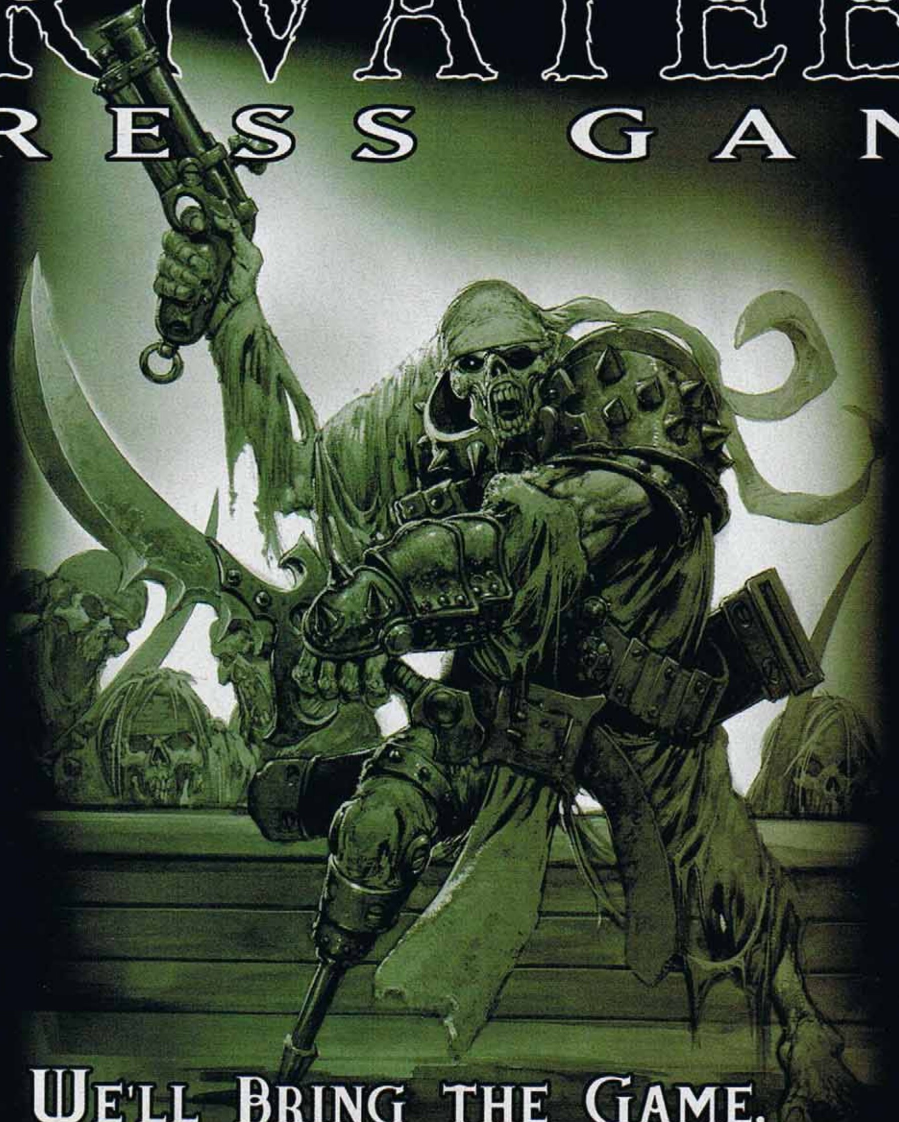

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HAMMERSMITH

CYGNAR HEAVY WARJACK

"Give me a few of those when I'm knocking on Voyle's door."

—Major Markus "Siege" Brisbane

There is an old saying among mechaniks—the fewer moving parts, the less that will go wrong. The Hammersmith is the definition of that maxim. As war continues to rage, warjacks on every side of the conflict become increasingly dependant on repairs. Supply lines are less reliable everyday and front line military commanders are concerned about finding their tactical options limited by faulty systems. Enter the extremely reliable, troop crushing, metal buckling Hammersmith.

Although built on the same chassis as the Centurion, the Hammersmith takes the phrase "an unstoppable force" to a completely different level. Gone are the intricately mechanized armaments, replaced by massive twin weapons known as Forge Hammers. They are direct, almost brutish weapons that are clearly designed for pounding metal—and anything else in their path—as flat as the farmlands of the Eastern Midlunds. The Forge Hammers are capable of rocking even the heaviest Warjack back on its heels and then pressing that advantage for everything its worth. Every titanic blow from the heavy 'jack pushes its foe back as the Hammersmith keeps up the pressure, striding forward to strike again in a cacophonous rhythm, sounding like an ironworker shaping metal. At the end of this deafening sequence the Hammersmith rears back and delivers one final resounding attack that has been likened to a giant gong being struck, pushing its enemy out of close quarters.

Many a Cygnaran trooper has been heard giving thanks to Sambert—Ascendant of Morrow and patron of Smiths—after having his bacon pulled out of the fire by the mighty advance of a Hammersmith. As the forces of western Immoren continue to clash the simple but devastating power of this monstrous warjack will help turn the tide of war in Cygnar's favor.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	12	5	4	11	19

	HAMMER		
	Special	POW	P+S
LEFT	Beat Back	4	16

	HAMMER		
	Special	POW	P+S
RIGHT	Beat Back	4	16

DAMAGE GRID

1	2	3	4	5	6
		☐	☐		
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
☐	L	☐	☐	R	☐
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	

SYSTEMS
Left Arm (L)
Right Arm (R)
Cortex (C)
Movement (M)

Point Cost	111
Field Allowance	U
Victory Points	3

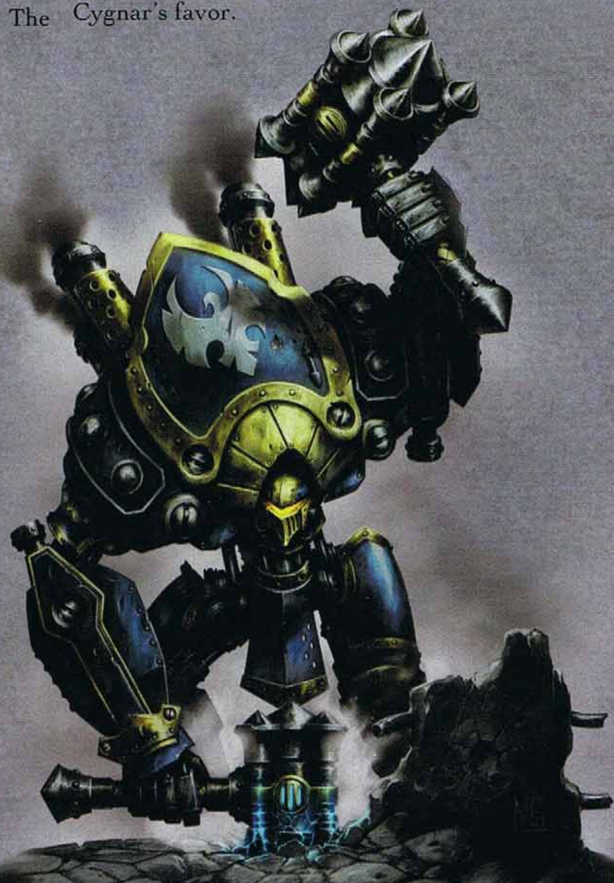
Base Size: Large

HAMMERSMITH

CHAIN ATTACK – CLOBBER - If the Hammersmith has both arm systems functional and hits with both of its initial Hammer attacks against the same target in the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an additional melee attack against the target. If the attack succeeds, the target suffers no damage but is immediately pushed d3" directly away from the Hammersmith. A pushed model moves at half rate in rough terrain and stops if it collides with an obstacle, obstruction, or a model with an equal or larger-sized base. The pushed model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. Immediately after the target model is moved, the Hammersmith may move up to 1" directly toward the center of the pushed model. The Hammersmith may be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

HAMMERS

BEAT BACK - When the Hammersmith makes a successful Hammer attack against a model, its target may be pushed 1" directly away from the Hammersmith immediately after the attack is resolved. A pushed model moves at half rate in rough terrain and stops if it collides with an obstacle, obstruction, or a model with an equal or larger-sized base. The pushed model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement. Immediately after the target model is moved, the Hammersmith may move up to 1" directly toward the center of the pushed model. The Hammersmith may be targeted by free strikes during this movement. The Hammersmith may make melee attacks after following up.

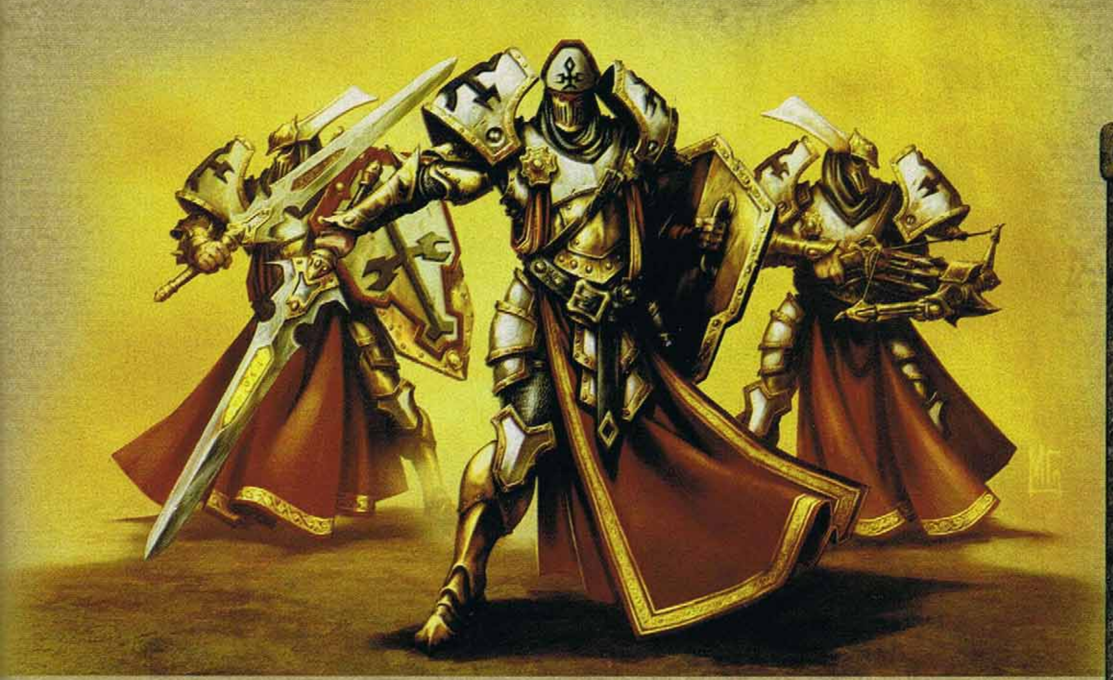


EXEMPLARS ERRANT

PROTECTORATE KNIGHTS EXEMPLAR | UNIT

"Though our duty may take us from His lands, our hearts will not waver from His flame."

—Excerpt from the Oath of the Exemplar Errant



WARDER				CMD	9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	6	8	6	12	16
KNIGHT				**CMD**	**7**
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	6	7	5	12	16

HEAVY CROSSBOW				
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
	10	1	-	10

SWORD			
	Special	POW	P+S
	-	3	9

Leader and 5 Troops	79
Up to 4 Additional Troops	13ea
Field Allowance	1
Victory Points	2

Base Size: Small

If the Knights Exemplar of the Protectorate stand as the sword of Menoth, defending His lands from the unfaithful, the Exemplars Errant are the lance of Menoth, striking deep into the heart of His enemy abroad. Ranging outside the borders of the Protectorate, these zealous knights carry out missions of great importance for the priesthood and their Creator.

Should they fall in the service of the Creator, their deeds will go unrecognized, as they lie unhallowed in foreign lands. Accordingly they forego the use of sacred Relic Blades, lest they fall into the hands of covetous heathens if their bearers are slain in battle. As an advanced strike force, the Exemplars Errant bring lighter and more versatile gear on their holy missions, although they are trained every bit as rigorously in the martial arts as every exemplar. Each carries a heavy crossbow, fortified by blessing and prayer to pierce arcane wards and magical sigils. Each likewise bears a shield inscribed with sacred passages taken from the Canon of the True Law to protect them in their sacred duty while they travel far from holy soil.

While all Knights Exemplar are required to meet the highest standards of faith and dedication, Errants are chosen among those who embody the spirit of ultimate sacrifice. Driven by the Creator's mandate, nothing will deter them from ensuring the successful completion of their holy tasks, their devotion strong enough to defy death. An Errant will sacrifice his own life to allow a threatened brother to shrug off wounds and fight on in Menoth's name, particularly if the other's role is more crucial to their cause. With a final prayer, he wills his life to another and passes on to join the Creator's armies in Urcaen, while his brethren continue to press forward in the unending battles on heathen soil.

WARDER

LEADER

UNIT

ADVANCE DEPLOYMENT– Place Exemplars Errant after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

BOND OF LIFE – When an Exemplar Errant takes suffiecient damage to be destroyed, another model in the unit within 3" may be destroyed instead.

FEARLESS – An Exemplar Errant never flees.

WEAPON MASTER – An Exemplar Errant rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

HEAVY CROSSBOW

BLESSED – The Heavy Crossbow may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When making a Heavy Crossbow ranged attack, ignore spell effects that add to the target's ARM or DEF.

SPRIGGAN

KHADOR HEAVY WARJACK

"Like every good Khadoran, it is selfless, obedient, and devastating to our enemies. There is nothing more pleasing than seeing it roll through ranked lines of pathetic southerners."

—Kommander Orsus Zoktavir

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	12	5	3	10	19
				▽	21

GRENADE LAUNCHER

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	3	*

GRENADE LAUNCHER

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	3	*

ASSAULT SHEILD

	Special	POW	P+S
LEFT	-	2	14

WAR LANCE

	Special	POW	P+S
RIGHT	Multi	6	18

DAMAGE GRID

SYSTEMS

Left Arm (L)

Right Arm (R)

Cortex (C)

Movement (M)

1	2	3	4	5	6
	L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	

Point Cost	132
Field Allowance	U
Victory Points	3

Base Size: Large

When Queen Ayn Vanar ordered the Mechaniks Assembly to give her the warjack that would turn the tide of the Motherland's ongoing wars, they provided her the Spriggan. The name was taken from an extinct group of warriors of the icy forest north of Skirov, wild and savage spear wielding berserkers famed for charging naked into battle and tearing foes asunder. Based on the innovative chassis originally developed for the Devastator, the Spriggan elated the High Kommand with its stellar performance during its initial field tests in 602 AR. The prototype ignored withering enemy fire while splitting infantry formations up the middle like so much firewood, concentrating on the heaviest rival warjack in the field.

Beneath the machine's armored exterior, the Spriggan's dual grenade launchers are all but impervious to damage that might impair external armaments. Whether unleashing volleys of anti-personnel explosives, smoke-piercing flares, or disorienting flash bombs before stomping on enemy throats, the Spriggan is capable of disrupting opposing battle lines in preparation for its inescapable charge.

The 'jack's tremendous weight allows it to stampede through infantry units, crushing underfoot those too slow to avoid its lumbering assault. With its massive lance, it pierces of enemy warjacks to the core before they even get close enough to strike. It can fend off blows with its formidable assault shield—sturdy enough to turn aside any weapon and heavy enough to deliver crushing counter-attacks. The Spriggan personifies the Khadoran Empire on the battlefield: it is brutal, versatile, and unstoppable.

SPRIGGAN

STEAM ROLL – When charging, the Spriggan may trample small-based models in its path and may move through any small-based model in its path if it has enough movement to move completely past the model's base. The Spriggan may immediately perform a melee attack against each small-based model through which it moves during this movement. Models hit by a trample attack cannot perform free strikes against the trampling warjack and suffer a damage roll of 2d6 plus the trampling warjack's current STR.

GRENADE LAUNCHER

AMMUNITION TYPE – Each time the Spriggan makes a Grenade Launcher ranged attack, choose one of the following effects. The effect must be declared before measuring the range of the attack:

- EXPLOSIVE – Models in the AOE suffer a POW 5 blast damage roll.
- FLARE – Place a 3" Flare AOE anywhere completely within 10" of the Spriggan. Flare inflicts no damage. Attackers may ignore cloud effects when targeting model in the AOE. Attackers with Arcing Fire gain +2 on attack rolls targeting models in the AOE. Flare lasts for one turn.
- FLASH BANG – Flash Bang is a ranged attack that inflicts no damage. Instead, models in the AOE suffer -2 MAT, RAT, and CMD and cannot give or receive orders for one round.

ARCING FIRE – When attacking with a Grenade Launcher, the Spriggan may ignore intervening models except those that would normally screen the target.

WAR LANCE

POWERFUL CHARGE – When making a charge attack with the War Lance, the Spriggan gains +2 to its attack roll.

REACH – 2" melee range.

BANE KNIGHTS

CRYX UNIT

> *"We had taken up firing positions in a burned out farmhouse when those things came right through the wall in a ghostly charge. Half my men were dead before we even knew the monsters were there."*
>
> – Captain Gideon Sinclair, Cygnaran Gun Mage

For a soldier, jumping at shadows is at best laughable and at worst cowardice. There are shadows in the world, however, that are truly dark enough to be feared. Fell creations of blasphemous runes and animated bones, Bane Knights are unhallowed vessels of tenebrous malignancy. The accursed process that births these fearsome creatures also binds a cold fury within their forms. Fueled by chthonian magic this hatred is focused on mortals, making the Knights anathema to the living. This flicker of malevolent personality in their eyes is the last thing to be seen by many of their foes before the world fades to black.

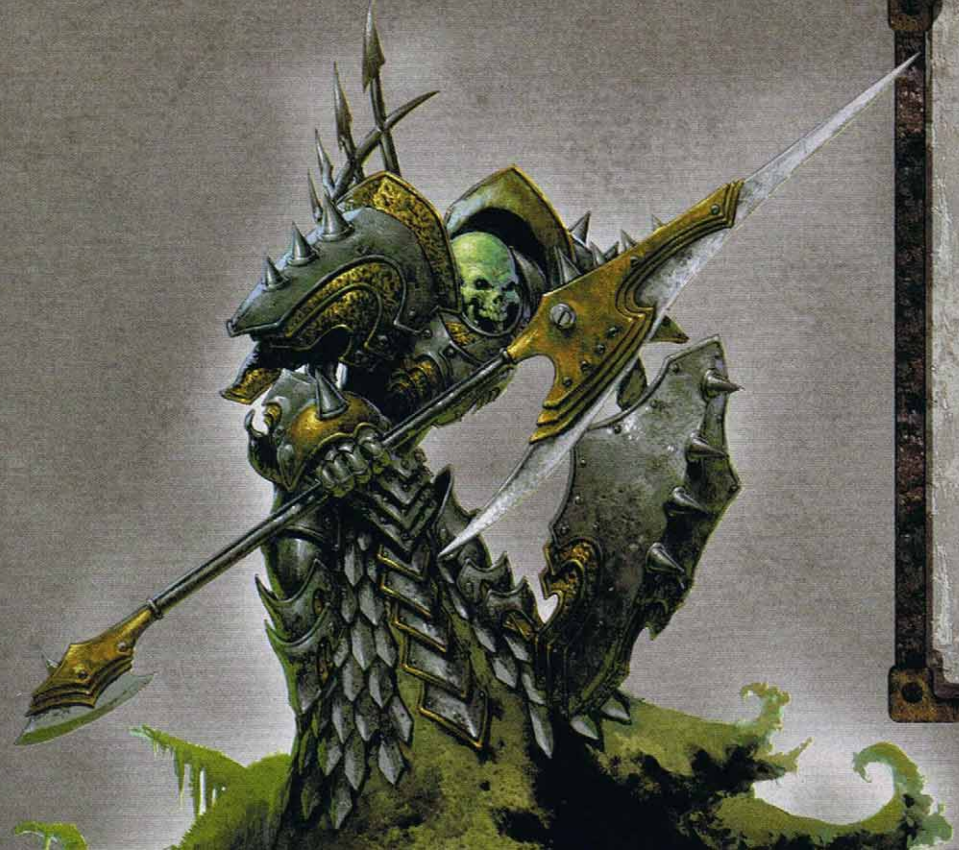
These fiends bring with them an icy wind and the smell of charnel as they glide across the battlefield leaving blood and fear in their wake. During their implacable pursuit they can become fully spectral for short periods of time, passing through any barrier to inflict anguish and death upon their adversaries. The Bane Knights are mystically bound to each other by the malicious power within them. As they advance, these umbral monsters are relentlessly drawn toward those who would strike at them. They violently punish those foolish enough to attack one of their own. Many a warrior has destroyed one Bane Knight only to be struck down as his own shadow coalesced into another skeletal beast of dusk and steel seeking vengeance.

The sight of a unit of Bane Knights moving inexorably into battle sheathed in heavy armor and cloaked in gloom has frozen many a soldier in his tracks. These gruesome warriors crave nothing more than to plunge their specially crafted Bane Lances into the enemies of Lord Toruk. Those who would oppose Him should indeed fear the shadows...or perish.

LIEUTENANT				CMD	8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	7	4	12	16
KNIGHT				CMD	6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	6	4	12	16
BANE LANCE					
		Special		POW	P+S
		Reach		4	11

Leader and 5 Troops	75
Up to 4 Additional Troops	12ea
Field Allowance	2
Victory Points	2

Base Size: Small



LIEUTENANT

LEADER

UNIT

GHOSTLY – A Bane Knight may move through any terrain and obstacles without penalty. A Bane Knight may move through obstructions if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction. A Bane Knight cannot be targeted by free strikes.

SHADOW SHIFT – When a Bane Knight is directly hit by an enemy attack, after the attack has been resolved a model in the Bane Knight's unit may move up to 3" and make one melee attack. A model cannot end this movement out of formation.

UNDEAD – A Bane Knight is not a living model and never flees.

WEAPON MASTER – A Bane Knight rolls an additional die on its melee damage rolls.

BANE LANCE

REACH – 2" melee range.

CYLENA RAEFYLL & NYSS HUNTERS

MERCENARY CHARACTER UNIT

"My soul is ice and I am bereft of tears—I have stared into the eyes of oblivion. I will endure your loathsome company if it brings me even a single step closer to Ethrunbal's destruction. Use us as you will."

—Cylena Raefyll to Goreshade the Bastard

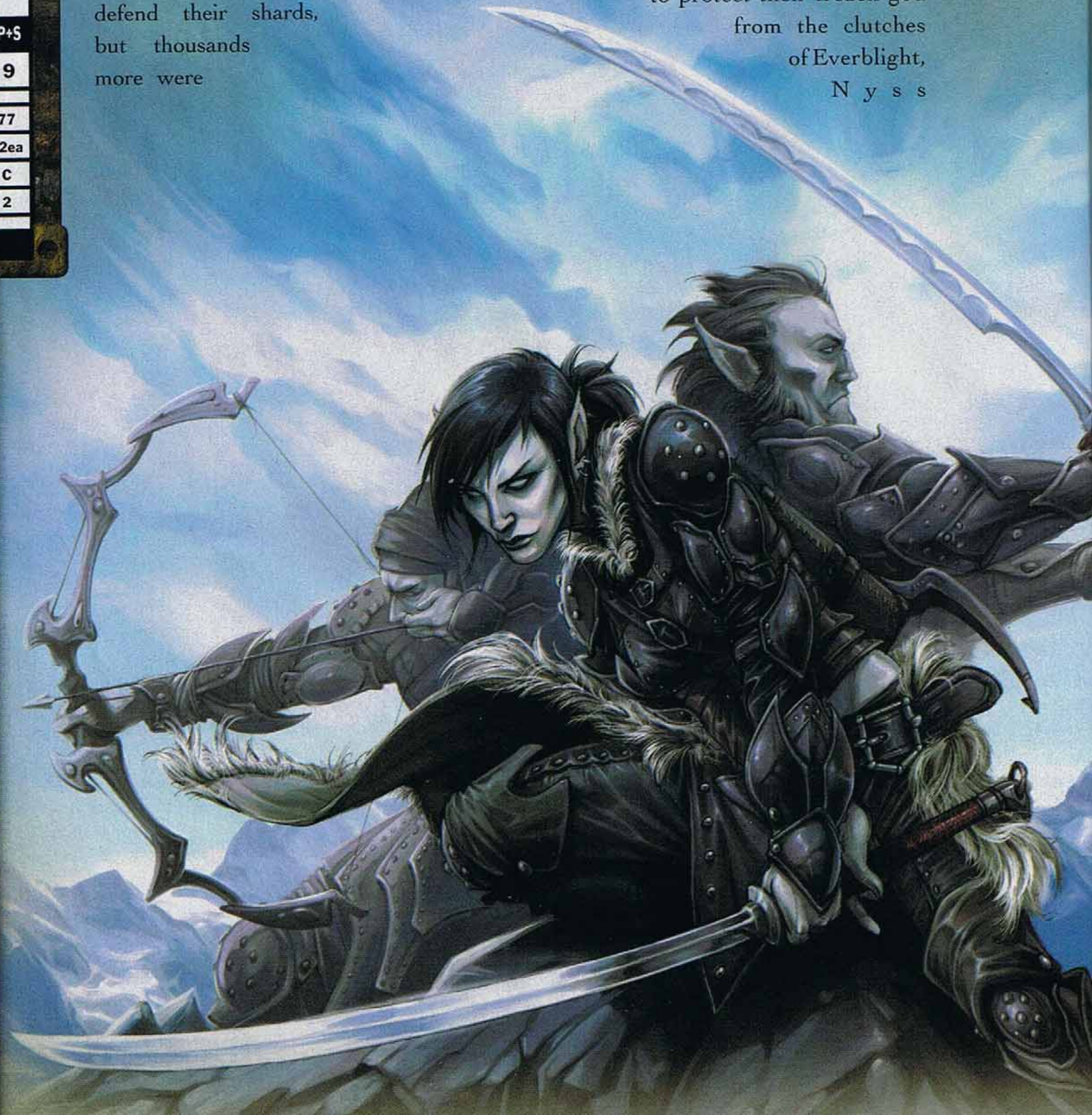
CYLENA RAEFYLL				**CMD**	**9**
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	5	7	7	15	11
HUNTERS				**CMD**	**7**
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	5	6	6	15	11
NYSS BOW					
		RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
		12	1	-	10
NYSS CLAYMORE					
		Special		POW	P+S
		-		4	9

Leader and 5 Troops	77
Up to 4 Additional Troops	12ea
Field Allowance	C
Victory Points	2

Base Size: Small

Only dreadful cataclysm could bring these brave hunters from their homeland. The Nyss elves believed themselves secluded from the horrors of war, nestled away in the far frozen north. The rise of an all-consuming blighted horror proved them wrong. Attacked by unholy terrors, betrayed from within by subverted members of their own people, the Nyss culture has been shattered. Many hundreds were slain in early fighting in a futile attempt to defend their shards, but thousands more were overtaken—corrupted and seduced to join the growing legion. This obliteration happened in the blink of an eye by Nyss standards.

Many shards realized immediately that the fight was lost, and knew the only way to avoid assimilation was to flee. Thousands of Nyss scattered past the great winter stones which once marked an inviolable boundary. They are a refugee people. Gathered to protect their frozen god from the clutches of Everblight, Nyss



priests and their warriors have no time to attend the needs of the people or to hatch plans of retribution. Yet one shard refused to let fear consume them and retains a sense of purpose, even if some call their methods folly.

Sometimes desperation breeds madness. Cylena Raefyll is not content to think one day at a time, to scavenge food to keep her people alive. When she witnessed the doom of her people made real, it was a watershed in her mind; she became filled with a hunger for vengeance. She will do anything to avenge those who brought an end to her people, but she knows this will require time and patience. More importantly, it requires the aid of outsiders, allies greater than the Nyss—even those once shunned and considered as dreadful as her foe.

She leads a strong band of fanatically loyal warrior hunters. The horrors of recent fighting for survival have honed them to a peerless killing force. They pull back the taut strings of their bows to unleash withering arcing volleys, impaling and pinning down foes regardless of attempts to hide or evade. As deadly as these compound bows are in their hands, they are equally adept with elegantly curved Nyss Claymores, each bearing an edge so sharp it can cleave through flesh, bone, and metal with equal ease.

The small Raefyll tribe has long boasted skilled hunters, experts at stalking among the mountains and forested valleys of the north. They were also a tribe amenable to trade with outsiders; having established friendly relations with nearby Khadoran villages and going as far as the town of Tverkutsk to trade pelts and ivory for iron and other metals. Cylena was the foremost hunter of her shard even before recent tragedies. Her status has grown enormously since her cunning helped ensure the survival of her shard when they fled. They are among the only survivors of the Raefyll tribe.

Cylena's hatred is so strong she is willing to fight even alongside the Nightmare Empire, knowing their king and master seeks Everblight to consume his athanc. She is convinced this is their only hope for the true destruction of this terror—she cares not that this will aid a creature every bit as perfidious. Hers is a personal lust for vengeance, directed at Everblight and all the minions that brought ruin to her race. She is willing to lend her loyal hunters to fight in any war so long as she earns favors to be turned against the Blighted Legion.

MERCENARY

Cylena Raefyll & the Nyss Hunters will not work for the Protectorate.

CYLENE RAEFYLL

LEADER

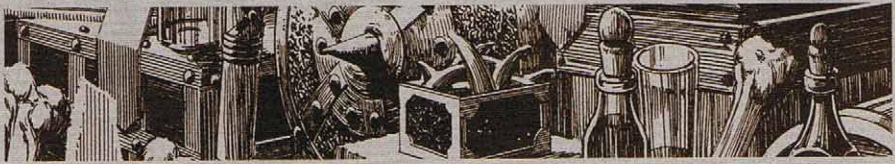
UNIT

CONCENTRATED VOLLEY – Instead of making ranged attacks separately, two or more Nyss Hunters in open formation may concentrate their volley. When concentrating a volley, place an AOE template anywhere completely within 12" and within LOS of all participants. Ignore intervening models when placing the AOE. The size of the template depends on the number of Nyss Hunters participating in the attack. If 2-4 Nyss Hunters participate, place a 3" AOE. If 5-7 Nyss Hunters participate, place a 4" AOE. If 8-10 Nyss Hunter participate, place a 5" AOE. The Nyss Hunter with the highest RAT in the attacking group makes one ranged attack roll against each model in the AOE adding +1 to the attack roll for each Nyss Hunter participating in the attack, including himself. When making Concentrated Volley attacks, the Nyss Hunters never get an aiming bonus, but they ignore Camouflage, concealment, elevation, intervening models, Invisibility, and Stealth. A model hit by a Concentratd Volley attack suffers a POW 10 damage roll. The Nyss Hunters unit may make one Concentrated Volley attack per activation.

PATHFINDER – A Nyss Hunter ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. A Nyss Hunter may charge across rough terrain.

WEAPON MASTER – A Nyss Hunter rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

THE PENDRAKE ENCOUNTERS



By Viktor Pendrake (Transcribed by Doug Seacat)

DEATH IN THE MARCHES, PART II

Whatever supply of good fortune I received at birth has reached its end, like the last few drops of sand filtering through an hourglass. Should this journal ever see the light of civilization, let this be a warning to those who come after me. Never overextend yourself while following a hostile and foreign army deep into unexplored territory—in particular, never try this alone.

Before arriving at this logical conclusion, I left the trollkin village where Quimut was recovering from his injury by the cyclops—I snuck away without talking to him. I made my way southeast beyond the Castle of the Keys, and recovered my quarry's trail. The sun was merciless so I confined my travel to twilight and evening, seeking what shelter I could to sleep through the day. The weather had been unusually calm, leaving the tracks intact.

As I climbed a steep hill I suddenly encountered a lone soldier in my path. I was leaning into the wind, cloth wrapped around my face, staring only a few feet ahead and thus almost walked within reach of him before I noticed his peculiar hide boots and ornate steel greaves. Looking up I felt a thrill of amazement to see a single skorne warrior standing just a dozen yards away from me at the top of a hill. Our eyes met and his cruel mouth widened with a mocking leer.

Without even the memory of having drawn them, my blades were in my hands. I should have drawn my bow instead or retreated, but my mind recalled the invasion of Corvis, the many innocents cut down in their wake. I remembered the harrowed face of the goodly Father Pandor Dumas as he told me the story of his torture at skorne hands. I did not realize how much anger waited submerged in the depths of my mind until I saw that mocking smile. I moved forward with swords bared, irrationally bent on violence.

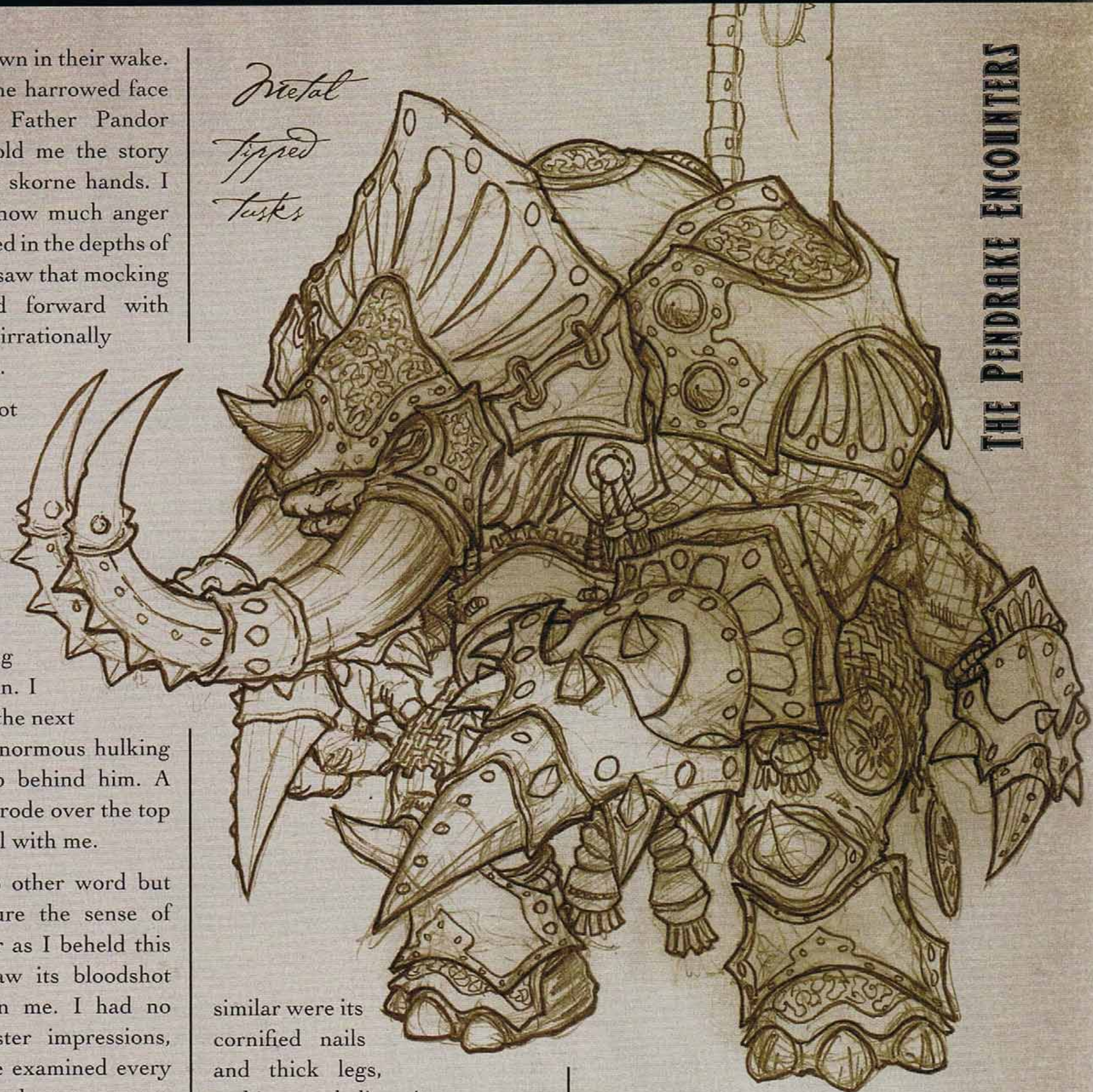
He had not drawn either of his own blades, though I could see two sheathed at his waist, each hilt and pommel gleaming in the setting sun. I realized why in the next moment as an enormous hulking shadow rose up behind him. A giant creature strode over the top of the hill to deal with me.

There is no other word but "titan" to capture the sense of mass and power as I beheld this creature and saw its bloodshot eyes focused on me. I had no luxury to register impressions, but I have since examined every memory of that short encounter in excruciating detail. This enormous bipedal monstrosity opened its gaping mouth between metal-tipped tusks to let forth a deafening bellow, and then charged. I tried to tumble out of the way but it was too fast, and too close.

I saw with amazement it was a six-limbed creature—bearing four arms, the largest pair of which ended each in three fingers, adequate to clench me in a tight grasp like bands of iron. The great tusked creature with its thick blue-grey skin seemed at least superficially akin to the Kaelram I have observed in the northern fringes of the Protectorate. Also similar were its cornified nails and thick legs, making me believe it must be some type of particularly intelligent and perhaps even tool-using pachyderm. It wore armored plates on its forearms, each affixed with deadly pointed spikes; these could have impaled me with little effort but it had chosen to grab me instead. Before I could wonder at this small mercy, its lower set of arms grabbed hold of me and threw me across the dune and into a nearby boulder.

I woke sometime later to find myself caged and wounded—coughing blood and my chest afire from broken ribs. I had the opportunity to inspect the titans better as we journeyed to a nearby skorne army encampment. I have been given liberty to sketch and write in my journal as I try to ignore my pain. I know not what fate awaits me; perhaps the skorne consider humans a delicious delicacy. I have observed a shadow behind our train and I wonder if Quimut has managed to find me. I intend to drop these pages for him to recover and hope he will return them to the west and forget about me. I do not want his death on my hands. I fear my expeditions have met an untimely end, and only hope posterity will be kind to my legacy.

~VP



Colonel Eli Brocker, Corvis Garrison

I regret to inform you that one of your scouts may have come to a bad end. I am including a journal and sketches from his hand. I pass this along in the spirit of goodwill, though we are a free township and not answerable to Cygnaran authority. Raids have intensified—I trust you will honor your earlier offer to provide emergency shelter if we have need.

In regard to this packet: a comrade of the scout managed to recover these notes. The Idrian is determined to try to rescue the author, and a friend of mine volunteered to assist, a hunter named Alten Ashley. I would not wager on their success if I were in your position.

—Marshal Chief Brue Westrone, Ternon Crag

Titan

Titan:	Large Magical Beast
Hit Dice:	12d8+72 (126 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
Armor Class:	19 (-1 Size, +2 Dex, +8 Natural), touch 17, flat-footed 17
BAB/Grapple:	+12/+28
Attack:	Gore +19 (2d8+12)
Full Attack:	Gore +19 (2d8+12), 2 slams +17 (1d6+4)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Improved Grab, Powerful Charge 4d8+12, 2x Titan Rake 1d4+4
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60'
Saves:	Fort +14, Reflex +10, Will +5
Abilities:	Str 26, Dex 14, Con 22, Int 5, Wis 12, Cha 7
Skills:	Spot +9, Listen +9
Feats:	Improved Bull Rush, Improved Overrun, Multiattack, Power Attack
Environment:	Any desert or warm land
Organization:	Solitary or gang (2-6)
Challenge Rating:	9
Alignment:	Usually neutral
Advancement:	13-20 HD (Large), 21-30 HD (Huge)
Level adjustment:	—

Skorne Conditioned Titan* (Gladiator)

Titan:	Large Magical Beast
Hit Dice:	15d8+105 (172 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armor Class:	24 (-1 Size, +2 Dex, +8 Natural, +5 Skorne Armor), touch 11, flat-footed 22
BAB/Grapple:	+15/+31
Attack:	War gauntlet +22 (1d10+8) or Gore +22 (2d8+12)
Full Attack:	War gauntlets +18/+16/+13/+8 (1d10+8) and Gore +17 (2d8+12)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Improved Grab, Powerful Charge 4d8+12, 2x Titan Rake 1d6+4
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60', Lean, Rage 1x/day
Saves:	Fort +17, Reflex +11, Will +8
Abilities:	Str 26, Dex 14, Con 24, Int 5, Wis 12, Cha 3
Skills:	Spot +11, Listen +10
Feats:	Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Cleave, Die Hard, Endurance, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Overrun, Multiweapon Fighting, Power Attack
Environment:	Any desert or warm land
Challenge Rating:	12
Alignment:	Neutral

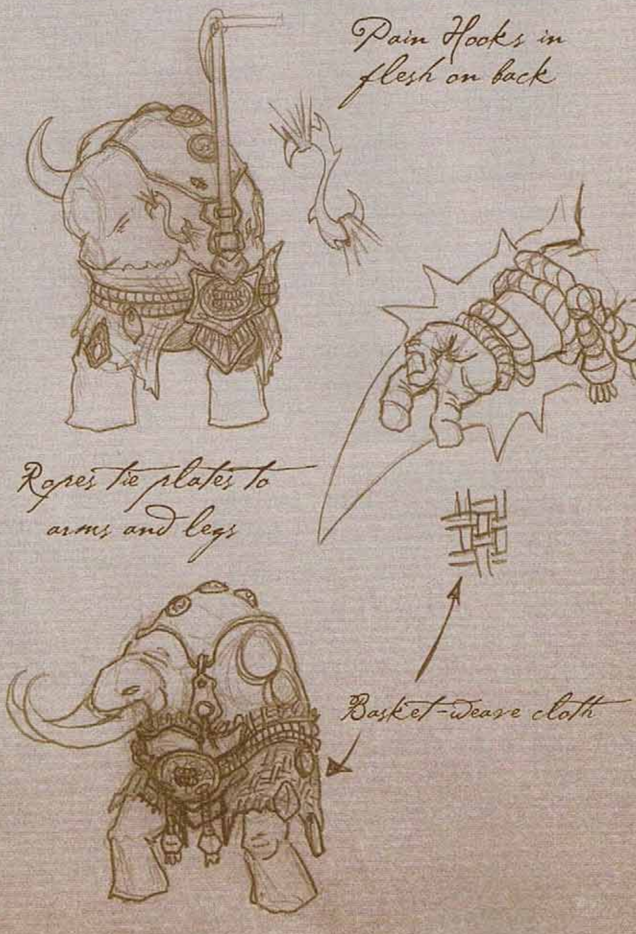
*Skorne conditioning template found in NQM#3

Combat

While titans are docile in the wild, they fight fiercely to defend themselves, their territory, or their young. They prefer to attack by goring opponents with their huge tusks, using size and mobility to advantage—charging to trample, slam, or overrun. While they can be mistaken for animals, they are considerably more cunning.

The titan's secondary pair of arms is not used in regular attacks, but can hold or rake an adversary who has been taken by improved grapple with a fist slam or war gauntlet attack.

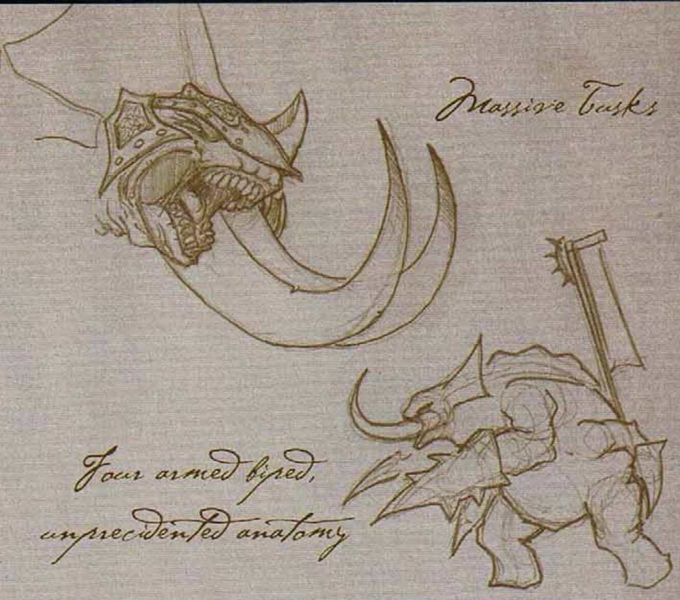
Those captured and trained by the skorne from birth are more formidable. They wear heavy plated armor which—combined with their naturally


Pain Hooks in flesh on back
Ropes tie plates to arms and legs
Basket-weave cloth

thick hides—makes them difficult to injure. Skorne conditioned titans are equipped with bladed gauntlets enhancing their melee damage. Pain hooks in their flesh keep them in a simmering state of rage.

Powerful Charge (Ex): A titan typically begins battle by charging an opponent to impale them on its powerful tusks. In addition to the normal benefits and hazards of a charge, this allows the beast to make a single gore attack with a +22 attack bonus that deals 4d8+12 damage.

Titan Rake (Ex): When a target is grappled, the titan's secondary arms can be used to attack. Skorne conditioned titans are equipped with light war gauntlets on their secondary arms to enhance the damage of this attack.



Survival in the Bloodstone Marches

Nomadic Idrians who brave the Bloodstone Marches wear many layers of thin garments for protection, covering every inch of skin. Eye protection takes the form of either thin strips of semi-translucent silk or goggles. Deep in the central Marches, all Survival check DCs are increased by 5 (and it is impossible to predict weather more than one day in advance), and getting lost is always a possibility, (Survival DC 9 with map, DC 14 without). Those who explore the Marches utilize the Rotterhorn as a point of reference, when visibility allows.

The weather along the fringes (the outermost hundred miles) is less extreme than the deeper wastelands. The aptly named Stormlands is the most dangerous section. Vinter Raelthorne IV was the first to disprove that they were impassable.

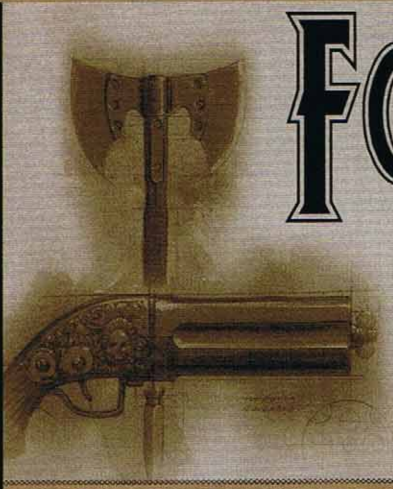
Weather in the Marches varies little by season. While heat is less extreme during spring and autumn, these seasons bring the most severe wind and sandstorms. In winter, nights can become freezing.

Weather Table

d%	Weather	Fringes	Central Marches	Stormlands
01-30	Normal weather	Warm, calm	Hot, calm	Severe winds
31-55	Abnormal	Heat wave (01-70) or cold snap (71-00)	Windy, heat wave	Sandstorm (01-50) or thunderstorm (51-00)
56-75	Severe weather	Thunderstorm (01-50) or sandstorm (51-00)	Sandstorm (01-80) or Thunderstorm (81-00)	Windstorm (01-80) or *cutting gale* (81-00)
76-90	Storm	Thunderstorm	Windstorm	*Cutting gale* (01-70) or Tornado (71-00)
91-00	Powerful storm	Windstorm	*Cutting gale* (01-70) or Tornado (71-00)	*Lightningstorm*

Cutting Gale: This powerful swirling wind picks up loose sand and spins it into a grinding abrasion. This can slice gashes into exposed skin and do irreparable harm to unshielded eyes. Cutting gales have all the attributes of a hurricane (75-174 mph winds, etc.)—additionally, without goggles or similar eye protection, anyone caught in a cutting gale will be temporarily blinded (until out of the wind), and must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) to avoid permanent blindness. Those caught in this without shelter will take 1d4 nonlethal damage if most skin is covered, or 1d4 slashing damage if unprotected. Those without protection across the mouth and nose also risk asphyxiation (treat as drowning).

Lightningstorm: The Stormlands are famed for its almost supernaturally intense storms, where lightning crashes down in an almost continuous onslaught. Multiple lightning strikes hit the ground each minute of this storm, and there is a 10% chance any round that a square occupied by individuals wearing or wielding metal will be struck. This causes 15d8 electrical damage, and will arc to nearby targets (within a 30' radius of the first strike) in a fashion similar to chain lightning, causing half as much damage as the earlier strike for each arc. It can arc any number of times within a 30' radius, but no target will be struck more than once.



FOUNDRY, FORGE, & CRUCIBLE

By Alex Flagg

Foundry, Forge, and Crucible is a regular column in No Quarter Magazine designed to illuminate the reader on the various items found throughout the Iron Kingdoms. Within these pages you will find exotic potions, alchemical solutions, firearms, mechanika, and other assorted gear adventurers might stumble upon or find they need in their travels.

SPY GEAR IN THE IRON KINGDOMS

Every resident of the Iron Kingdoms is well-aware of the war between Cygnar and Khador, but away from the clash of warjacks and the thunder of a million boots across the Iron Kingdoms, another more clandestine conflict has long been waged – a shadowy conflict between the spies, assassins, insurgents and saboteurs of all nations. This conflict is not fought in battlefields with naked military force, but with subterfuge and barely checked aggression in cities like Caspia, Five Fingers, Korsk, and Merywyn. The results of these battles are less heralded, but their stakes are as high – for this conflict is a conflict of deceit and knowledge, and ultimately, of the fate of the kingdoms themselves.

The following article details some of the most notorious espionage organizations and the unusual gear they employ in their work. Whether mundane or mechanikal, GMs should feel free to put this gear in hands of agents from all factions – it is not unusual for gear captured in the field to quickly fall into the service of its captors.

THE BROKEN COAST BROTHERHOOD

The motivations of the Broken Coast Brotherhood – an assortment of oddly principled pirates, smugglers, and hunters of arcane knowledge operating up and down the coasts of Ord and Cygnar – are shrouded in mystery. The Brotherhood has a notorious reputation as a band of provocateurs who maliciously conduct "false flag" operations and sabotage – creating quarrels where there were none in order to distract the authorities from the Brotherhood's true purposes. Despite the organization's marked interest in the arcane, the gear carried by its members tends to reside at the lower end of the technological spectrum, and is focused on assassination, smuggling and sabotage activities. Garrotes, fake seals, slip dagger harnesses, forged documents, and holdout pistols are the tools of these pirates' trade. Brotherhood operatives in the field also tend to possess stolen arcane equipment – such as scrolls, spellbooks, mechanika schematics, and the like – captured during their exploits.

PROVOCATEUR'S COAT

The provocateur's coat is perhaps the most atypical, rare, and closely-guarded piece of espionage gear in the Broken Coast Brotherhood. To wear one of these precious coats is a badge of honor and rank within the Brotherhood, and owners are rarely seen without them.

To the casual observer, the provocateur's coat appears to be a wool-lined black leather greatcoat, well worn from years of travel and adventuring. Closer examination reveals fabric so dark it seems to absorb light, and lined with concealed pockets for hiding the owner's ill-gotten gains. Each coat is custom tailored to be reversible and appear as the uniform of a navy officer of a kingdom of the creator's choice.

The wearer is continually immune to detect thoughts, discern lies, and any attempt to magically discern his alignment. Unreversed, the coat grants a +2 enhancement bonus to Hide checks, and a +2 enhancement bonus to Sleight of Hand checks to conceal items on his person. A reversed provocateur's coat gives a +4 bonus to Disguise checks to impersonate a naval officer of the coat's design. Reversing the coat is a full round action.

Faint adjuration, CL 5th, Craft Wondrous Item, *nondetection, invisibility.* Price 13,500 gp Weight 5 lbs.

THE CYGNARAN RECONNAISSANCE SERVICE

Portions of the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service are quite unlike the spy guilds of rival kingdoms. While also dedicated to cloak and dagger activities like all covert agencies, some agents of the Service frequently work in tandem with military units, using their deep reserves of scouts to map the terrain or undercover agents to penetrate local populations and gather information ahead of military action. Operatives are also deployed in teams of two to four men and trained to be self-sufficient as possible, in the instance their units are destroyed or they are left behind enemy lines for extended periods of time. Consequently, servicemen tend to be well-rounded individuals, as skilled in tradecraft as they are in fieldcraft, equally at home in the wild or the city.

The equipment carried by Reconnaissance agents tends to support their dual roles as scouts and spies. Servicemen are as likely to be found with survival supplies as disguise kits and thieves' tools, and their gear is built tough to handle hostile environments and field conditions. These agents also tend to be the most heavily armed spies in the Iron Kingdoms, for they double as snipers or saboteurs in the field.

SPY'S TOOTH

Pirates have an undeniably poor reputation for dental hygiene – a fact the Brotherhood has exploited in a most unusual way. Alchemists in the organization's employ have developed a thin ceramic phial that can house a concentrated potion (1/4 oz.) but small enough to be concealed as a false tooth in a user's mouth. Brotherhood operatives undergoing the painful operation have leveraged this in many creative ways, such as potions of *feather fall, gaseous form* or *invisibility* to aid in their daring escapes.

The cost of this item includes the installation of the false tooth and the concentration of a single concentrated dose of a selected potion to fit into the tooth. As a standard action, the user of the spy's tooth may breaking it and imbibed the potion. A character may only have two spy's teeth at a time. Locating a spy's tooth in another requires a Search check (DC 20).

Cost: four times the cost of the selected alchemical solution or potion's original cost in gp.

FARSIGHT GOGGLES

Originally developed for forward observers to monitor troop movements and bases but mothballed due to their exorbitant cost, farsight goggles have found a new life in the hands of the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service. Typically, these highly-sophisticated pieces of mechanika are issued to teams of Service agents working in dense or hostile urban environments, where they are used to stake out enemy hideouts and collect written information from the safety of a field station or safe house. Though the Service guards these devices jealously, some copies have fallen into enemy hands and remain highly coveted in the espionage community.

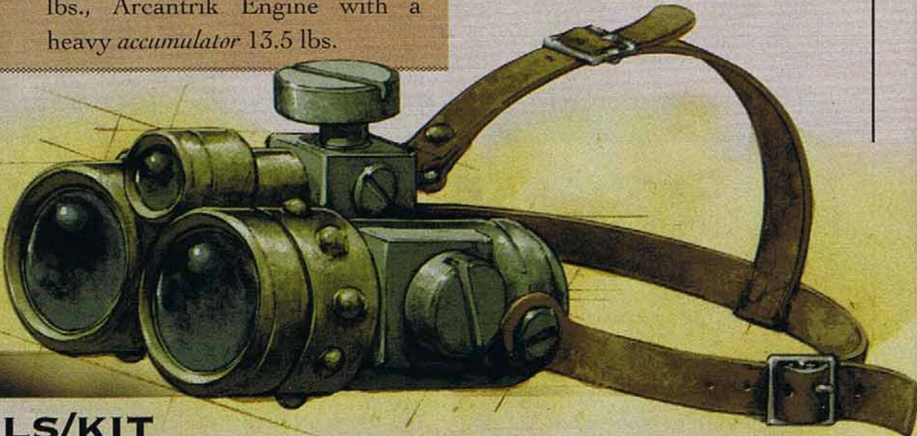
The goggles appear as a pair of heavy, three-lensed goggles with glowing green lenses, attached to a heavy belt with a low-slung arcantrik conversion engine. When activated, the goggles cast *darkvision,* and *see invisibility.* Additionally, the user may view distant objects at twice their size, just as if he were using a spyglass. The item uses a heavy *accumulator* and consumes 2 *accumulator* charges per use. Both spells last for 10 minutes per activation.

Faint divination, CL 8th, Price 17,300 gp; Weight goggles:2 lbs., Arcantrik Engine with a heavy *accumulator* 13.5 lbs.

THE UNSEEN HAND

The Unseen Hand is the Iron Kingdoms' most notorious espionage organization. Based in Llael, members of the Hand have long sold their formidable infiltration and intelligence-gathering services to the highest-paying Llaelese, Cygnaran, Khadoran, and Ordic clientele for decades.

Gear carried by the agents of the Unseen Hand is designed with concealment and misdirection in mind. Phials of poison, thieves' tools, disguise kits, and stilettos are all favorite tools of these subtle operatives.



DISGUISED TOOLS/KIT

Many covert operatives work under alternate identities in hostile territory, where possession of common adventuring gear such as lockpicks or mapping equipment would be viewed with suspicion. In order to better maintain their agents' cover, the spymasters of the Unseen Hand developed low-profile tools which can be tucked into clothing or look like more mundane items; pocket watches that double as compasses, lockpicks that fit behind specially-tailored belts, false-bottomed chests for hiding disguise gear, and the like.

This item is an upgrade for any tool or kit. Choose a piece of gear such as a weapon, outfit, or a saddle to house the kit or tools in. The selected non-weapon gear cannot weigh less than the tools or kit to be concealed. Add the weights of both items together to calculate the housing's final weight.

This gear requires a Spot or Search check (DC 20) in order to locate on your person or to identify the gear's true function. Retrieving the kit from its housing requires 5 full actions (30 seconds). The owner of this gear only loses use of the kit or tools if he loses the disguised gear (so a spy who chose to have a thieves' kit disguised in his traveler's clothes would lose the kit if he changed clothes, was strip-searched, etc.).

Cost: Twice the total cost of the kit + its housing in gp.

LOCK SEDUCER

The Unseen Hand's ability to break into the most secure locations in all of western Immoren has earned them a reputation as infiltrators bordering on the mystical. However, the discovery of the lock seducer in the possession of Hand agents captured during the invasion of Llael has gone a long ways toward separating fact from fiction.

This advanced clockwork device is about the size of a large dagger, but in the place of a blade, a shaft of sliding metal tines controlled by clockwork and powered by a light *accumulator*. To use the lock seducer, the user inserts the shaft into the lock, presses a trigger stud and adjusts the dial at the base of the shaft. The tines shift to fit the lock's tumbler pattern, essentially replicating the lock's key, and allowing the user to open, lock, or jam the lock at will.

A lock seducer may hold five different tumbler patterns at a time, and the user may choose which to override with a new pattern. Entering a new pattern into the seducer requires one minute, a Craft (mechanika) check (DC 6), and consumes one *accumulator* charge. If the check is successful, the pattern is maintained in the seducer's gear mechanisms.

When using the device on a door or chest with a preset lock pattern, the user is considered to have the key for that door and may open it as normal. The lock seducer has no effect on doors without locks, magically-sealed doors or items, or locks with a DC over 30.

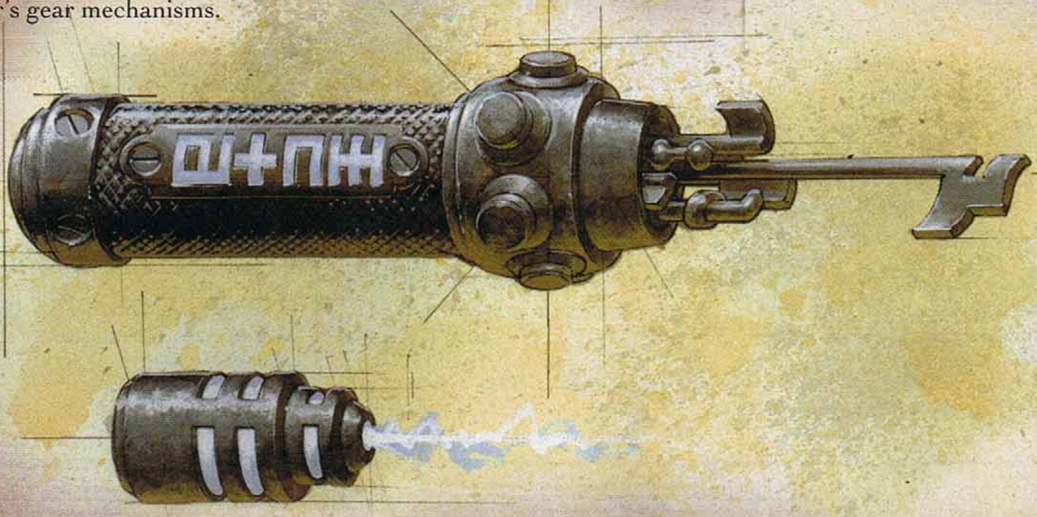
Minor transmulation, Creation is a trade secret; Market Price 5,650 gp; Weight 3 lbs. with a light *accumulator.*

ELIXIR OF DIALECT

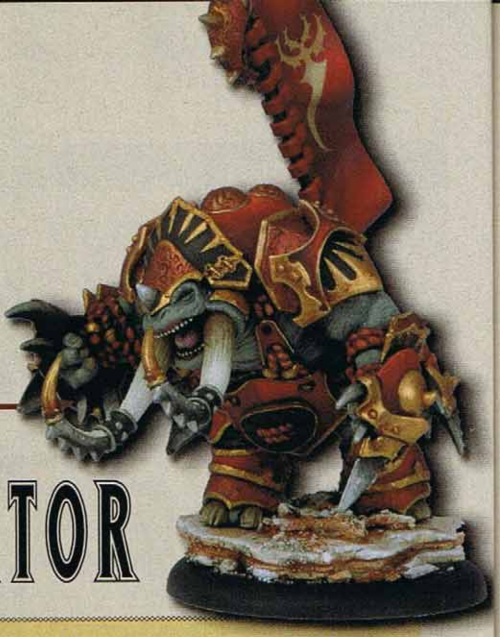
Because agents of the Unseen Hand operate in so many diverse areas and insinuate themselves amongst many different cultures, maintaining cover is vital to their survival. The elixir of dialect is used by those agents operating in unfamiliar cultures, helping them maintain their ruse until they can speak the language just like "one of the locals."

At the time of creation, select a language dialect (i.e. Gobberish, Khurzic, Sulese etc.) The elixir allows the user to speak in the accent and use the words of the dialect when speaking, granting him a +2 enhancement bonus to all Bluff and Disguise checks to imitate a member of an ethnic group that uses that dialect for 1 day per dose. Note that the *elixir of dialect* does not alter the user's appearance in any way or allow the user to speak a language they do not know.

Faint transmulation; DC 16; CL 1st, *Comprehend Languages;* Craft (Alchemy) 4 ranks; Price 50 gp per dose.



MODELING & PAINTING



ATTACKING THE GLADIATOR

In the last two issues on No Quarter Magazine we have been looking at the new Apotheosis Warjacks – without doubt the largest and most kick-ass miniatures in the Warmachine range. Not all miniatures are forged in the factories of the Iron Kingdoms though—some are bred for war in the far reaches of Immoren and bring a whole new sort of pain to the battlefield.

By **Mike McVey**, Miniatures Director, Privateer Press

Miniatures painted by **Ali McVey & Mike McVey**

This month, with the imminent release of Hordes, we are going to look at the Titan Gladiator—this six limbed monster more than measures up to any warjack in the Iron Kingdoms, but brings unique challenges to the painter and modeller. In this article we are going to take you through the whole process - from pulling the pieces out of the box, to having him ready to lay down the smack on the field of battle!

ASSEMBLY

As always, the first step after you pull the pieces out of the packaging is to thoroughly clean all the components. I find a half round needle file is the most useful tool for this job; flat files can leave unwanted marks on the surface of the miniature—especially ones like this that don't have any even surfaces. Once all the mold lines have been cleaned off the castings you can think about putting it together. It requires a slightly different approach to the huge warjacks that we have been looking at in the last couple of issues. Whereas Warjacks can be pre-assembled in sections, and then sections joined together, the Gladiator is best built up one piece at a time. The only exception is the two upper body sections which are joined together before being attached to the legs.

The other main issue that you are going to have to contend with is the fit between the pieces. Warjack models usually have flat, mechanical joins which remain pretty unchanged in the production process – but the joins on the Gladiator are larger and organic, so there can be problems with pieces warping slightly in the mold. While we do everything possible to predict how the pieces will change and try to minimize the problems, there is inevitable filling work to do on models like this. Unfortunately it's just the nature of the beast (if you'll excuse the pun...) with very large monster models, there will most likely be filling work to do. It's not difficult however, and will only add a little time to the assembly process—it will ensure that you have a better, sturdier miniature at the end of the process.

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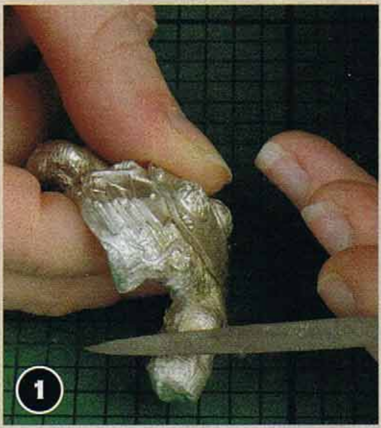
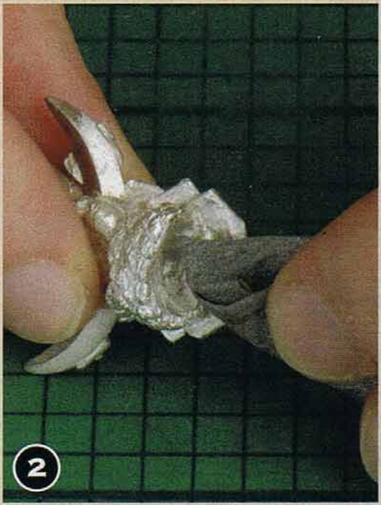
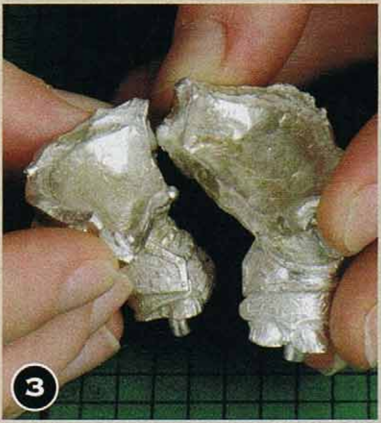
The good thing about the Titan is that there is not really any need to pin the pieces together – the only piece you might want to pin is the banner pole as it has a small join area, but most of the pieces have a good positive fit. One of the areas that you should really concentrate on when cleaning the figure is the joins between the arms and hands – you just need to remove the oxidation from the surface so that the glue forms a really strong bond.



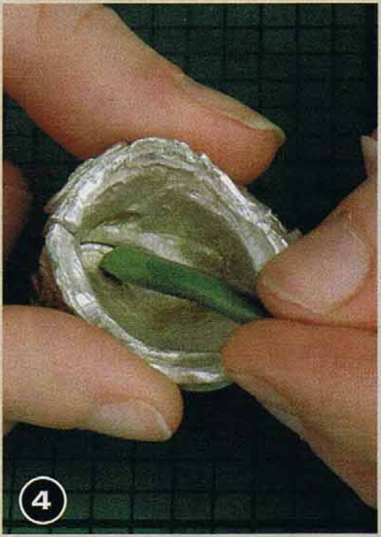
1 The curved side of a half-round file is the best tool for removing the mold lines, just be careful that you don't remove any on the surface texture on the skin and other textured areas.



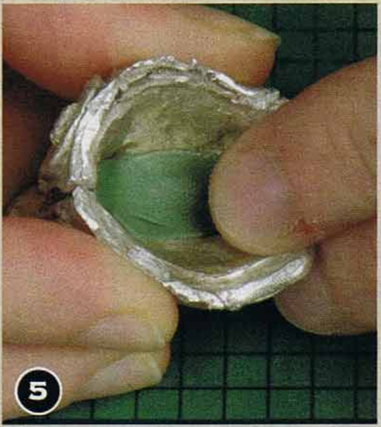
2. It's not necessary to pin the arms on the Gladiator; the fit between pieces like the arms is already pretty good. You do need to make sure that the surfaces being glued are thoroughly cleaned to remove any oxidation. Abrasive paper, such as wet and dry is best for this — it allows you to clean recessed areas that can't be reached with a file.



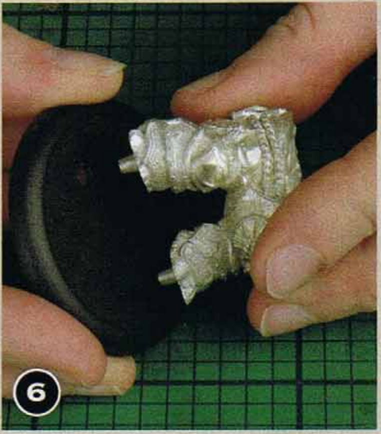
3. The first thing to do is to join the two legs together—this gives you a solid base to construct the rest of the figure. These two pieces fit together cleanly—just add a little glue along one side of the join and press them together while the glue dries.



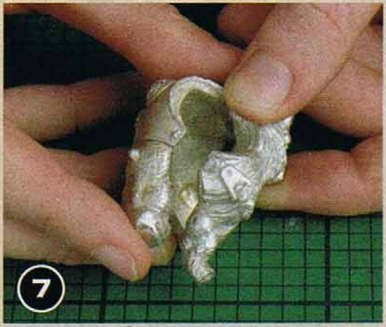
4. One extra step to ensure that the legs are solidly joined together is adding some putty to the inside of the join. Roll out the putty into a thick sausage and press it along the join.



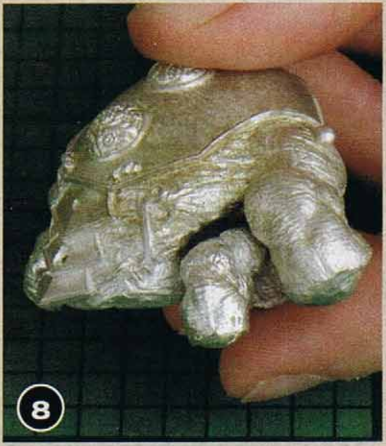
5 . The putty can be smoothed out with your finger, it's not going to show on the finished model so it doesn't have to look good.



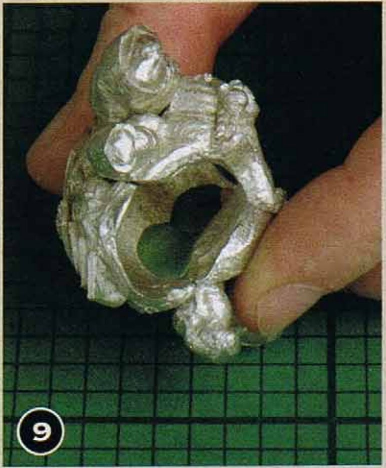
6. Once the legs are joined together (you don't have to wait for the putty to dry), they should be attached to the base. Two holes have been drilled to correspond to the pins on the feet, and glue is added to the base of each foot. At this stage you need to make sure that you don't put the model down and glue it to your table. Quite often the glue will run through the holes onto the underside of the base.



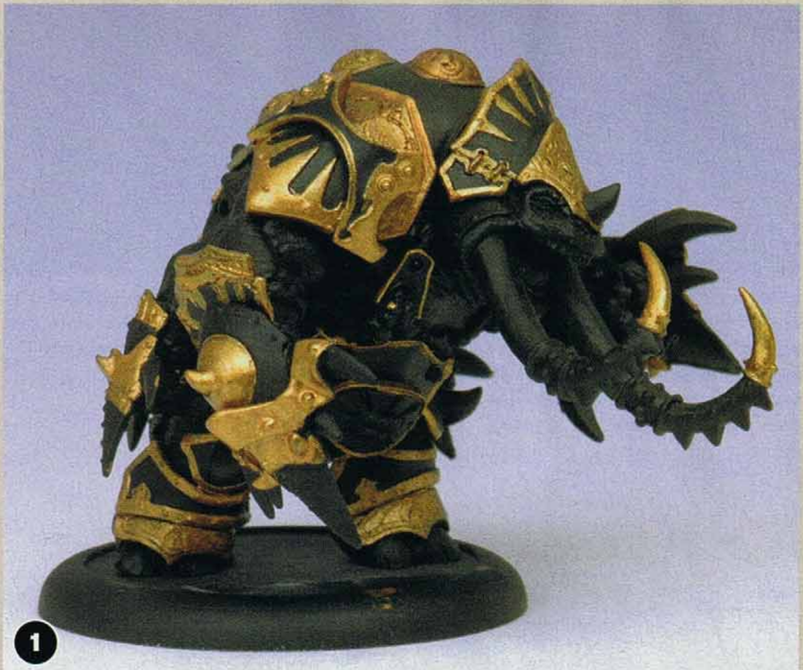
7. This can be the problem area... Because the two halves of the body join over such a large area, any warping in the casting process can compromise the fit. This will vary between different castings; most will be fine but the occasional one might require extra work. One thing that can really help is to file off one of the locating lugs between the pieces—this will ensure that the fit in the neck area will be better.



8. If the fit between the body pieces is not great, it's the area between the large and small arms that you will most likely have to fill. It might look bad, but it's actually easy to remedy and will take just a few minutes.



9. The best way to fill the gap is to add putty from the inside and carefully push it through into the hole. Just roll out a sausage of putty and lay it along the join, then smooth it in with your finger, periodically checking the other side to make sure you don't push it too far through. Once you are happy with how much putty is in the gap — carefully smooth it out and add some simple skin texture.



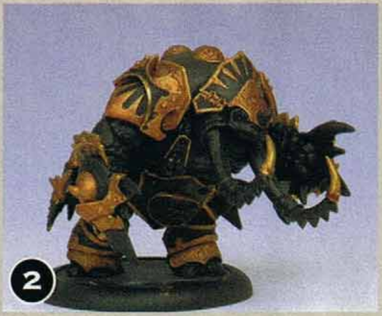
1. Once the miniature has been undercoated black, you can base coat the areas that are going to be gold. It's worth making sure that the whole model is covered with the undercoat – with large and complex pieces like this it's really hard to get to all the recesses with a spray, so you'll have to go in with a brush and black paint. We used GW Shining Gold for the base coat, and it may take a couple of thin coats to get a good even coverage.

PAINTING

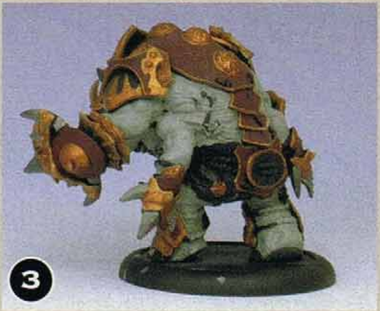
Painting large miniatures isn't anything new to a Warmachine player, but with the Gladiator you will have to trade the steam pistons in for tough animal hide, and the steel plates in for delicate filigreed and enamelled armor. The Gladiator is a new painting challenge, but hopefully a rewarding one. There is a lot of texture to this miniature—the skin is heavily textured and some of the armor is covered with a fine filigree pattern. Both of these areas of the model can be painted quickly with wash techniques – this also brings out the detail and gives some depth.

The Skorne faction color scheme is a very distinctive red, black and gold, so the neutral grey skin color of the Titan doesn't compete too much with this—a brighter color could clash and give a messy look to the miniature.

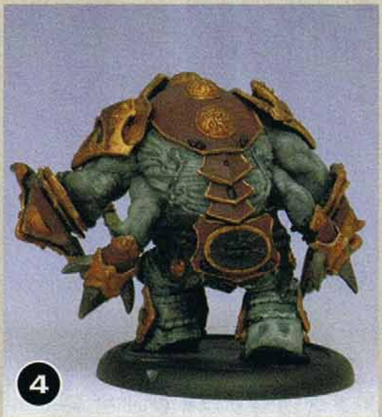
The following pictures take you stage by stage through the painting of the Gladiator.



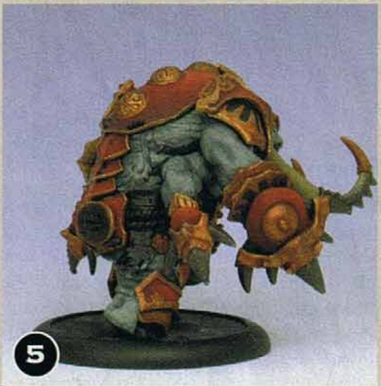
2. Once that base coat is thoroughly dry it is washed down to create the shading and bring out the detail. We used a mix of brown and yellow ink, with just a spot of matt medium added to make it adhere to the surface better. The mix is thinned a lot and applied liberally. It should be left to dry thoroughly before doing anything else—this can be sped up by blowing on it with a hair drier.



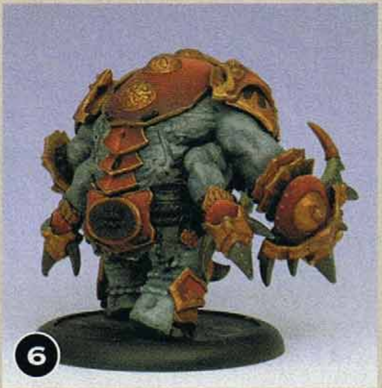
3. The next step is to base coat the skin and red armor. The armor is painted with a mix of Scab and Blood Red, and the skin is given a base coat of Wargames Foundry Granite – which is a warm mid grey. On both areas you are aiming for a smooth even coat that you can work over.



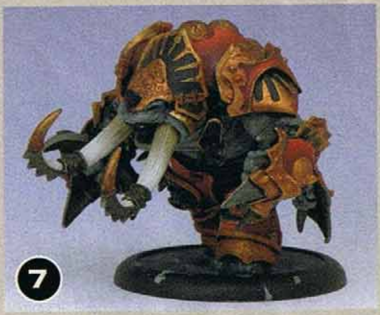
4. The Gladiator's skin is washed down with a mix of blue and brown ink, but keeping the resulting color on the blue side. A tiny spot of matt medium is added to make it adhere better to the surface and also give a flat color that is appropriate to the beast's natural hide. The wash has to be applied fairly carefully – don't let it form into pools on the surface.

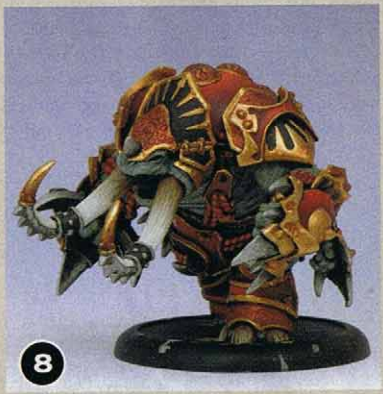


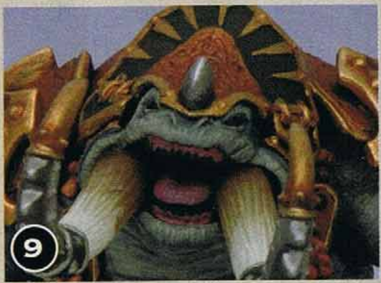
5. The skin is highlighted by adding white to the base color – just follow the creases and folds in the skin for where that highlights are applied. The armor is highlighted first by mixing Blood Red and red ink – note how the base color is left showing over the lower areas of the armor plates – this is so that the overall effect remains quite deep.

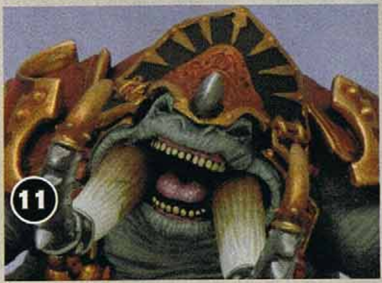


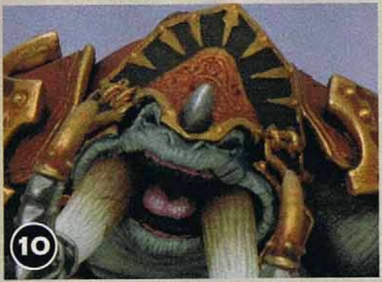
6. This photograph shows the second stage highlights to the armor and skin. The red highlights are built up first with Blood Red, and then Blood Red and yellow and white. The highlight color for the skin is lightened with skull white.

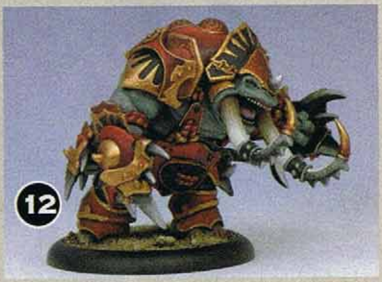

7. The tusks were given a base coat of a mid sandy brown color, and highlighted by adding white to this color. Note how the highlights have been applied down the length of the tusk, this helps to bring out the ridged texture.

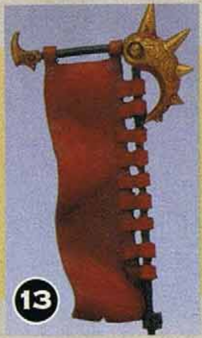
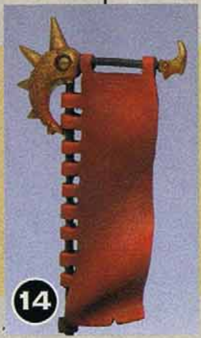
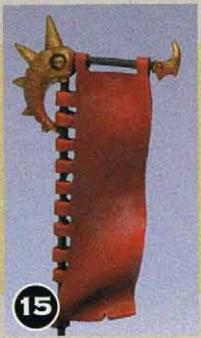

8. This photograph shows a few different things. The gold has been highlighted with Shining Gold, and then Shining Gold and silver. Certain areas of the armor have been glazed with red ink—we did this to the armor plates that have surface texture. Just thin down the red with water and carefully apply it over the texture. The ropes have also been picked out in red and highlighted.


9. The last stage is to paint the details on the face. The gums and tongue are painted with a deep pink — take care with the gums to leave the teeth black at this stage. If you get some pink on the teeth you can paint over them with black again.


11. The teeth are picked out with an off-white color, pure white is too stark and unrealistic.


10. The tongue and gums are highlighted by adding white to the base color. Note how the highlights have been dappled on to the tongue to give a realistic look.


12. This is the finished model, without the banner added.

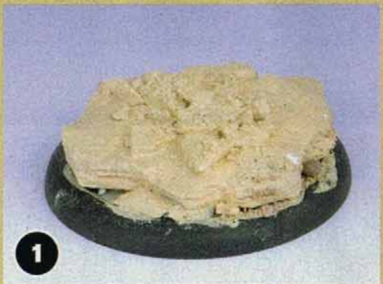



13, 14,15. These photographs show the way the red was painted on the banner. The base coat is a mix of Scab and Blood Red, then the highlights were built up — first with a mix of Blood Red and red ink, then by adding yellow and white to this color. When the highlights are dry, the banner is glazed over with thinned down red and yellow ink — this makes the color deeper and richer.

BUILDING THE BASE

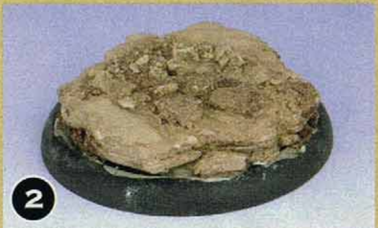
To give the Gladiator extra impact we put it on a scenic base—this also adds to the character of the model, making it look like it comes from a specific landscape type, in this case cracked and poisoned earth. This may look like quite a complex base, but in reality it was really quick and easy to make. The basic structure of the base was made from Plaster of Paris, just mix it up following the instructions on the package and pour it into an empty blister-box lid to dry – about 6mm deep is perfect for this. Once we have the plaster mixed, we pour a few different depths of plaster into blisters at the same time – saving the rest for different basing projects. When the plaster is thoroughly dry we turned it out of the blister and started to break it into the shape we wanted. This is quite a messy process, so you might want to put a couple of sheets of newspaper down on your work surface. An old pair of pliers is really useful here—hold the plaster "sheet" in one hand and use the pliers to crack and break the edges into the shape you want. Once you have the shape just right it can be stuck onto the base. You will find it's easiest to cover the top of the base with putty to create a flat surface.

When you are breaking up the plaster you will end up with lots of broken pieces—this makes great rubble. Paint the top of the plaster slab with glue and sprinkle and press the broken pieces into place. Once they are dry you can wash over with thinned down glue to make them really secure.

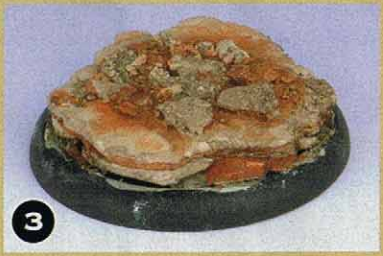
The photographs and captions below take you step by step through the painting process.



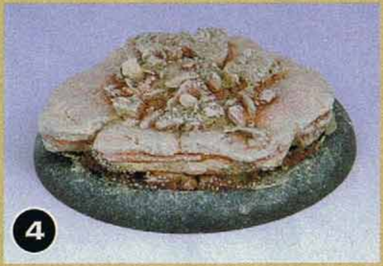
1 — The whole base was given a coat of Bleached Bone — this is thinned with water and applied liberally, making sure to totally cover the rubble on the top.



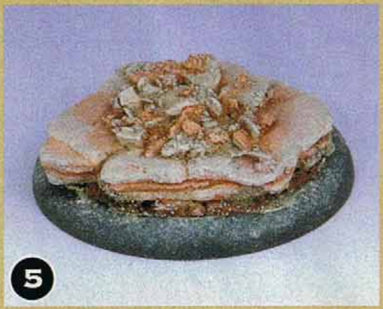
2 — When the base coat was dry, the bone color was washed down with a mix of Scorched Brown and Chaos Black — only a little black is added to take the warm edge off the brown. The wash is thinned down a lot with water before it's applied.



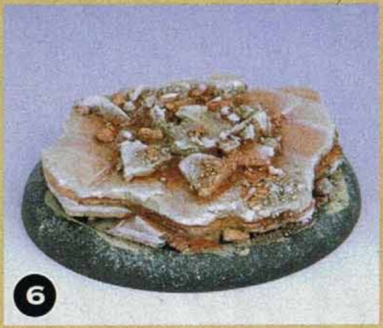
3 — The next step was to thin down Vermin Brown and add it to select parts of the base. Note how it has been painted around the edge of the slab to make it look like strata running through the rock. You can be quite liberal with this color—much of it will be covered with the highlights.



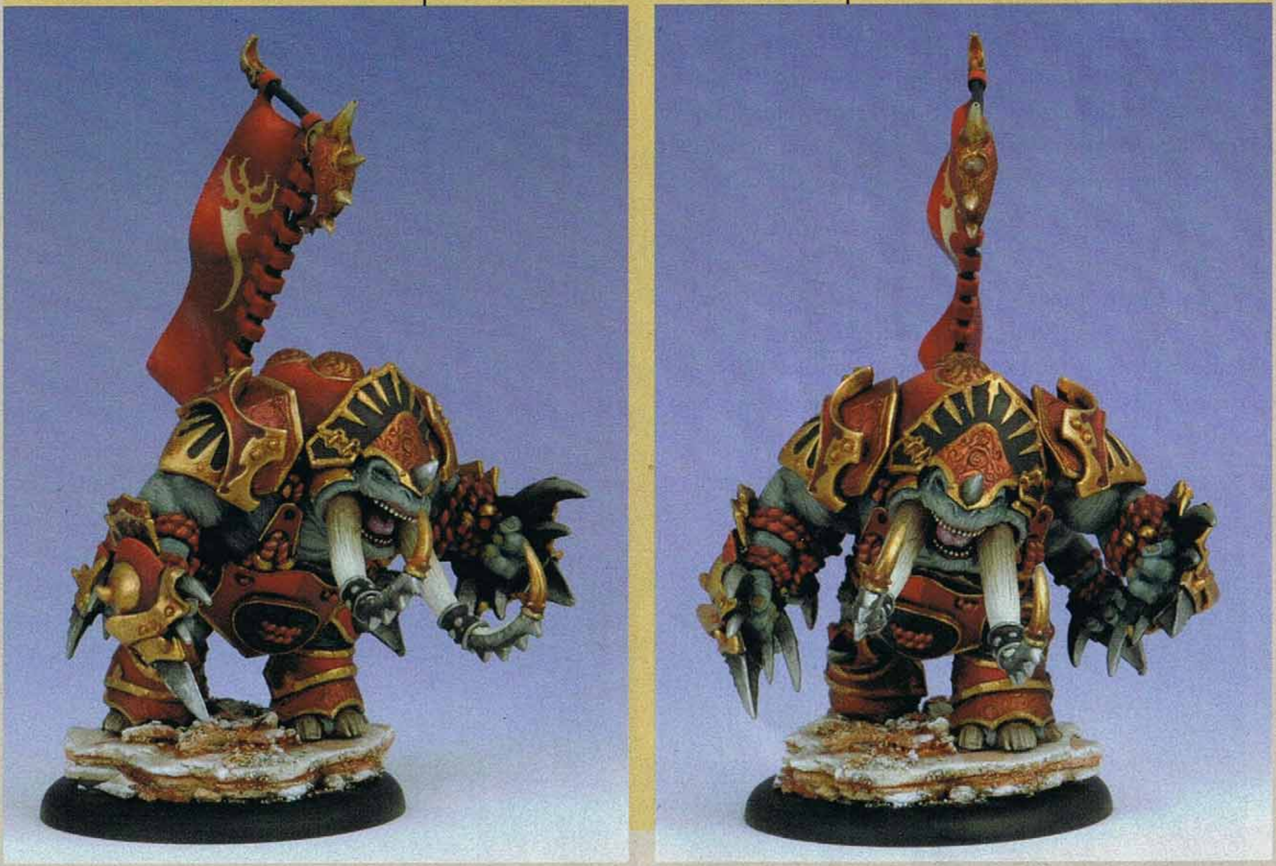
4 — The highlights are built up with Bleached Bone and Skull White. They are applied with a small artists sponge—just mix the color as normal on the palette and dip the sponge in it. Most of the color is wiped off on a paper towel before it is carefully dabbed into the surface; this creates a natural dappled effect. The highlight color is lightened and the process repeated.



5 — The color is added back in by re-applying some thinned Vermin Brown. Paint a little area onto the base and then use a second, wet brush to work it into the surface.



6 — Final highlights of pure Skull White are added to the edges.



Finished Titan Gladiator standing on it's scenic base

SMOKE ON THE WATER

Written by F. Wesley Schneider • Maps by Michael Siegler • Art Franz Vohwinkle & Brian Snoddy

It's not easy to govern a city, especially that infamous den of pirates, smugglers and cutthroats: Five Fingers. When Eilish Doyle, the pragmatic Lord Governor of the Port of Deceit, heard that a certain brand of hooaga cigars— the popular Regency Gold— are a favorite of one of the city's crime lords, High Captain Waernuk (IKWG 301), he eagerly sought them to convince the man to enter into a number of arrangements. Now, if only the Lord Governor's order can reach him before his next run-in with the often violent High Captain.

"Smoke on the Water" is an adventure designed for four 1st-level to 3rd-level characters. Starting in the Ordic town of Tarna, this adventure takes characters west along the Dragon's Tongue River onboard the steamship "The Gambler's Bride," through the tangled Gnarls, and to their destination at Five Finger—if they can survive the trip.

Warning! Players hoping to enjoy this adventure should read no further. The rest of the article is intended for GMs eyes only.

Where's the Stats? Supplemental material for this adventure, including full NPC stats, maps, and additional encounters, is available for download at: *www.privateerpress.com/noquarter.*

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

This morning, Gramnistalleralarid ("Gram"), the gobber owner of the Regency Saloon, received an unexpected rush order: twenty boxes of his Castellan's Choice—hooaga cigars of peerless quality—requested by none other than the Lord Governor of Five Fingers. The order, delivered by an official governmental messenger, promised payment on delivery, plus an additional bonus if the cigars reach the Lord Governor within three days time. Gram jumped at the opportunity and determined to win the bonus also. Then the problems started.

Most notably, no trustworthy delivery ships leave Tarna within the next few days. Through his numerous contacts and by calling in more than one favor, however, Gram discovered the floating casino the "Gambler's Bride." Captained by Odran Reno, a seemingly reputable businessman, the steamship plans to leave Tarna on route to Five Fingers, by way of a few brief pleasure stops along the Dragon's Tongue. The timing is close, but the steamship should reach Five Fingers in time for Gram's agents to collect the bonus. Speaking with Reno, the gobber obtained room for his delivery in the casino's well-protected iron safe.

One crisis averted, Gram now finds himself with an even more harrowing dilemma: Gambler's Bride leaves at noon, scant hours away, and he has no agents.

ADVENTURE SYNOPSIS

The PCs are recruited by Gram of the Regency Saloon to transport a box of hooaga cigars to Five Fingers. Provided with passage upon the Gambler's Bride, a steamship casino, the PCs must keep their cargo—and at times the entire ship—safe from greedy pirates, enraged trollkin, malicious grymkin, and a betrayer on board as they rush to meet their three-day deadline.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Having already obtained passage for his agents upon the Gambler's Bride, Gram might enlist the PCs in a variety of ways.

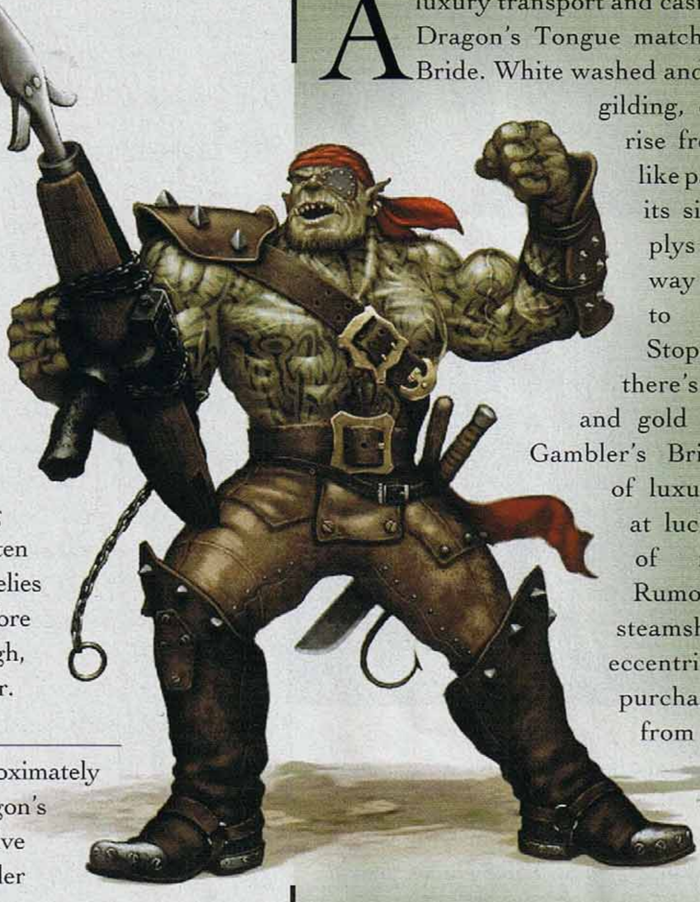
- If the PCs have had any business dealings with anyone in Tarna, it's possible that their former patron is friendly with Gram. The semi-panicked gobber comes to that patron in need of reliable sorts capable of making a speedy delivery to Five Fingers, and comes on the PCs names thereby.
- The PCs owe a debt to Gram, possibly by having damaged the Regency Saloon in some manner. Making the urgent delivery, not only will he forget their debt, but he'll pay them.
- The PCs have run afoul of some powerful group in Tarna. Gram, being well connected, hears of the PCs' plight. Gram offers to help them escape on the Gambler's Bride if they'll make a delivery.

Regardless, Gram's starting offer is 25 gp, with a 25 gp bonus if they get his delivery to Five Fingers in three days. Particularly savvy PCs might be able to double the starting offer, especially if they threaten not to take the job. Gram relies on his business sense before desperation an all cases, though, and proves a canny negotiator.

TARNA

The city of Tarna, approximately one hundred miles up the Dragon's Tongue River from Five Fingers, sits on one of the wilder borders between war-wracked Cygnar and neutral Ord. As the seat of government for the Wythmoor grav, nearly 24,000 humans and 1,600 gobbers make their home in and around the city. Distinguished as one of the most productive communities in Ord, this conglomeration of towering smokestacks, many-floored workhouses, and ever-turning waterwheels is renowned for its mills and bustling textile industry. While ancient Tarna has held numerous honors over the centuries—including the blood-soaked privilege of being the birthplace of the first human sorcerer—neither its factories nor its magical pedigree earns its current prestige. Instead, its renown stems from a clever gobber minority and a booming business in tightly rolled, richly-flavored cigars.

Tarna is detailed on page 309 of the *Iron Kingdoms World Guide*. Tarna is like one giant factory, generating wealth at the expense of the citizens. Home to a predictably tired populous, a few sparks of levity brighten the peoples normally dull lives The Regency Saloon serves as one of these lights, and the recently arrived steamship casino, The Gambler's Bride, is another.



THE GAMBLER'S BRIDE

A luxury transport and casino, no ship on the Dragon's Tongue matches the Gambler's Bride. White washed and outlined in silver gilding, dual smokestacks rise from the steamship like palace minarets and its single paddlewheel plys the waters all the way from Pt. Bourne to Five Fingers. Stopping anywhere there's a sturdy dock and gold to be made, the Gambler's Bride brings a bit of luxury and a chance at luck to any number of riverside stops. Rumors say that the steamship's captain, the eccentric Odran Reno purchased sculptures from some of the finest artists in Corvis and affixed them to his ship. Others, however, claim Reno stole his ship's decorations right off the faces of some of Corvis' most famous locales. The heavy stonework ringing the steamship's three decks and within its lavish casino causes passengers to liken the ship to a floating cathedral. To many, the Gambler's Bride is indeed a sanctuary.

Traveling aboard the Gambler's Bride proves comfortable, relaxing, and entertaining for most parties. The steamship commonly takes a leisurely pace in its travels, covering 8 miles in an hour. Accounting for the Bride's current itinerary, making stops at the hamlet of Briv and the Splintermill lumbering camp, the steamship should reach Five Fingers around midday three days after Gram receives his order—leaving the PCs a scant few hours to make their delivery.

Voyage of the Gambler's Bride

When the Gambler's Bride departs Tarna it follows the following itinerary. Captain Reno is a man set in his ways and, unless faced with a convincing reason, he sees no reason to change or hasten the journey.

Day 1: Depart Tarna for Splintermill. Dock there for the evening and take on guests.

Day 2: Depart Spintermill for Briv. Dock at Briv for the evening and take on guests.

Day 3: Depart Briv for Five Fingers. Dock, resupply, and take on guests. Depart when guests run out of money or local trouble drives the ship away.

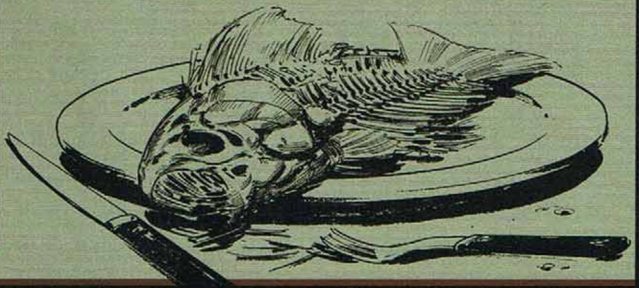
1.CASINO & DINNING HALL

Read Aloud:

The clink of bottle on glass and peels of excitement ring over the din of hushed conversations and rustling playing cards that murmurs through this wide, open gaming hall and conjoined dining area. Felt-covered gaming tables, a well-stocked bar, and a raised stage fill much of the room. Overhead, dozens of granite and marble statures ring the ceiling, gazing down at the crowd with drunken, approving grins.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the Gambler's Bride—and the reason for its name—is its lavishly decorated casino. At any time a dozen passengers will be trying their luck amid the various games of chance. While card and dice games provide regular pastimes, the Bride also supplies more exotic gambling opportunities. Among these, perhaps the most popular is "Dragon Scales," a kind of cockfighting involving a sizable aquarium and dragon fish.

Milon Amorslea runs the Gambler's Bride casino and he is usually here along with at least two dealers running the tables and a bartender whom takes bets, exchanges gold for chips, and pays out winnings. There is never much gold kept on hand here as it is sent to the vault via a hidden chute behind the bar.



A Game of Dragon Scales

GMs looking for a more interesting way to determine the results of a game of Dragon Scales than merely making a few arbitrary dice rolls might want to give their PCs direct control of their bets. By providing players with the stats for dragon fish (*Monsternomicon* p.42), gamblers can fight against one another to determine the winner. The GM may set odds based on the differing hit points of the fighting fish

2. GUEST SUITES

The Gambler's Bride has three options for passengers: lavish guest suites on its top level, of similar size as the captain's own quarters; large rooms on the main passenger deck; and small simple bunkrooms on the same deck.

2A. SALON

A sizable salon decorated with a mix of landscapes and gaudy portraits—many swiped right off the walls of seedy Five Fingers bordellos—fill the space between the suites. While not the most tasteful spot on the ship, several plush chairs, overstuffed couches, and marble tables do make the room deceptively comfortable. As such, many higher-class passengers end up spending a significant portion of their time conversing, reclining, and taking tea here. Rumors persist that beneath the posh rugs and furniture several panels can be removed, revealing hidden compartments perfect for smuggling (a Search check at DC 20 would reveal such nooks should they be more than just rumor).

3. BRIDGE

Read Aloud:

Windows look out from the bridge of the steamship, facing nearly every direction, offering a commanding view. Dozens of panels covered in whirring dials, flickering gages, and complex-looking controls line the remaining walls. A wide crescent-shaped desk, strewn with maps, takes up much of the bridge's center and, situated behind the most forward facing window, is a heavily scarred wooden wheel carved to look like a circular cluster of writhing snakes.

From this area the pilot, Vexi, sets the course of the Gambler's Bride. Hundreds of dials and meters, all in varying states of repair and precision, relate information on boiler heat, paddle speed, and dozens of other variables. A wide collection of maps gives the crew of the Gambler's Bride detailed knowledge of their course. At the front of the room is the pilot's wheel. While this ornately carved control manages the ruder, panels of levers and switches give a pilot control over every aspect of the ship's workings. A long brass tube echoes commands directly from the pilot's station to the boiler deck, most often resounding with cries of "Put on the steam!" and "Full stop or you'll kill us all!"

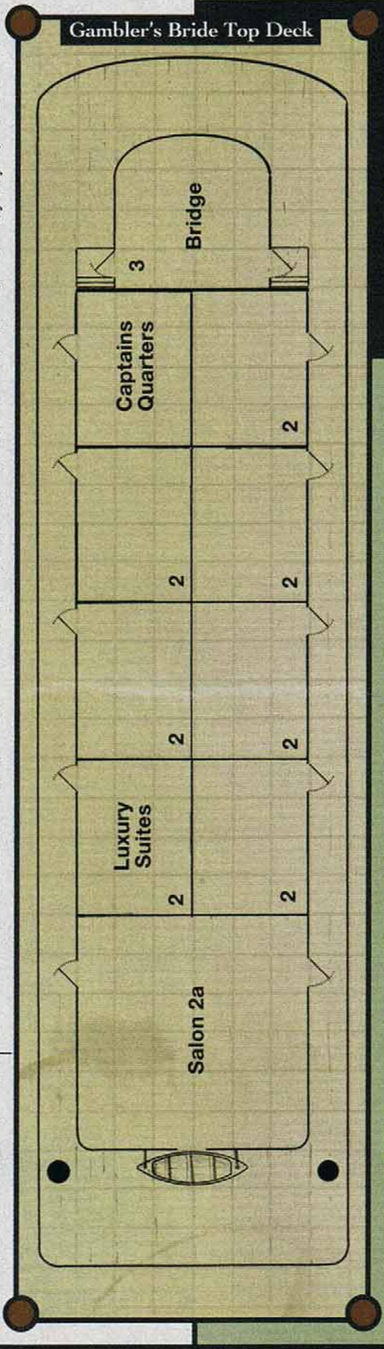
Piloting the Gambler's Bride proves no mean feat, requiring a Profession (sailor) check (DC 16) to get the boat moving. Characters who fail this check by 10 or more succeed at activating the ship's engines and paddle, but in such a way that sends the ship in a dangerous direction

4. CREW QUARTERS

Most of the crewmen spend their off hours relaxing in a common room on the bottom deck. Outfitted with its own small pantry, basic supplies, and table space enough for far lower stakes gambling than that found in the casino, the common room is cramped and not nearly as lavish as the rooms frequented by guests and passengers. For most of the crew, this serves just fine.

With the exceptions of casino manager Milon Amorslea, Captain Reno, and the ship's officers (including Vexi, the pilot, and the gobber brothers), none of the ship has a personal bunk. Numerous crewmembers are always on duty at any given time, and thus bunks are used in shifts. During fair weather, lounge chairs on the upper deck are used at night by tried crewmen—usually gobbers—willing to brave the ravenous insects.

Gambler's Bride Top Deck



5. VAULT

Read Aloud:

This room is divided into two halves by a row of sturdy metal bars. Behind the bars numerous crates, pieces of luggage, barrels, and a sizable black iron safe are tied down. Outside the bars rests only a large metal cabinet and a simple table with a single chair facing the door.

Constantly manned by an armed guard, the Bride's vault stores the casino's daily take, rare or valuable cargo, and—for a price—the luggage or personal belongings of passengers.

Outside the vault, a tall cabinet stores the ship's arsenal: three grappling guns, Vexi's oft confiscated pair of military pistols, and Captain Reno's Radliffe double barreled pistol, "Sibohan."

What's stored in the vault changes wildly depending on the ship's current jobs, number and social class of passengers, and luck. On average, 6,000 GP and an additional 4,000 gp worth of valuable cargo can be found in the vault. While the cargo is tied down to avoid damage, loose gold is stored within an exceptionally thick black iron safe. Fitted with a combination that only Captain Reno and Mr. Amorslea know, the safe weighs nearly 1,000 pounds and has weathered numerous attempted thefts.

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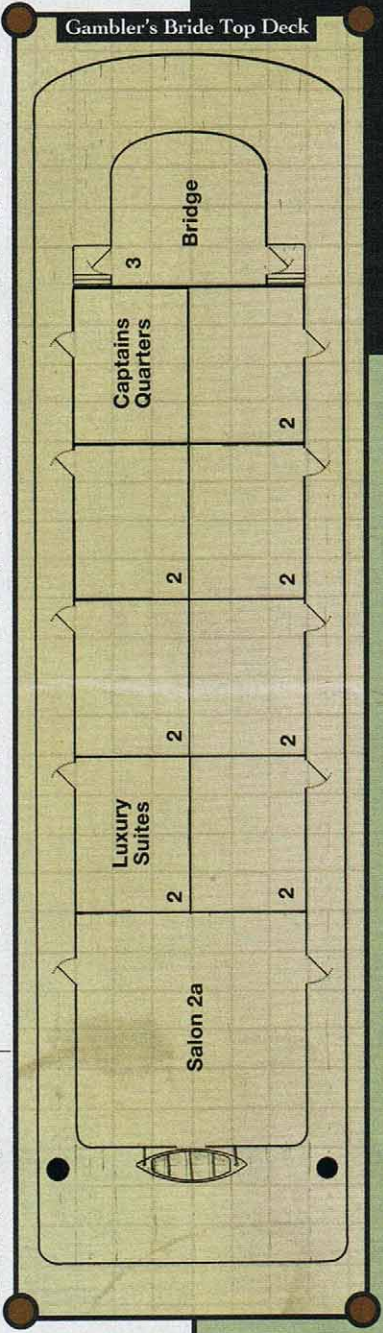

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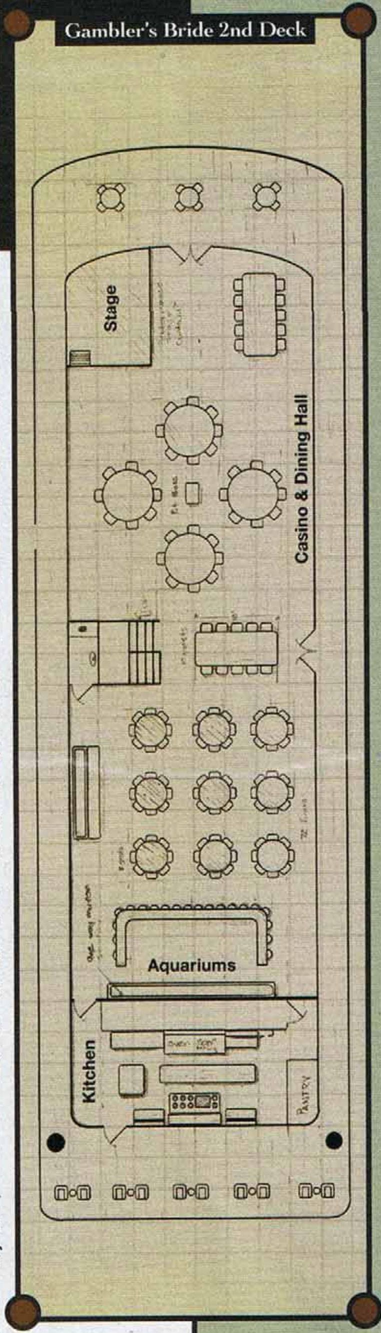
6. BOILER ROOM

Read Aloud:

Two huge metal boilers fill this sweltering engine room. The choking scent of coal fills the hot air, and fiery light flickers from the maws of two hungry furnaces, with simple barred doors between the room and the leaping flames within. The cacophony of a hundred other machines—giant pistons, pumping levers, dials, cranks, steam whistles, and more—form a deafening orchestra of crashes and steely whines.



The boiler room rings with clanging metal and piercing whistles, while the boiler fires keep the room an uncomfortable 100 degrees. At least two engineers work here—often under the supervision of either Reggle or Drimm—feeding the boiler fires or making impromptu repairs to innumerable temperamental machines. Should any of the fires here be left unattended for an hour they go out, preventing the controls on the bridge from working and leaving the ship adrift. Restarting the engines requires a Craft (steam engine) check (DC 12) and then at least a half hour to reheat the boilers to a temperature that moves the ship. The boiler room also holds a few barrels of water and numerous tools and pieces of scrap metal, enough to make nearly any basic repair to the ship or at least jury-rig a temporary fix for larger problems.

THE CREW OF THE GAMBLER'S BRIDE

The Gambler's Bride serves as home to a strange assortment of personalities.

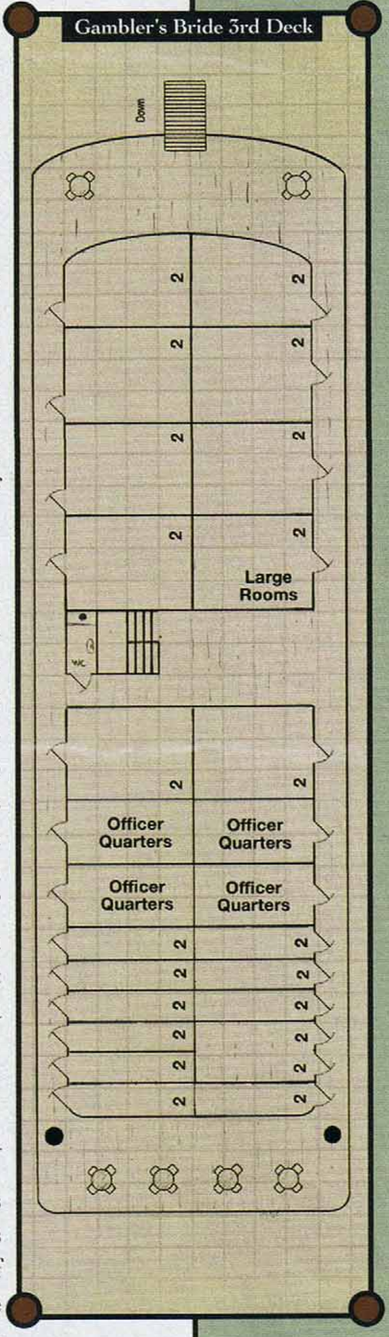
Captain Odran Reno (CG male Thurian Ftr2/Rog3): The captain of the Gambler's Bride, Odran Reno is a sharp wit and an able sailor of Thurian stock. He claims to be in his late forties, but has the build of a younger man. What family he hails from, or indeed any facet of his past, he keeps to himself; even his last name being adopted. Eight years ago Reno purchased a rundown steamship in Corvis, spent a small fortune renovating it, buying statuary right off of city buildings, and paying in gold. Christened the Gamblers Bride, Reno and his floating casino have plied the rivers and lakes from Corvis to Five Fingers ever since.

Something of a gambler, when Reno isn't on the bridge he's at the ship's casino. Charming with women and friendly with men, Reno is a bombastic storyteller, skilled drinker, and deadly card shark. Despite the friendly—sometimes foppish—facade, Reno is a skilled captain, and loves his ship with a passion few can ever hope to find. He is close to all his crew, but only holds the head of his casino, Milon Amorslea, as a confidant.

Reggletognok and Drimwall (NG and CN male gobbers Bdg2/Rog1): A pair of gobber brothers hold the position of the first mate and engineer aboard the Gambler's Bride. While some might claim these dual positions are evidence of Captain Reno's flippant sense of humor, the gobber brothers have kept the steamship afloat amid dire straights. While not twins, the usually gray-skinned gobbers look much alike, to the extent that some crewmen—and nearly all passengers—cannot tell them apart. In fact, the only telling feature is a splotchy brown mark on Reggle's brow. The pair enjoys this confusion, and frequently dress similarly. Reggle is the lighter hearted of the pair, content with his life aboard the Gambler's Bride and obsessed with its smooth running. Drim quietly harbors greater ambition, waiting with weakening patience for the "big score."

Vexi (N female Radiz Ftg2/Exp3): A hard-looking woman in her early thirties, Vexi skillfully pilots the Gambler's Bride. Dark-eyed with hair the color of shadows on blood, her exotic Radiz heritage marks her as one of the vagabond races (IKCG p. 45). Around her neck run form the coiled, ugly symbol of the Devourer Wurm—although the tattoo looks stretched and faded in a way usually only seen on elderly sailors. Vexi is sensitive about her heritage, and discussions about it often end in blood or bruises. Raised as an orphan in Five Fingers, she does not worship the Devourer Wurm; the tattoo is vulgar reminders of sadistic parents. Despite her standoffish and fierceness, Vexi's only home is the Gambler's Bride, its crew her family.

Gambler's Bride 3rd Deck



Milon Amorslea (CG male Midlunder Rog4): Rotund, aging, and soft-spoken when away from the gambling tables, few would suspect Mr. Amorslea, head dealer of the Gambler's Bride Casino, to be an incredible pickpocket and sleight of hand artist. Bearded and balding, Milon takes his job very seriously, raking in a small fortune for Captain Reno every night. Always dressed formally, the sharp-eyed Midlunder is a natural at spotting cheats, even those who use magic, and takes an obvious delight in cheating cheaters. Two younger dealers and two bartenders work under Amorslea and common knowledge among them states, "Scam and the old man will catch you." Milon proves fiercely loyal to Captain Reno, and has been heard to say that if it weren't for Reno, he'd be in a Cygnaran prison.

NOTEWORTHY PASSENGERS

Nearly thirty passengers currently sail with the Gambler's Bride. Most are merely travelers of little consequence, some of those staying in the top-level suites are more intriguing.

Larsa Chamko (TN female Umbrean Rog2/Sor1): As mysterious as she is beautiful, this dark and seductive snake dancer travels with Captain Reno's crew for her own unexplained purposes. Although not a crewmember, she and her brother Uli have sailed aboard the Gambler's Bride for the last two months, keeping to themselves, making them the most talked about topics among the curious crew. Twice every evening, Larsa performs in the casino, her trained Bloodstone stripped constrictor writhing over her body while her hips sway like the three-moon tides of the sea. Coolly alluring, Larsa would be irresistible were it not for her inseparable chaperone, Uli. Unbeknownst to the crew, Larsa makes nightly offerings to Thamar to protect herself and her brother from some pursuing threat.

Uli Chamko (TN male Umbrean Ftr3): A hulking, bear of a man, Uli is a creature of knotted muscle and coarse black hair. Brother and bodyguard of Larsa Chamko, he keeps watch over her during her nightly shows and seemingly at every other moment of the day. Uli rarely speaks to anyone other than his sister, and even then he does so in whispers. On the rare occasions he's become separated from her, he's become wild-eyed and frantic, once pitching a slow-moving passenger overboard in his fervent search. Although Larsa assures the captain that her brother is not a threat to the crew, all aboard remain cautious of the quiet brute.

ENCOUNTERS ABOARD THE GAMBLER'S BRIDE

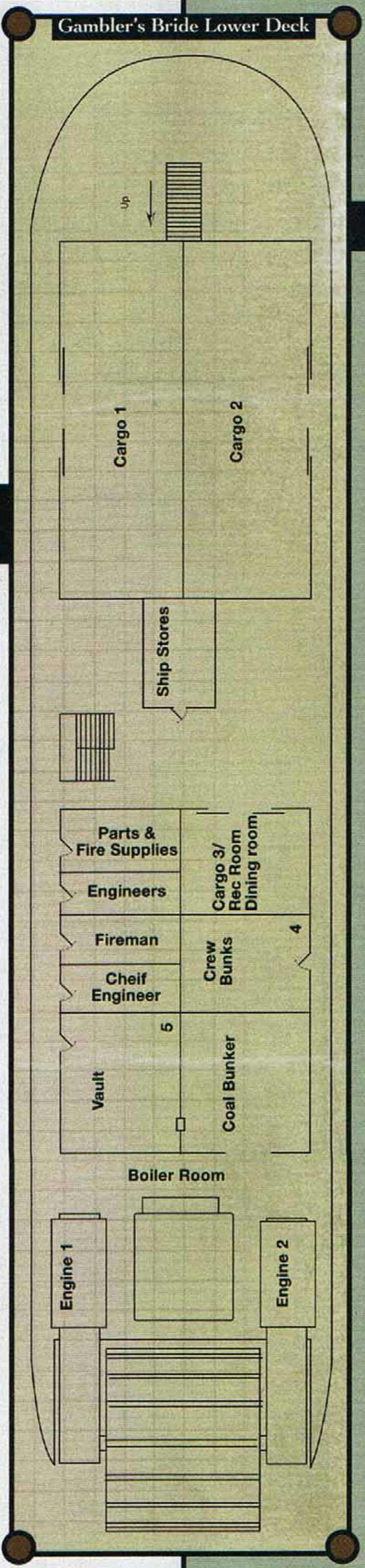
GMs are encouraged to rearrange the timing and number of events listed below as needed for good pacing during the adventure. Consult the supplemental downloadable pdf for additional encounters, NPC stats, and additional characters.

An Offer You Can't Refuse (EL 2)

Timing: As the PCs leave Tarna.

As the PCs begin to board the imminently departing Gambler's Bride, they meet a gentleman of apparent good breeding backed by four brutish "associates." The gentleman, Lupo Vain, is a hired agent for a competing hooaga investor, Thane Ross Kaddock of Hearthstone. Lurking in the Regency Saloon, Lupo overhead Gram's deal, and plans to bribe the PCs into substituting his patron's Hearthblend brand for the Regency Gold cigars. Lupo will start by offering to double whatever Gram is paying them to deliver 30 boxes of Kaddock's Baird's Select in exchange of Gram's shipment along with a forged letter from Gram stating refusal to meet the order. If the PCs agree they will garner more coin, but will run into problems at delivery—when it become apparent that only Gram's cigars will do.

If the PCs refuse, Lupo merely shrugs and walks away before commanding his hired thugs to toss the PCs off the docks as the steamship begins to leave port. What the PCs do not know is that Lupo has already bribed a member of the Gambler's Bride to sabotage the shipment in case the PCs refuse.



Enemies: 4 brutish thugs (War1) and Lupo (Rog2).

Treasure: 5 gp per brutish thug, Lupo has at least 100 gold on his person.

Washed Up Romance (EL 3)

Timing: Any time.

One night, the ship enters a heavy fog bank while a PC walks alone on deck. The PC hears a thumping against the hull and catches a glimpse of a pale young woman floating face down, illuminated by moonlight breaking through the fog.

If the PC calls for help or otherwise rescues the young woman, he will find she is still alive but appears nearly drowned. Barely conscious she will cling to her rescuer and will not be parted from him, claiming her husband perished in a boating accident. Captain Reno offers an unoccupied room for the new castaway and suggests the PCs reserve their questions for the morning.

Later that same night when nearly all have retired to their rooms, the woman, actually a Rusalka (Monsternomicon p. 144) under sorcerous disguise, will attempt to lure her rescuer on deck with the intent of sending her new surrogate husband overboard to be drowned. If that PC is on deck alone he notices the woman at the aft of the ship calling to him. If the PC doesn't go on deck for the second encounter, he hears a strange melody sung outside his room. After drawning him to the ship's railing, the Rusalka will attempt to bull rush the PC into the water.

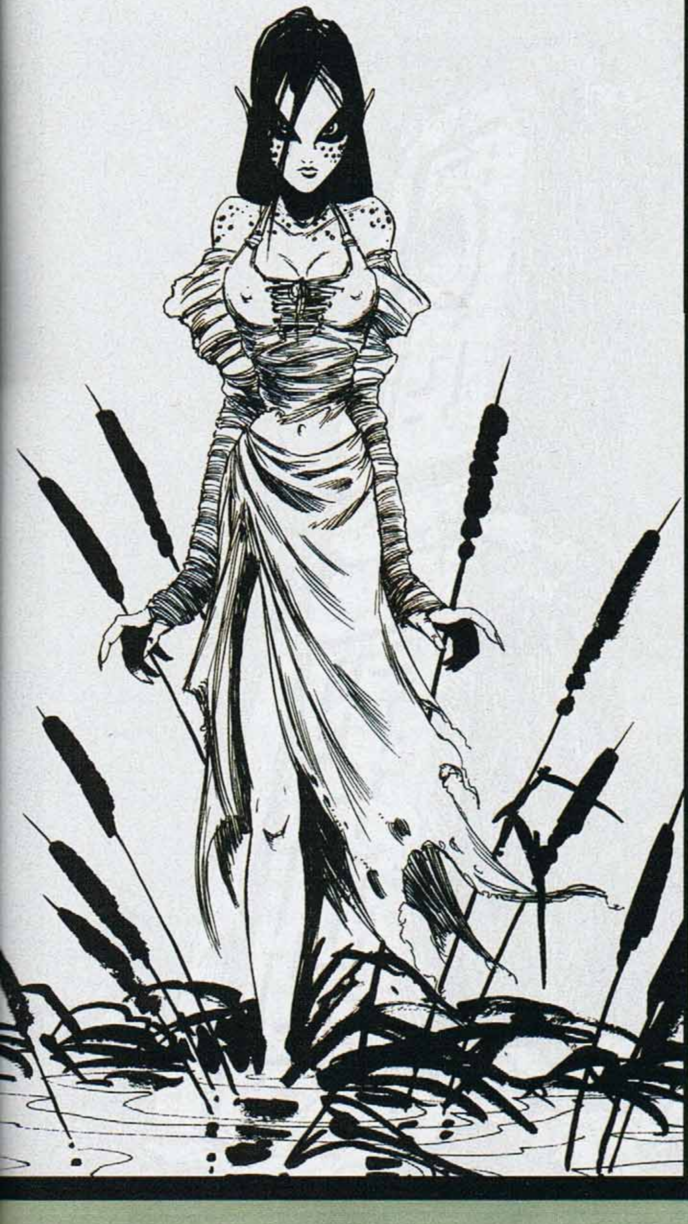
If the PC tries to escape or if more characters come to his rescue, the rusalka uses her unearthly laugh to stun her enemies. Those stunned while in the water cannot swim and begin to drown. If it becomes obviously that the rulsalka is greatly outnumbered, or if she takes more than half her hit points in damage, the grymkin disappears, diving below the water and retreats.

Even after the rusalka departs the Gambler's Bride is likely to still be sailing. Keeping up with the steamship demands a Swim check (DC 12), while climbing the statue covered hull of the ship unassisted requires a Climb check (DC 14).

Enemy: A rusalka, who attempts to 'coax' him off the boat.

Treasure: The rusalka has a gold wedding ring set with a black pearl worth approximately 800gp and an ornamented antique silver knife possibly worth 100 GP (see Monsternomicon).

Development: Rusalka are covetous creatures and it's unlikely that this one encounter is the only time the PCs will encounter their murderous stalker.



Splintermill (EL 2)

Timing: End of Day 1.

Five-dozen Midlunder and Morridane lumberjacks make the Splintermill lumbermill their home. Eager for relaxation and respite from their work, they crowd the deck and fill the casino. Eager to drink and gamble, the lumberjacks may draw the PCs into a number of drinking games, and may get out of hand and provoke them into a drunken brawl.

Over the course of the night, the crewman bribed by Lupo at the outset of the journey will make his move. He will persuade four of the drunken lumberjacks into barging into the vault where the cigars are stowed as an excuse to steal them. The lumberjacks are ignorant of the plot, but drunk enough to be belligerent and even violent if confronted. Particularly influential PCs might be able to convince the lumberjacks to leave by making Diplomacy or Intimidate checks. If asking them to leave fails, though, it's likely the situation comes to blows, with the PCs having to forcibly eject a group of drunken laborers.

Enemies: 5 lumberjacks (War1) and 1 bribed crewman (Exp2).

Treasure: 5 pairs of good boots.

Tactics: The disruptive guests lack the sobriety to use any real tactics, fighting until the last one falls. If necessary, a crewman might remind the PCs that it would look bad to kill any of the men and they only need to be knocked out.

Consequences: If they are killed, the captain will confiscate the PCs weapons and send them to their rooms to calm the remaining lumberjacks, but secretly approves of their actions defending his vault. If the PCs realize the bribed crewman's involvement, they may report him to the captain, who will tie him to the paddlewheel and offer bets on how long he'll survive, unless the PCs intervene.

Trollkin Justice (EL 4)

Timing: Beginning of Day 2.

As the Bride prepares to leave Spintermill five sizable and heavily armed trollkin appear at the end of the dock. Their leader, a gray-skinned trollkin with a crooked back lets out an echoing bellow. Having easily captured the attention of the steamship's entire crew, the trollkin demand to speak with the ship's captain. Captain Reno asks the PCs to come with him to even the numbers.

The lead trollkin announces himself as Gurn, a warrior of the Golmhurt kith. He resolutely demands the Gambler's Bride pay his tribe 200 GP for use of their river. Incredulous, Captain Reno offhandedly refuses, almost laughing at the demand. He's seen all sorts of piracy on the Dragon's Tongue and has no intention to start paying to use it now. With a tensing of their massive muscles and the shifting of large weapons, the trollkin don't seem willing to take "no" for an answer.

Development: It seems that only the PCs' intervention can prevent open bloodshed.

According to treaties between the trolls of the Gnarls and Cygnar, the trollkin are to receive steady payment for human use of the Dragon's Tongue River and all its peripheral waterways winding through their forest. While this gold once came regularly—whether because of the war effort or internal corruption—the trollkin haven't seen a copper.

Any PC who makes a Knowledge (local) check (DC 16) knows about the arrangement between Cygnar and the Gnarls trollkin. Captain Reno sees no reason to negotiate with the trollkin, but a PC who attempts to talk with Gurn finds him willing to converse. He does give the PCs an opportunity to explain themselves, and make Diplomacy checks to change his attitude.

A successful Diplomacy check causes Gurn to explain his current situation and lower his demands to 50 GP. Captain Reno proves stubborn and still considers this extortion. It will require the PCs to convince Reno (with another Diplomacy check) that the trollkin are wronged warriors and not pirates. If the PCs succeed, he provides the trollkin with 50 gold.

If the PCs check vs. Gurn succeeds by 15 or more , Gurn explains his people's frustration but allows the Gambler's Bride to go—on the condition that the PCs swear to seek a reason for why Cygnar has reneged on their agreement.

When negotiating with Gurn numerous factors might aid the PCs.

Swearing to investigate the missing payments +2

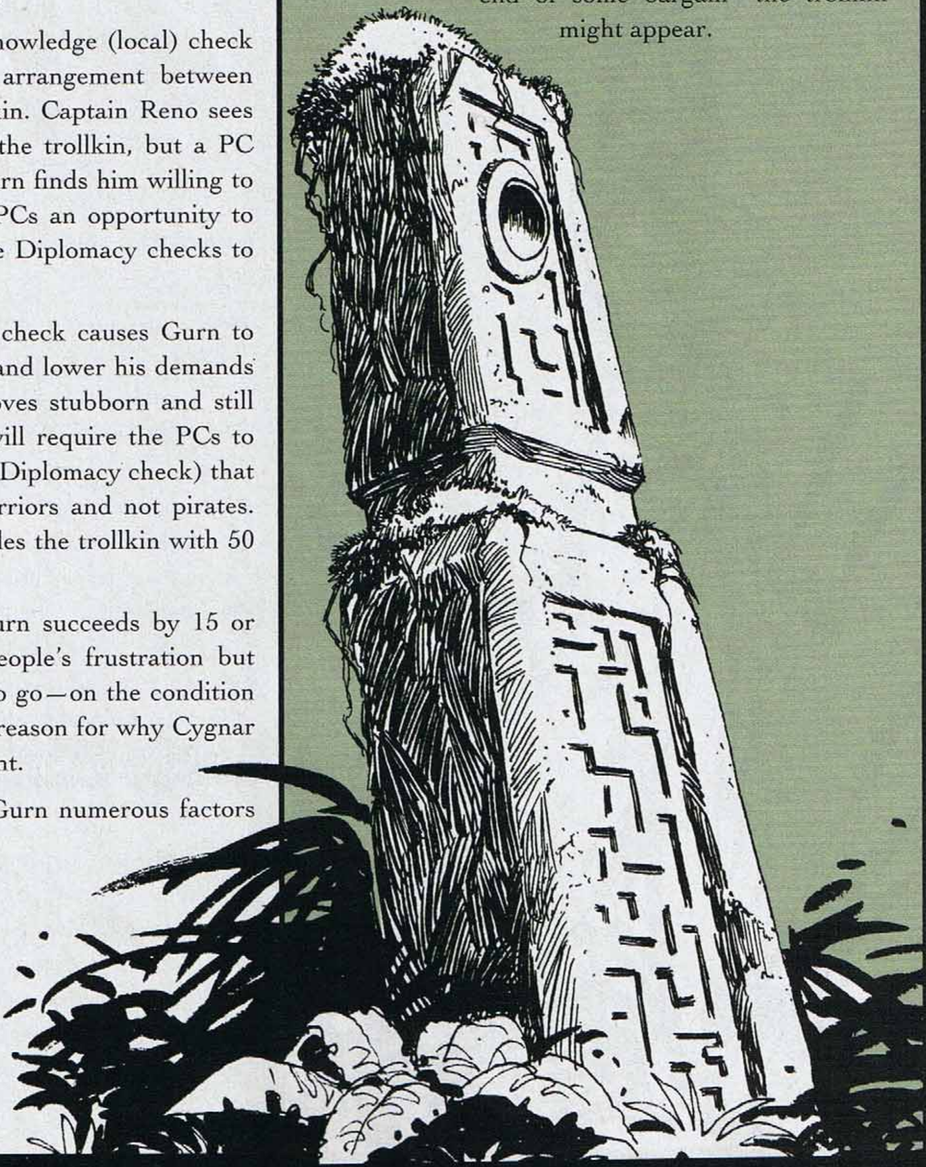
If a PC trollkin participates in the negotiation +2

Enemies: Gurn Golmhurt (Fell) and 4 Gnarls Trollkin (War1, see Monsternomicon pg. 195)

Treasure: Weapons and equipment (see pdf).

Consequences: Should these negations fail, Gurn and his men are not above attacking the PCs and the captain. Although they hold no hope of killing the party and taking the ship, they're eager to work off some frustration on the group. After a few rounds of combat or once a trollkin is reduced to 0 hit points, Gurn or one of his men call off the attack, curse the party and the Gambler's Bride, and withdraw.

Should the PCs manage to strike a deal with the trollkin, Gurn will not forget the party, nor any promises they might have made. At any time in the future—especially if the party fails to uphold their end of some bargain—the trollkin might appear.



Briv

Timing: End of Day 2.

Quaint and industrious, the hamlet of Briv is little more than a farming and fishing backwater in the Ordic wilderness. The people of Briv meet the Gambler's Bride with mixed feelings, some seeing the steamship as nothing more than a floating den of debauchery while others can't help but try their luck at the casino tables. Overall, the people of Briv are friendly and eager to talk with the PCs, trading rumors and information. If the Rusalka survived from the previous encounter, PCs may encounter her here, under the protection of the naïve townsfolk.

Those hoping to fleece the simple folk find them easy pickings. Should any cons be attempted in the casino, however, Mr. Amorslea proves watchful and protective of all his customers, and characters might find him turning their own games against them.

Rune Stone

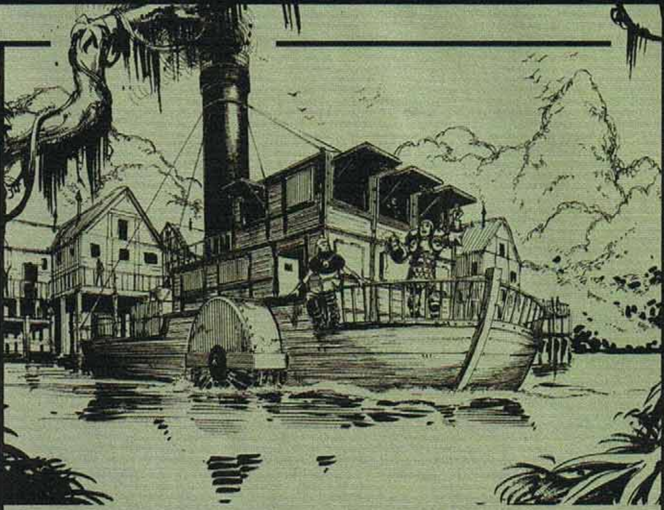
Timing: Any time, but ideally Day 3.

While steaming down the river a particularly observant PC or crewmember might notice something unusual jutting out from the swampy shore. Revealed by a recent mudslide, a character who makes a Spot check (DC 16) notices a dirt encrusted stone pylon of ancient origins sticking out of the swamp. Naturally curious, Captain Reno might be convinced to stop for a few moments.

Covered with strange runes, the stone stands nearly 20 feet tall and is capped by a enigmatic stone image. The meaning of the image and the runes, is left up to the GM to decide. A few examples follow:

- The pillar is a marker of some still buried Orgoth ruin and is capped by a sculpture of a howling Orgoth face.
- The column is actually the protruding tip of an ancient machine constructed by early worshippers of Cyriss, although its function is unclear. The image is the symbol of Cyriss.
- This standing stone was intentionally buried in some strange druidic or Devourer cult ritual. The symbol is a gigantic snake bearing its fangs.

Those who scale the pylon (a requiring Climb check at DC 16) and succeed a Search check (DC 12) on the head discover two sizable red stones set in the eyes, both worth 30 gp.



Development: The writing on the stone is left up to the GM, but it's possible interacting with the pylon might affect the PCs. Stealing gems from the image could cause bad luck or infuriate a still existing group related to the sculpture. The pylon itself might merely be the tip of some larger ruin hidden within the murk and warrant further investigation.

Treasure: GMs wishing to reward PCs after having several encounters without treasure can hide a cache here to even things up.

Sabotage! (EL 3)

Timing: Day 3.

Late one night a thunderous explosion rocks the Gambler's Bride. Two seared engineers and a scorched Drimwall pile out of the boiler room, followed by billows of smoke. The engineers explain that one of the boilers just exploded, sending hot shards of metal everywhere. Even stranger, tiny living fires also emerged, flitting about the room and chasing the engineers. Hesitant to send any of his crew down to face the boiler room's angry flames, Captain Reno asks the PCs to investigate and take care of anything strange the find there.

When the PCs head down the metal steps leading into the boiler room they find a scene exactly the engineers described. One of the boilers has exploded and a multitude of tiny, flickering, flame-like insects swarm around the remains.

These creatures are steamlings (*Monsternomicon* p. 162). While dangerous, they are content to linger around the shattered boiler. In an hours' time, however, they'll begin infesting the rest of the ship's steam engines. If the PCs act quickly, the steamlings should prove only a minor threat.

Enemies: 4 Steamlings

Development: The major threat arises after the steamlings are dispatched and accusations start to fly. Realizing that the steamlings didn't appear from nowhere, the explosion begins to look like it happened on purpose. Any of the PCs who make a Search check (DC 12) notice several strange bits of glittering black rock scattered throughout the boiler room. A Craft (alchemy) or Knowledge (arcana) check (DC 14) reveals this to be wizard's coal, and an additional Creature Lore or similar check (DC 14) notes that steamlings often inhabit this material.

As the engineers set to repairing the boiler, a process that takes approximately three hours, rumors begin to circulate:

- Sometimes strange murmurs are heard in the middle of the night coming from Larsa Chamko's room and she's been seen sneaking about the aft deck at night. (True: her prayers to Thamar and the subsequent disposal of her superstitious sacrifices, mostly stolen odds and ends, dead vermin, and locks of her own hair).
- Vix is a captive of Captain Reno, serving because he knows something about her past. She secretly hates him and the ship. (False: Vix serves of her own will and admires the captain—and perhaps more.)
- The Gambler's Bride is haunted. The spirit of one of the Captain's jilted ex-lovers seeks to destroy him and his ship. (Maybe. Weird things happen on the Gambler's Bride. This might be a ghost, or some other lurking threat).

In truth, the steamlings came from several infested pieces of wizard's coal Drimwall smuggled aboard. He sabotaged the boiler to stop the Gambler's Bride, making it easy pickings for a band of river pirates he's allied, eager to make off with the contents of the steamship's vault.

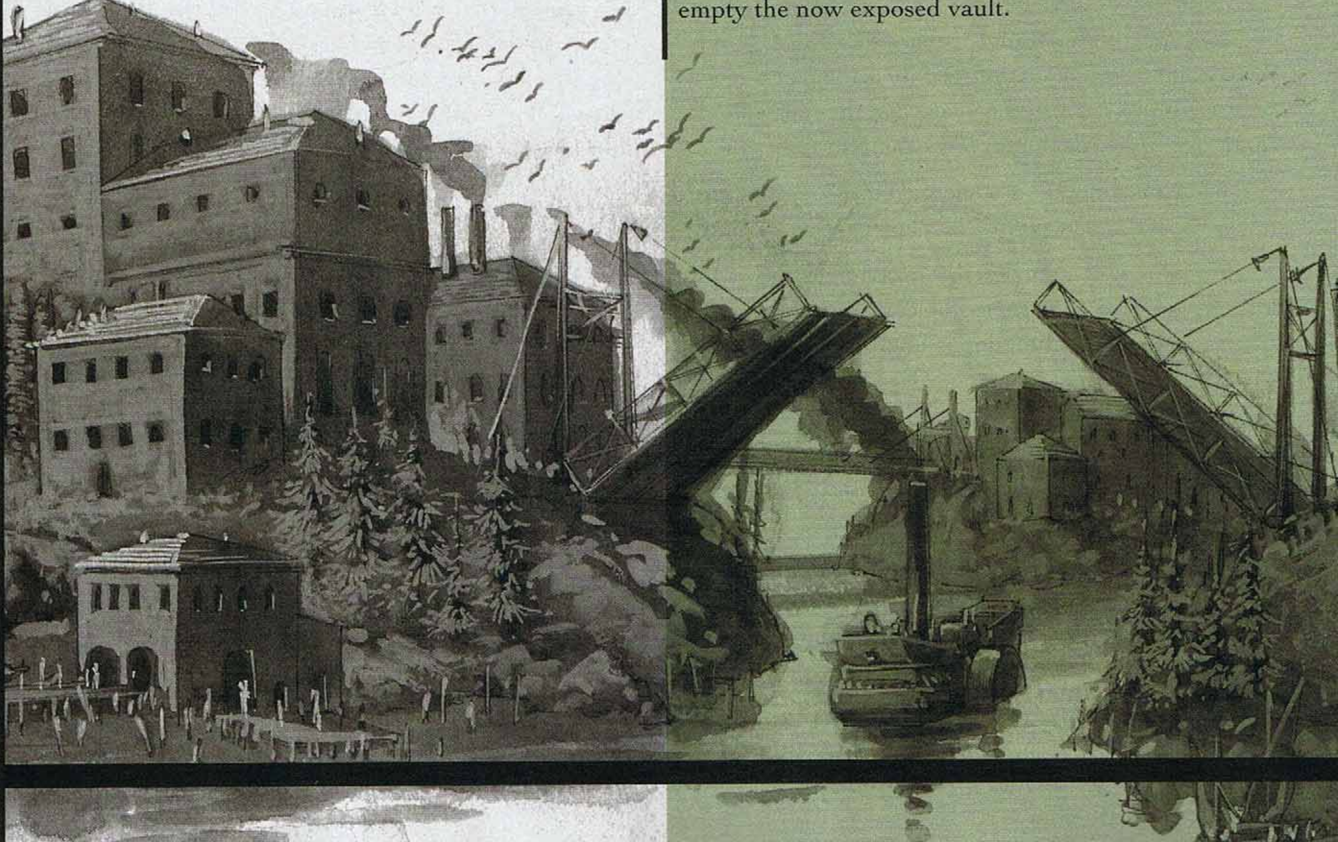
River Pirates (EL 5)

Timing: Day 3, after "Sabotage!"

While the Gambler's Bride makes repairs to its damaged boiler, another explosion breaks over the ship. An ugly floating scow heads to intercept the steamship, trailing smoke from a sizable mortar. These river pirates, under the command of the ogrun Magott Cudgelfist, have set up and ambush with the help of first mate Drimwall.

Tactics: The river pirates travel on a patched together steam-powered skiff. Cudgelfist is a powerfully built ogrun with a mouth full of shattered teeth and a metal eyepatch bolted onto his head. When heading into battle, he is never without his gigantic harpoon cannon, which he easily slings under one arm.

With the Gambler's Bride dead in the water, Cudgelfist's boat nears the steamship's rear-starboard side and grapples it with ropes. One of the pirates fires a mortar, blowing a hole in the lower deck, exposing the vault's interior. Having the casino-ship's layout described to them by Drimwall, the pirates board near the rear steps, determined to fight their way to and empty the now exposed vault.



The scene quickly devolves into an ongoing skirmish. The crew of the Gambler's Bride is disorganized and unprepared. While Captain Reno is able to shout a few cursory orders for his men to arm themselves the weapons kept in the vault are likely to be buried under the collapsed wall. Thus, the PCs are probably the best-armed people on the ship.

If not engaged elsewhere, the pirates take 5 rounds to reach the vault (using the hole probably blown in the exterior wall). Captain Reno, Vexi, and Reggle help the PCs defend the vault as best they can. In battle, the pirates fight haphazardly, but try to team-up on and overwhelm individual opponents whenever possible. Cudgelfist makes use of his harpoon gun and mighty club and, being accustomed to fighting on ships, bull rushes enemies into the water whenever possible. In addition, at some point during the fight, Drimwall turns on his crewmates, attacking the most wounded looking PC or crewmember possible. If Cudgelfist is defeated, the remaining attackers and Drimwall—if he survives—flee, retreating back to the rickety pirate ship.

Enemies: Magott Cudgelfist (Ftr2) and 10 River Pirates (War1)

Treasure: Weapons and equipment (see supplemental pdf).

Development: Battered but still seaworthy, the Gambler's Bride limps the rest of the way to Five Fingers, making simple repairs as the tired crew curses pirates of all sorts and their traitorous crewmate.

REACHING FIVE FINGERS

After a harrowing journey, the Gambler's Bride finally docks at Five Fingers. The PCs are likely to be pressed for time in making their delivery. If nothing else delayed the steamship, it makes port around midday. As the PCs depart, Captain Reno asks that they return to the ship after their business finishes.

The PCs' path is left up to the GM. The possible dangers and delays they might face in tracking down the Lord Governor are many, including local gangs demanding tribute, pickpockets, drunken mercenaries, and con-men. On delivery, Doyle's agent thanks the party, smoothly deflecting any attempts by the PCs to meet the Lord Governor personally. He asks them to give the Lord Governor's regards to Gram, and sends them on their way. If the PCs accepted the arrangement in "An Offer You Can't Refuse" the agent is not fooled by the forged letter from Gram, and must be convinced to take the cigars with a Diplomacy check (DC 20), and will demand the Lord Governor's money back. When Gram hears of their betrayal, he may bankroll some payback.

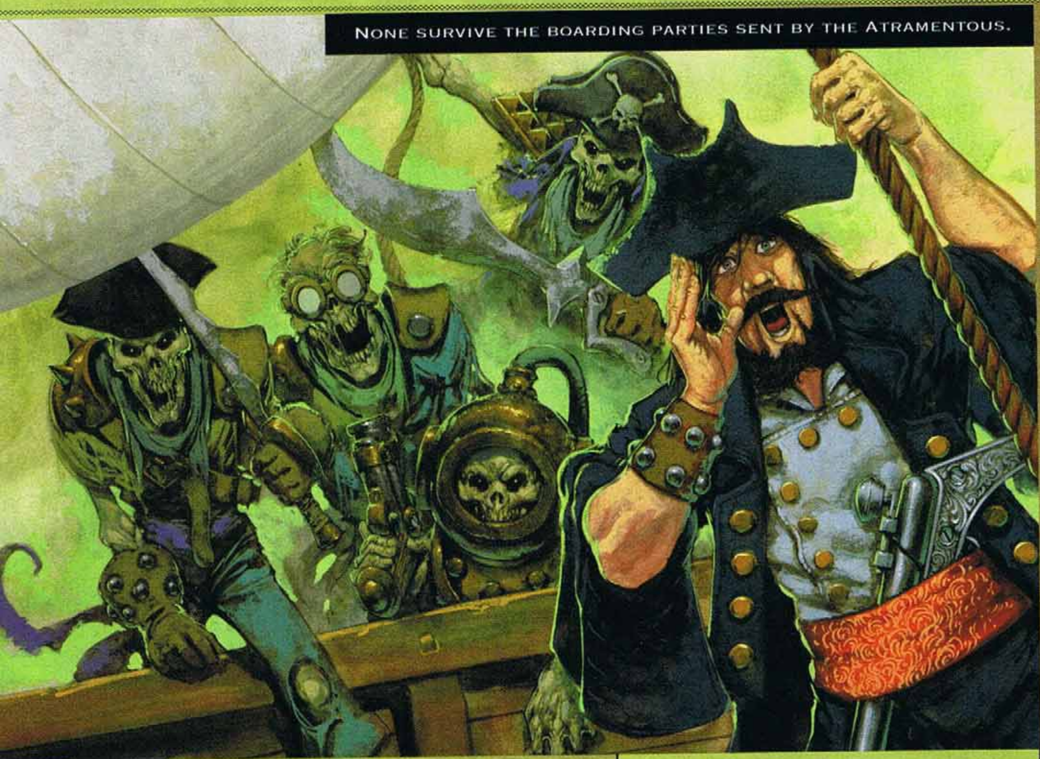
After making their delivery, should the PCs return to the Gambler's Bride, Captain Reno might aid them in numerous ways. The Captain—or other parties aboard the Gambler's Bride—might have jobs for the party. The Gambler's Bride might serve as a base of operations for further adventures. Most likely, the party's fortunes have set them loose upon the dangerous and debauched pirate port of Five Fingers

GUTS & GEARS

THE MEN AND MACHINES OF WARMACHINE

Written by **Doug Seacat** Art by **Brian Snoddy**

REVENANT CREW OF THE ATRAMENTOUS



None survive the boarding parties sent by the Atramentous.

Long before Toruk cast his immortal shadow on the islands, the main island of Scharde was home to cutthroats, murderers, and plunderers of ill-gotten spoils, descended from outlaws banished from the mainland. The most notorious of these raiding parties were those serving the pirate king Threnodax, ruler of the domain of Darkmoor at the northern extremity of Scharde. His most accomplished captain was Rengrave, whose bloodthirsty crew had earned a reputation for slaughter, rapine, and sadistic terror sprees against coastal villages of the kingdoms of Thuria, Tordor, Caspia, Ramarck, and north as far as Kos.

This ruthless captain sealed his fate when he captured a great Dirgenmast funeral ship sent out into the Black in the year 1005 BR. These lavish ships sailed as a final show of respect to the coastal landgraves of Tordor. They bore only the landgrave's corpse, offerings of the bereaved, and a single living captain—the landgrave's shield-bearer, who vowed to accompany his liege into the afterlife. This was their most sacred ritual, passed down as an ancient Menite rite and later adapted to Morrow and including prayers to Ascendant Doleth, patron of sailors.

Interfering with a Dirgenmast was an unthinkable sacrilege. This did not trouble the black hearted Captain Rengrave when he heard the sounding of its horn and beheld the funereal vessel slipping its lonely way across the waves. It was the largest and mightiest ship ever crafted in Tordor, a great four-masted vessel too fine to waste on the deep. Weak from hunger and thirst, this loyal servant could barely lift his blade to defend himself before the captain's thick cutlass pierced his heart was. He cursed his killer with his dying breath, earning nothing but mocking laughter.

The pirates leapt aboard, plundered the landgrave's finery, and celebrated with a mock wake. They slung the naked corpses of the landgrave and his shield-bearer over the prow to serve as morbid figureheads. Captain Rengrave returned to Darkmoor and delivered this stout black hulled ship to King Threnodax, who declared it the flagship of his fleet—named *Atramentous* for its dark coloration and funereal origins. The *Atramentous* brought death and ruin to any who sailed against it, nimbly evading larger fleets to return with loot for King Threnodax.

The reign of the pirate kings ended when a great winged form soared past Blackrock Island, across the narrow channel, and vanished among the rugged unexplored mountains comprising the dark spine of the great island. Many residents of the outlying communities, each the domain of a bandit lord, bore witness to the shadow of this arrival. For the first time in a decade, the pirate kings called a gathering to discuss this sighting.

The kings despised one another, jealous of each others' fortunes and delighting in the misery of their peers. The most influential pirate king, Threnodax hosted this gathering at his port fortress which protected the wharves of Darkmoor. They could arrive at no plan of action or even a consensus about what the dragon's arrival might portend.

Arriving in their midst came a hulking cowled emissary. This may have been a descendant of former Molgur refugees who had settled across the Scharde Islands and willing to hazard the wild mountains. He proclaimed himself bound to the service of Toruk, the dragon lord, who claimed this island as his new domain. They had the choice of bowing to Toruk or facing annihilation.

These kings had never faced an adversary they could not dominate, and answered by slaying the emissary and firing his corpse from a catapult toward the mountains. Moorcraig and Threnodax were the most vocal in their disdain of the dragon's demand, attempting to rally the kings to a show of force. These arrogant kings claimed themselves to be too mighty for a single creature to threaten them, and urged a hunt to find the dragon and end him.

While these arguments raged, Toruk did not sit idly by. He observed the death of his emissary and launched himself into the sky, flying above the clouds and tracing the path of a single great ship, already landing near a hapless village south of Henge Hold. Clearly he had observed the pirate kings and knew their forces. It was no accident that he chose to land before the *Atramentous*, allowing its crew to behold him in his full glory. Peerless pirates they may have been, yet all quaked before the dragon. Even their great captain held himself erect at the wheel only because his hands locked with a grip like corpse rigor. All blood drained from his face as the dragon spoke. "I offer immortality in my service. Forsake your king or I shall feast on your souls."

Captain Rengrave spoke the words, renouncing Threnodax, offering himself to Toruk. By his word his officers were bound, and the crew to them—the pact made. Their faces twisted in surprised horror as Toruk breathed upon them. This baleful inferno of all-consuming green fire roiled through the air like a living thing, bathing the ship in a baptism of unholy naphtha. As he breathed out, so they breathed in—the ship and all aboard consumed, obliterated, and reborn. To the chorus of three hundred agonized screams, the ship turned to cinders, lit by unquenchable fire that burns still. Its sails and rigging were forever after limned with dancing green flame.

The captain spoke a chant still heard on the foul wind when their ship approaches. "Glorious Dragonfather, master of us all, torment eternal, death denied!"

Having become a true funeral vessel, the cinder ship returned to Darkmoor, its movements neither aided nor hindered by the wind, as Toruk's breath alone pushed it on. Some strange glamour disguised its nature, and it sailed unchallenged past other ships and sentry towers, straight to the wharf below the fortress where the pirate kings debated. Their flagships dominated the harbor, all except Moorcraig's, as that king had tired of the arguments and sailed back to his castle the night before. A fresh haul from a ship named *Thuria's Promise* had landed in his horde and he was eager to catalogue its riches.

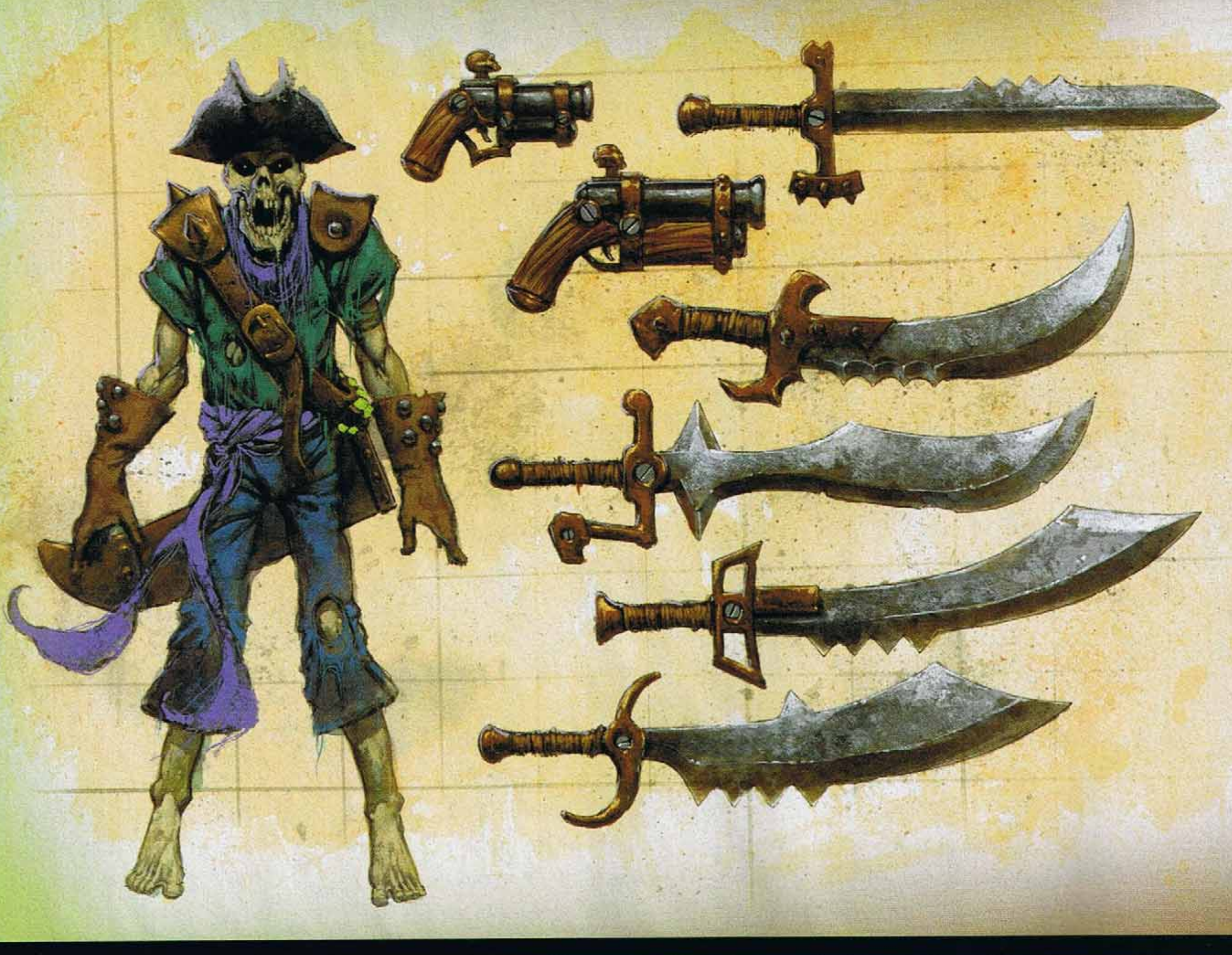
Moorcraig alone of the pirate kings of Scharde failed to witness the *Atramentous* when it resumed its nightmare guise, green fire blazing at every masthead as hundreds of revenants spilled forth from its decks, eager for slaughter. So it was that King Threnodax's own flagship and crew became the instrument of his destruction. The fortress at Darkmoor was manned and protected by three thousand rugged defenders, each a seasoned pirate or brigand, hand picked by the pirate kings. Yet as the defenders hacked each ghastly revenant down, it would reappear moments later beside one of the quartermasters or other officers to whom they had bound their souls. The captain urged them onward, eyes lit by Toruk's fire. The thirteen pirate kings alone survived, beholding a banquet of corpses rich enough to fatten ten thousand vultures.

Toruk landed on the keep and shattered it to rubble, preserving only the kings' tower. They bowed to Toruk and submitted to His will, all except Threnodax, stubborn to the end. For his temerity, Toruk consumed this forgotten king and kept his soul in eternal torment as a prize. The twelve kings arose as Lich Lords, sent forth to build an empire for their master. Few remember that Toruk's first servants were the captain and crew of the *Atramentous*.

So long as the ship persists, the crew endures. Destroying an officer buys respite, as crew must await their turn until their betters have reformed to plague the world. The great unliving captain has never once known true defeat, and all his crew are bound to him, as he and his ship are bound to Toruk.

For sixteen centuries the great dirgenmast ship known as the *Atramentous* has sailed in Toruk's service. Periodically they capture worthy men from living ships, dragging them before the captain and giving them the same offer as the dragon made to them. Baptized in Toruk's flame, those who agree earn the right to join the crew as revenants. The ship is now one of several crewed by these pernicious unliving sailors; Toruk has rewarded other ships with the blessing of his unquenchable fire. Yet first was the *Atramentous*, once the flagship of the arrogant and fallen King Threnodax, who refused to bow before the Father of All Dragons.

THE PIRATES OF THE ATRAMENTOUS WIELD A VARIETY OF HEAVY CUTLASSES AND SABERS, WHILE THEIR PISTOLS FIRE FLESH-WITHERING NECROTITE AMMUNITION.



Revenants

Revenants are tenacious undead which arise from those murdered in horrible agony yet bound by oaths, passions, or powerful unfulfilled goals which allow them to ignore Urcaen's pull on their soul. Revenants are anchored to a specific person, place, or thing, termed a Locus. Their essence is tied into the integrity of the locus. Revenants appear to be rotting and desiccated animate corpses, including apparel, armor, and weapons.

When their corporal body is destroyed, it crumbles to dust and the revenant transforms into an invisible and incorporeal soulform. It bends its will to returning to its locus—once it is close, it can reform. Reformed revenants are completely regenerated, have all their normal equipment, and can act normally in that round. Their behavior resembles what they were like in life, adapted to their new alignment (if any). They are fully self-willed, although compelled to return periodically to their locus. The only way to permanently slay a revenant is to destroy its locus or to destroy the revenant's incorporeal form.

It is possible for one revenant to have another revenant with greater hit die as a locus. For example, pirate revenants may be anchored to a quartermaster revenant, which is anchored to a captain revenant, which is anchored to a ship. A locus cannot be a bound item.

Creating a Revenant

"Revenant" is an acquired template that can be added to any humanoid, or monstrous humanoid. The creature (hereafter referred to as the base creature) must have a charisma and intelligence score of at least 6. Unchanged elements from the base creature are not listed.

Type: The creature's type changes to undead. It uses all of the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as listed here.

Hit Dice: All current and future Hit Dice become d12s.

Speed: Speed is unchanged.

Armor Class: Revenant improves natural armor by +4.

Attack/Full Attack/Damage: A revenant retains all the attacks and damage of the base creature and weapons while in corporeal form.

Special Attacks/Qualities: The revenant retains any special attacks or qualities of the base creature except those relying on being alive, or other qualities that the revenant no longer possesses. Particularly potent revenants may have special abilities beyond those listed here.

Soulform (Su): When reduced to 0 hit points the revenant transforms into its soulform. A soulform is an invisible and incorporeal undead with full hit points that has a fly speed of 20 feet with perfect maneuverability. If within 15 feet of its locus as a full round action it will reform its corporeal body at full hit points and with all bound equipment. Bound equipment includes all items the revenant had when they became revenants. Soulform revenants always move unerringly toward their locus by taking a double move and cannot make attacks. So long as their locus exists they will attempt to return to it, regardless of how long this takes. If the locus is destroyed/killed or if the soulform is reduced to 0 hit points, the revenant is permanently killed. Spells such as *reveal souls* (IKCG) will allow the caster to see a Soulform.

Turn Resistance (Ex): Revenants have a +4 turn resistance.

Abilities: As the base creature except the revenant has no Constitution score; Dexterity and Strength increase by +2.

Environment/Organization: Any

Challenge Rating: Base creature +2

Treasure: Any items the revenant has accumulated beyond its original bound items; bound items turn to dust when the revenant takes soulform.

Alignment: Changes to evil, but the same as base creature regarding lawful or chaotic.

Necrotite Ammunition

Pistols used by revenants of the *Atramentous* and similar ships in Toruk's service fire rounds made from hardened pieces of necrotite, causing living flesh to waste away. These bullets do an additional 1 point of negative energy damage to all targets.

KODIAK

The Khadoran defeat during the First Thornwood War was a blow to the morale of all citizens of this proud nation. Adding salt to this injury was the death of King Vygor on the blade of the next Cygnaran king, Vinter Raelthorne II. While many of his own counselors and princes considered Vygor insane and unstable, he earned posthumous honor by being slain in battle, the goal of all true Khadorans.

The 5th Border Legion bolstered the spirits of the people in this dark hour—soldiers too brave and tenacious to admit defeat. While the rest of Khador's routed army retreated back to Korsk, the 5th Border Legion stayed in the Thornwood and fought on. They considered themselves eternally at war with Cygnar along the fringes of the dark forest, starting a century long tradition of bloody patrols extending north to Llael and west to Ord. Ignoring the official status between nations, the Border Legion conducted ongoing raids against Cygnaran and Ordic fortifications, pitting themselves against soldiers and mercenary companies alike in their unending personal war. The tales of their exploits became folk legends among the people of southern Khador, a fact which was not lost on the shrewd king.

King Sagriv Vanar II had the daunting task of restoring Khador's military strength and pride. Recouping the loss of so many warjacks was not easy, requiring decades of unending labor by the armories of the capital. The king ordered the creation of the Kodiak not only as a reward for the courage of the 5th Border Legion, but to inspire all Khadorans with the versatility of the Motherland's new army. Delivered in a special ceremony by King Sagriv II to the Border Legion, the first prototypes of this mighty new warjack were unveiled in Gryutkov Square in Volningrad near the end of his reign, to stand as an enduring symbol of their loyalty and courage.

CHASSIS: Kodiak

IN SERVICE: 547 AR

HEIGHT: 11.7′

WEIGHT: 11.2 tons

MAXIMUM LAND SPEED: 14.5 Km/h

CARRYING CAPACITY: 1450 Kg

MAXIMUM LOAD: 2175 Kg

OPTIMAL BOILER FILL: 70 gallons

FUEL LOAD: 40 Kgs

FUEL CONSUMPTION:
6 hrs general, 1.5 hr combat

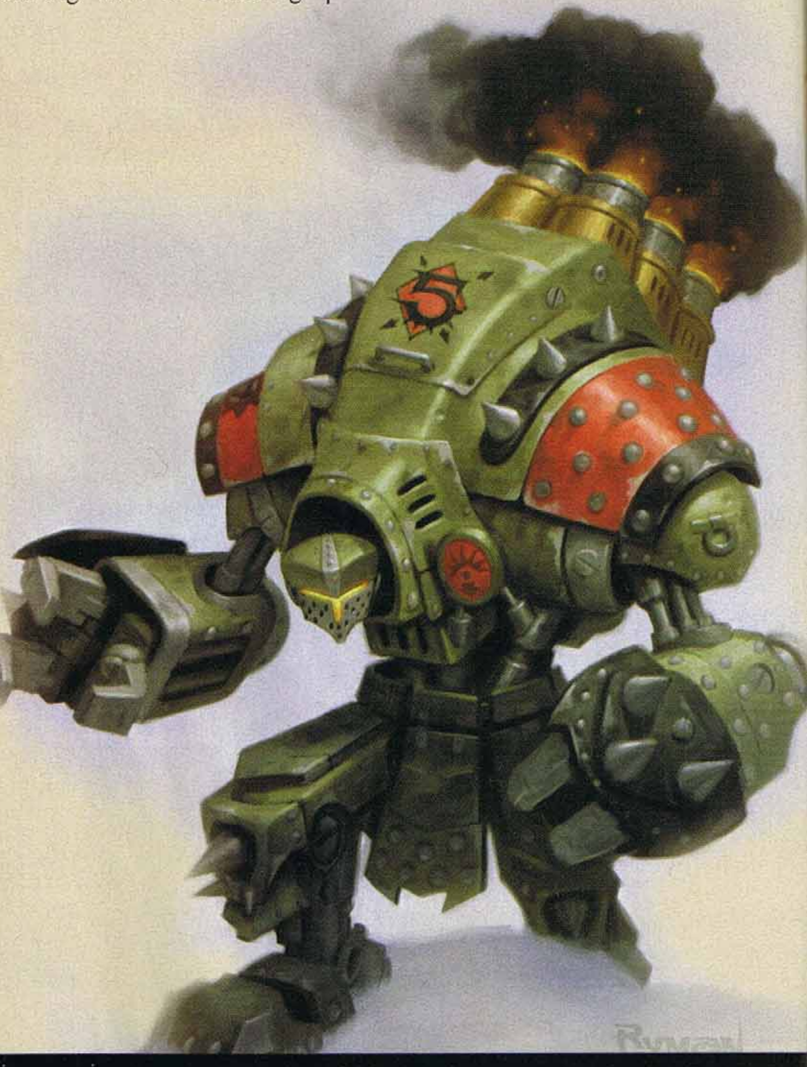
ARMOR THICKNESS RATING:
2.5″ riveted plate

DESIGNER NOTATIONS:
"The best warjacks are the ones that embrace animal cunning instead of trying to make them think like a person. Nothing proves that more than the Kodiak."

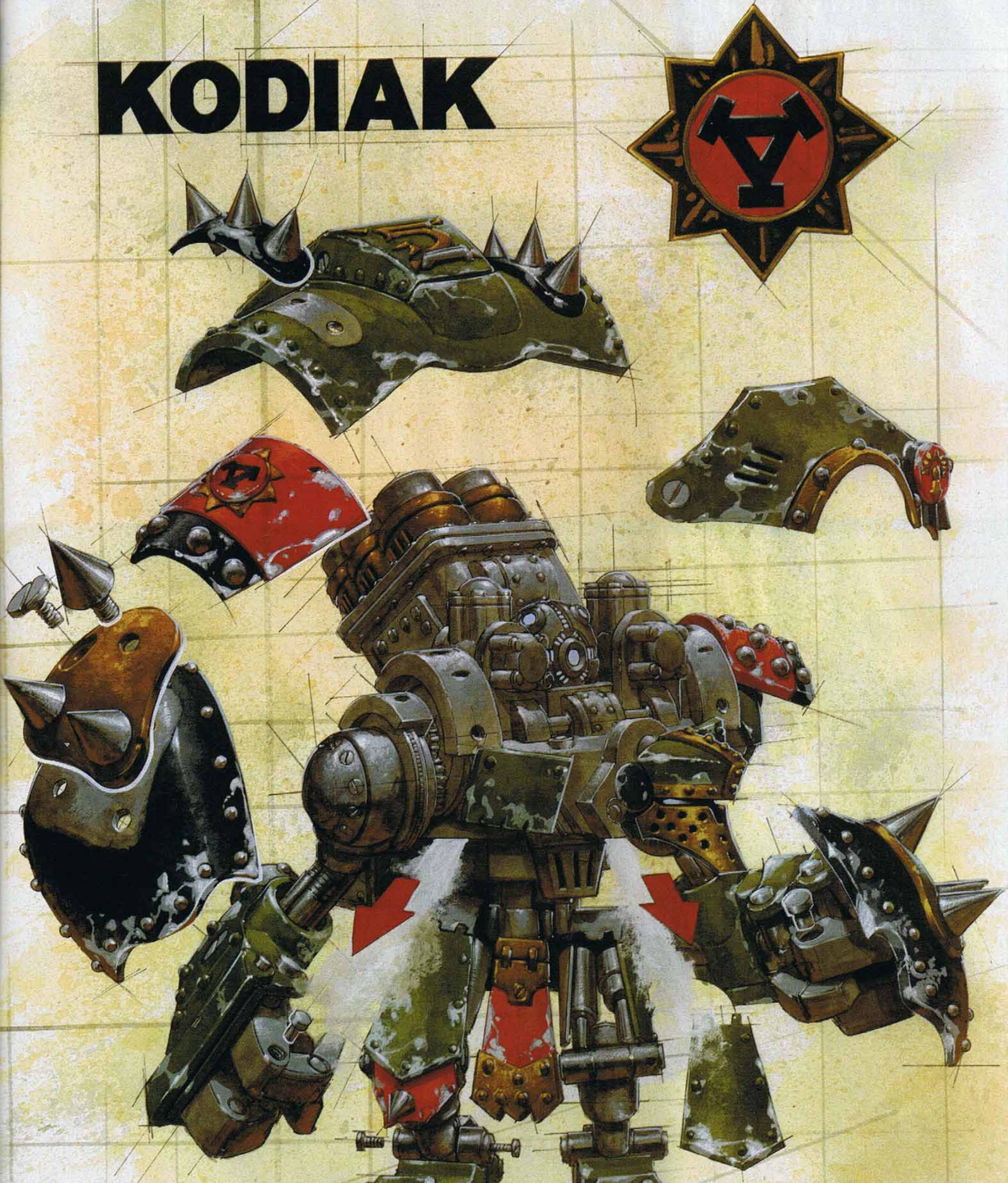
—Dahlrif Salvoro I

BATTLEFIELD RECOMMENDATIONS:
"Never underestimate the usefulness of extra fuel capacity. The Kodiak's extra half hour of full combat effectiveness can make all the difference in a protracted engagement."

—Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk



KODIAK



Kodiak Heavy Warjack

Large Construct (mechanikal, steamjack)

Armament: Twin Armored Fists

Hit Dice: 24d10+30 (162 hp)

Base Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

Armor Class: 24 (-1 size, +15 armor), touch 9, flat footed 24

BAB/Grapple: +18/+33

Attack: Armored Fist+29 (2d6+11)

Full Attack: 2 Armored Fists +29 (2d6+11)

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft. (10 foot reach.)

Saving Throws: Fort +8, Reflex +7, Will +8

Abilities: Strength 33, Dexterity 11

Cortex: Arcanum Grade— Intelligence 10, Wisdom 11

Build DC/Construction Time/Price: Military Secret

Special Attacks: spine crusher, vent steam

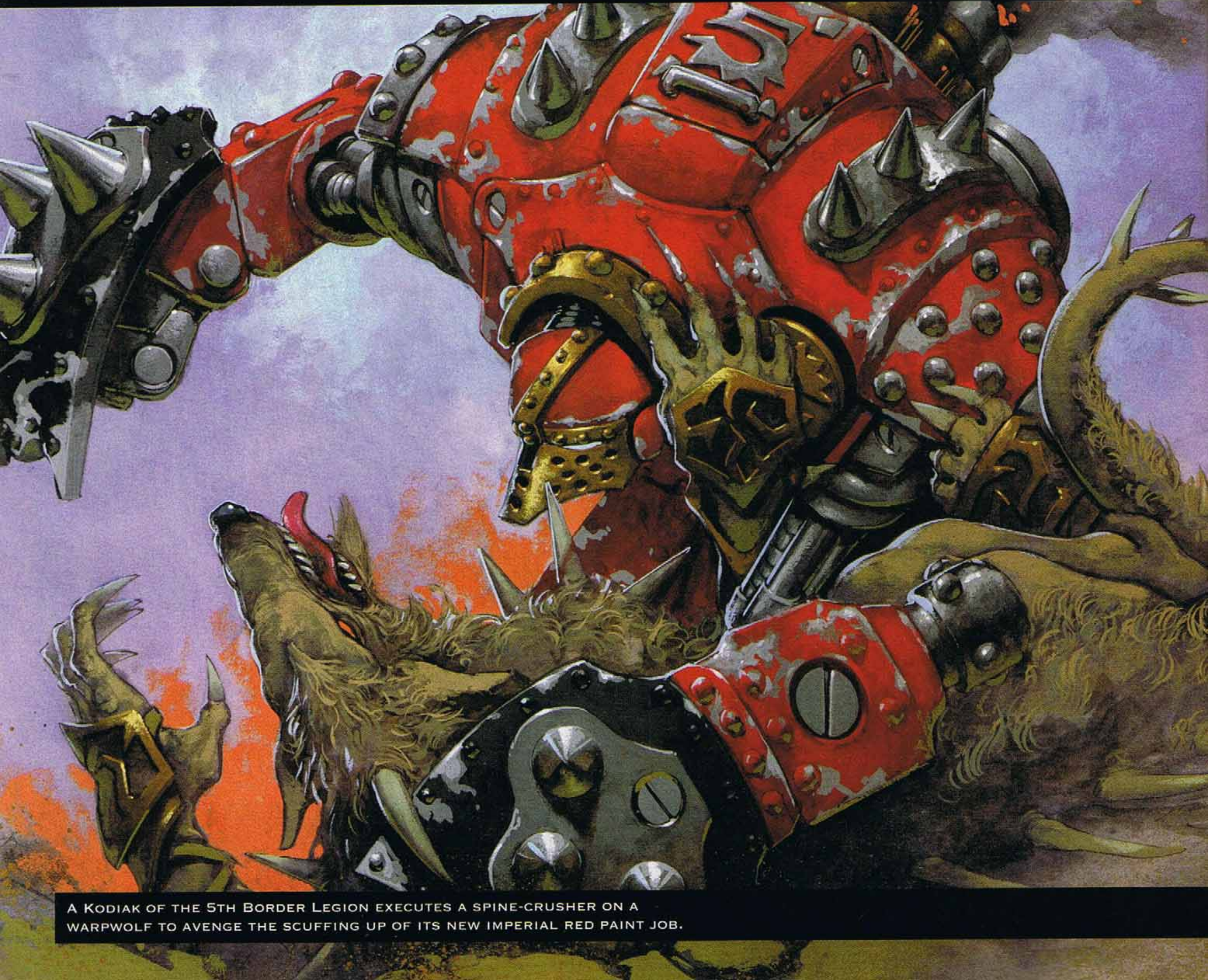
Special Qualities: Mechanikal construct traits, steamjack traits, damage reduction 10/Serricsteel, darkvision 60 feet, low light vision, all terrain, heavy boiler

Heavy Boiler (Ex): Because of its special boiler, the Kodiak does not have the Slow restriction under steamjack traits, and is able to run at 3x speed. The Kodiak must be running at full steam to benefit from this ability.

All Terrain (Ex): The Kodiak can ignore all movement penalties from terrain while running at full steam.

Spine Crusher (Ex): If the Kodiak hits with both armored fists it hurls the foe into the ground, causing 4d6+16 damage. Additionally, the foe must make a Reflex save (DC 33) or be knocked prone.

Steam Vent (Ex): As a standard action the Kodiak can vent scalding steam around itself, both obscuring vision and causing painful injury. Creatures within 10 feet of the Kodiak take 2d6 fire damage, Reflex save (DC 22) for half. This cloud lingers in this area for one round, functioning exactly like the spell obscuring mist.



A KODIAK OF THE 5TH BORDER LEGION EXECUTES A SPINE-CRUSHER ON A WARPWOLF TO AVENGE THE SCUFFING UP OF ITS NEW IMPERIAL RED PAINT JOB.

Although King Sagriv commissioned the early prototypes, it wasn't until 547 AR, under King Ivad Vanar that the Kodiak as it is known today became a reality. Known as the "People's King," Ivad Vanar had a unique flair for the dramatic and felt compelled to outdo his predecessor and link his own name to this engineering triumph. Following on the heels of his abolishment of the serfdom in 546 AR, King Ivad traveled personally by royal caravan to Ravensgard to deliver these improved Kodiaks directly to the 5th Border Legion's Kommandant and thank his soldiers for their relentless efforts against Khador's enemies. This martial parade attracted thousands of former serfs and laborers from all walks of life, marching to Ravensgard alongside the gleaming new Kodiaks. They cheered their support so resoundingly that the Cygnaran soldiers stationed at Northguard believed a new invasion was underway.

Despite the absence of cannons or mechanikal weaponry, the Kodiak is one of the finest accomplishments of the Mechaniks Assembly, uniquely suited to its role fighting in the difficult terrain of the forest and hills. This was no simple retrofitting of the traditional Juggernaut chassis, as King Sagriv initially requested. While its exterior armor plating and frame bear the classic hallmarks of its precursors, this resemblance goes no deeper than the surface.

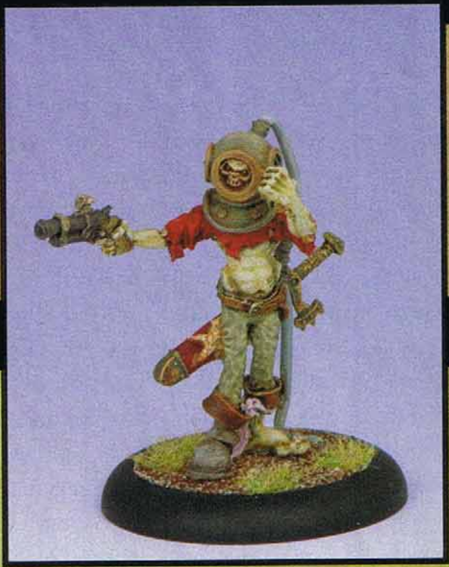
The key to the Kodiak's power and versatility is its enormous multi-walled boiler, constructed with bands of armor grade iron to contain the tremendous pressures of its steam engine. Not only does the Kodiak boast a larger fuel capacity than similar warjacks of its size, it can run considerably hotter and at brutal pressure, providing enormous reserves of power. The warjack can run unimpeded across rough ground and through obstacles which would hinder and slow other 'jacks. Furthermore the mechaniks turned a potential flaw into a weapon by strategically designing an excess pressure valve on the Kodiak, enabling it to "dragon vent" this steam in a flesh-melting cloud which surrounds the warjack in concealing mist.

Khador spared no cost on the Kodiak's cortex, which are among the finest produced by the Greylords Covenant. While most warjacks in Khador utilize aurum grade cortexes, each Kodiak boasts an expensive enhanced and specialized arcanum grade cortex. The Greylords imbue each Kodiak's cortex with advanced algorithms for negotiating forest and hill environments, as well as routines giving it sophisticated attacks with its armor plated and spiked fists. Many Khadoran warcasters claim the Kodiak has a bestial cunning like the bear whose name it boasts, requiring little to no supervision once engaged in battle. It can automatically perform flanking maneuvers on foes, using terrain and its powerful stride to best advantage.

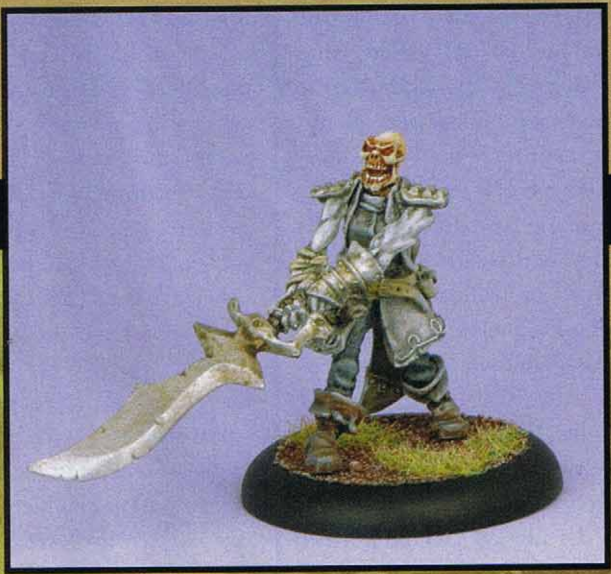
Not only does the **Kodiak** boast a larger fuel capacity than similar warjacks of its size, it can run considerably hotter and at brutal pressure, providing enormous reserves of power.

Spoils of war from Llael have allowed an increase in cortex manufacture, including the coveted arcanum grade. This has allowed Empress Ayn Vanar to requisition a handful of new Kodiaks, hand crafted by the Rigevnya Complex in Korsk, although their tremendous cost reserves their use among her most accomplished warcasters. While most Kodiaks serving the 5th Border Legion bear their signature drab green or gray coloration, useful as camouflage in a forest environment, the new ones have been lacquered blood red to honor the declaration of the Khadoran Empire. Some have taken to calling these "Imperial Kodiaks" and they have again inspired awe in those who witnessed them shipped east to the front line.

Two each of these warjacks of renown were bestowed to Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk and Forward Kommander Sorcha Kratikoff as a sign of the Empress' favor and appreciation for accomplishments in the ongoing war. Even those of the 5th Border Legion do not begrudge these warcasters this honor, feeling great pride in the great officers who have led them so successfully since the onset of full war.



by **Todd Arrington**



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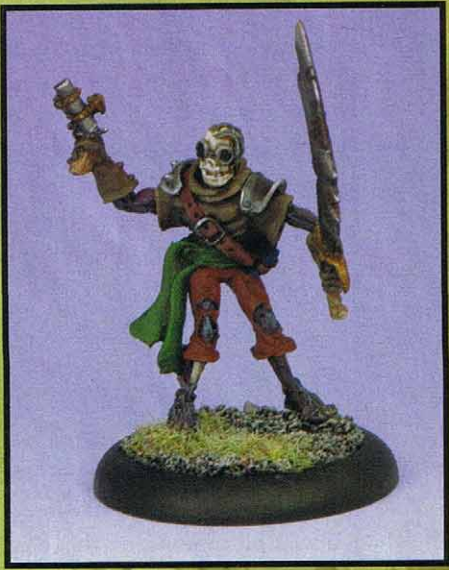
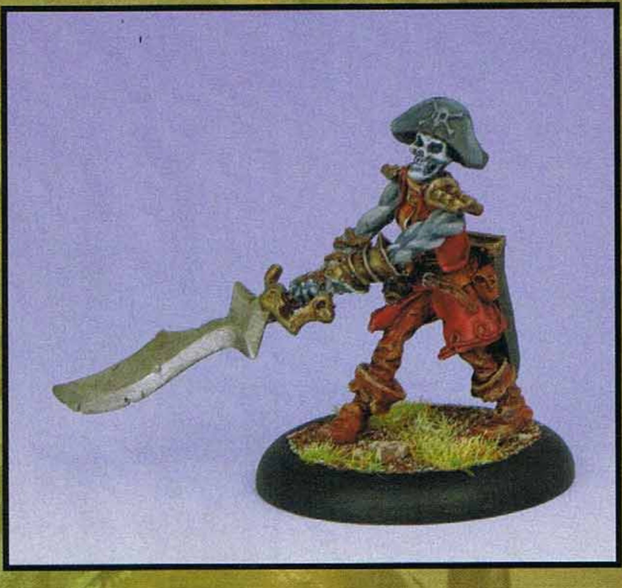


by **David Ray**



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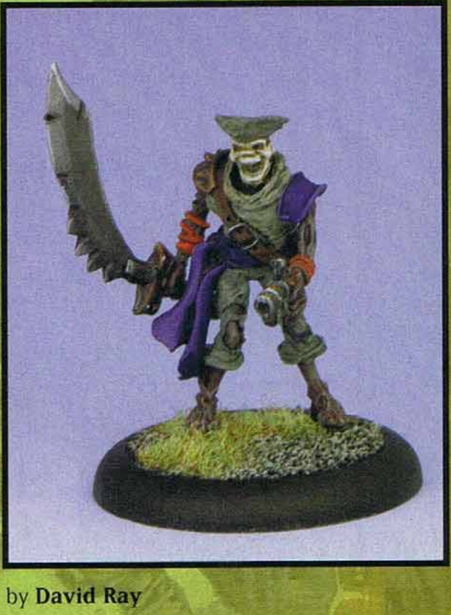

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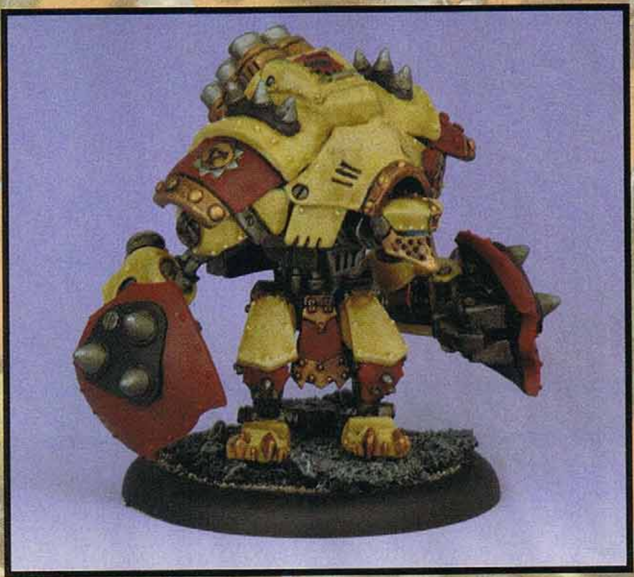

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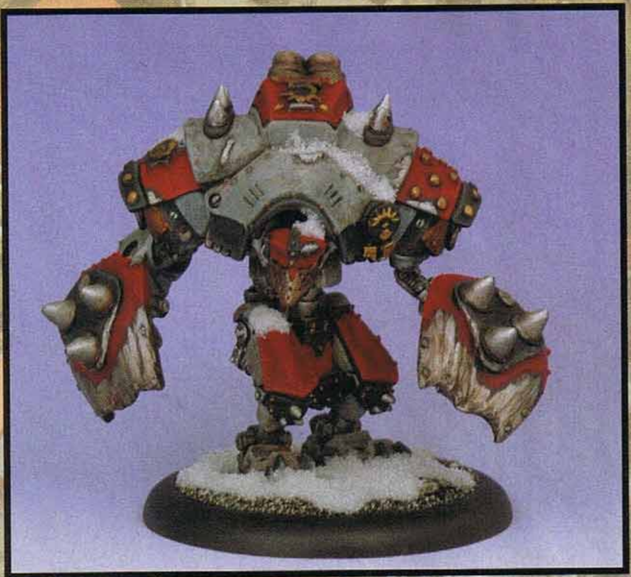
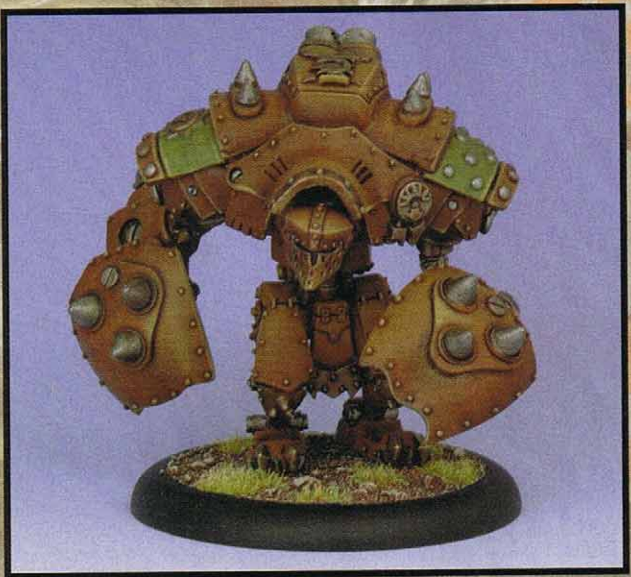


by **Dan Smith**



by **Todd Arrington**

HORDES ~VERSUS~ WARMACHINE

OF BEASTS AND MACHINES

One of the main design requirements we had when we set out to create HORDES was 100% compatibility with WARMACHINE while still maintaining a separate, tactically viable, stand-alone game. As we get close to release, we wanted to give you a glimpse of how the two systems interact.

~

Although the boxed sets are not of perfectly balanced point for point; we want to show you how HORDES and WARMACHINE work together. In this match-up Duncan is using Cygnar and Kevin is behind Madrak and the Trollbloods.

DEPLOYMENT

Trollbloods:

I won the die toss and opt to set up first. I deployed first to maximize cover from the Lancer and the Charger. Since they can outrange me, I'd rather not stick my neck out too far without making him sacrifice something too.

I have a nice ace in the hole with Madrak. As long as I cast Sure Foot the target and any friendly models within three inches of it cannot be knocked down and get a nice +2 to DEF. So Stryker's Earthquake is not quite as frightening as it can be.

Cygnar:

I chose a roughly central deployment. I want him to come to me so that I can bring my gun and arc node to bear early and often, but I still need clear charge lanes.

The main things I'm worried about here are Madrak's combat ability and those dang spears. Critical slam can really ruin my day and that crazy Axer will be there to mop up if I'm not careful.

Since I have Earthquake, he'll need to keep casting Sure Foot and stay close to the target. I'll use this to my advantage if I can.

Written and Played By Duncan Huffman & Kevin Clark

TURN ONE

Trollbloods:

Madrak starts with full Fury, so no need to Leach this round.

I force the Axer to run behind the cover of the trees. I want to be able to get him to the enemy without two turns of Charger blasts to the face; so the cover will help. He gains a Fury point since he was Forced to Run.

Both Impalers are Forced for one Fury each to run towards the hill. The high ground will help them and give me time to get a bead on Stryker.

Madrak follows them and casts Sure Foot on Impaler #1. Madrak still has two Fury left and all the running will give him a full belly of Fury to Leach next turn.

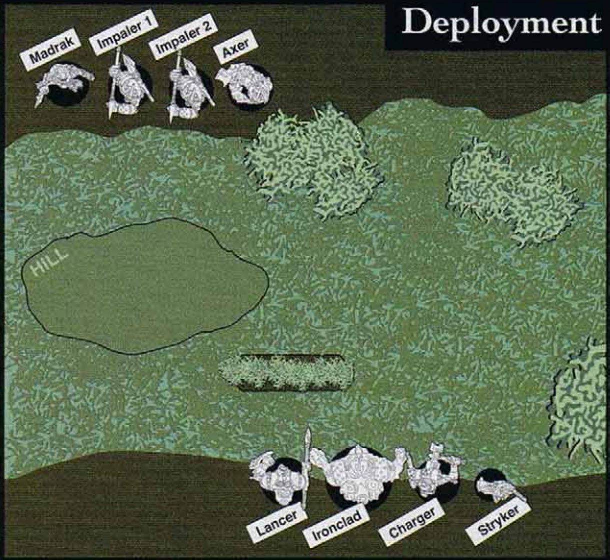
Cygnar:

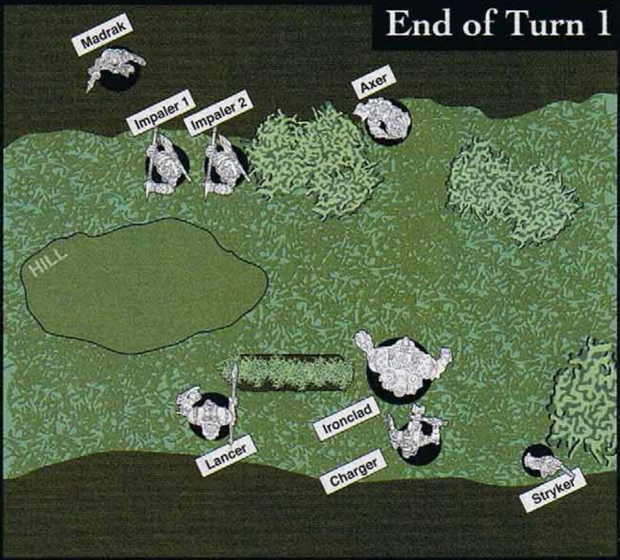
I start off simply. I allocate one focus each to the Lancer and the Ironclad; tossing two on the Charger. I hope I guessed the range correctly.

Styker activates and casts snipe on the Charger for two focus. He then moves to the edge of the woods.

The Charger activates and moves six inches towards the hedge. I was correct, it now has range on Impaler #2. Boosting both my attack and damage gets 22 points on the beast. Rolling a three for location gets six damage through to the body Aspect. Not a bad start.

My Ironclad runs up to cover the Charger next turn. The Lancer finds some concealment and will force Kevin to use Sure Foot or take an Earthquake on those Impalers.


Deployment


End of Turn 1

TURN TWO

Trollbloods:

Madrak Leaches everything he can. I did my math last turn so he's all set with five Fury – three from the beasts plus the two left from last turn (these don't go away like focus does – Fury is persistent turn to turn).

Impaler #2 uses its animus on Impaler #1. Animus is a magical ability that either the beast can use, or a controlling Warlock can cast. In this case it increases Impaler #1's range by four inches. Handy no? Impaler #2 then advances in Spear range (8") of the Lancer. I Force it, boosting to hit (hoping for the critical slam effect on its ranged weapon) and tag the Lancer's Defense. This takes the Impaler to three out of three of his Fury, so I can't Force it to boost the damage. The base POW + STR is 13 (you add strength to a thrown weapon!). I rolled a seven for a total damage of 20. Lancer is ARM 18, he takes two points to the four column, knocking out two hull near the arc node.

Next, Impaler #1 advances within two inches of Impaler #2. With the now modified RNG he can easily tag the Ironclad from here. I Force and boost the attack (again hoping for the critical slam effect). The Impaler's RAT is five, I roll three three's and the big 'jack is hit with the slam effect! The Ironclad is slammed four inches into the Charger. Both the Ironclad and the Charger are knocked down. The Ironclad takes 1 point and the Charger

TURN TWO CONT.

takes a good hit that gets a few into column six. I force Impaler #1 to regenerate d3 points, and only get one this time. This leaves Impaler #1 sitting on 3 Fury for next turn. Regeneration is another nifty ability the Trolls get to help them stay in the fight.

I force the Axer and run it into position. Since the Ironclad and Charger are knocked down he's not concerned with a counter charge (in hindsight, knocking down the 'jacks got me all excited... I moved this big fella a bit too soon). With the added Fury I now have 7 Fury on the beasts I'll have to deal with next turn. I'll manage that risk when I see how this turn ends up.

Madrak moves up and casts Sure Foot (sorry Duncan – no EQ for you) on Impaler #1 and heals him for two more points (all Warlocks can heal – but with the earlier regeneration roll, Impaler #1 is almost back to full health! TROLLS RULE!)

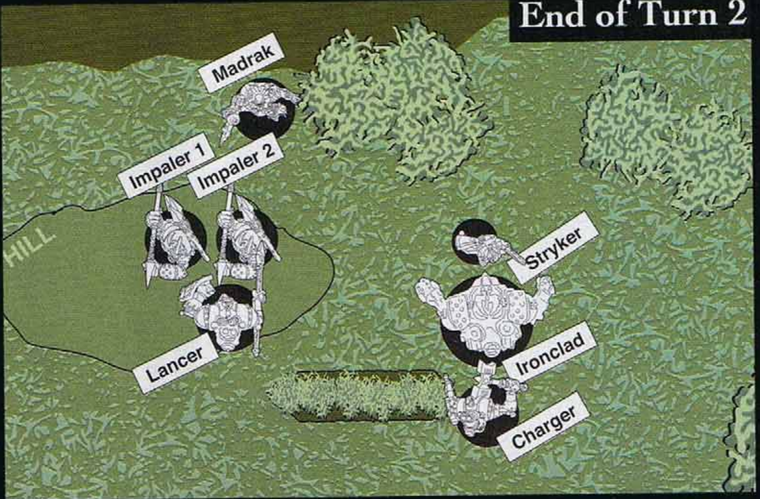
Cygnar:

Ouch. Two of my 'jacks are on their kiesters. Allocation - nada. The Lancer is out of range and the Charger will not be able to get in range and shoot, so no snipe upkeep. (Nice job Kevin.)

I activate my Lancer and move it to engage both Impalers. – (No more critical slams, thank you very much). It takes a stab at Impaler #1 and even with Sure Foot's added defense he stabs the critter with a roll of 10. It hits for 20 total damage, which gets four points through to branch one (the Mind branch).

Next, I activate Stryker and charge the Axer. It is a risk, but no way I want that beast getting a charge off on me. There is a bunch of rolling, and a bunch of screaming from Kevin about "Against the odds!" and "Your dice hate that Axer!" In the end, all that matters is Stryker is out of Focus and the Axer falls. Not wanting to die, he then uses his feat, giving him and all of his 'jacks +5 armor for the next turn.

The Ironclad and the Charger hop up and move to threaten in case Madrak closes on Stryker. Since they were both knocked down, they can't do much more than advance.



TURN THREE

Trollbloods:

Madrak can't reach the pesky Warcaster in melee. He Leaches all he can. This leaves one Fury on Impaler #1. This means Imapler #1 will have to make a threshold check. This is another core difference with HORDES. If he fails this check, he'll wail on the closest model, in this case the Lancer, since he's already engaged with it (Beasts that frenzy will charge the closest target, unless already engaged.) This time I make the check and don't Frenzy. The Fury stays put.

I activate Impaler #1 and go to work on the Lancer. It makes one un-boosted attack that hits and deals a boosted 23 points to column one. Normally this would put 5 points on the shield arm, but Stryker's feat is in effect so it just scratches the paint. I Force it one last time and regenerate for two damage points. Nearly good as new - again.

Impaler #2 uses its Animus again, this time to increase Madrak's RNG. Now it is Impaler #2's turn to clobber the Lancer. I want to save his last Fury for damage but the gamble does not pay off. Rolling a seven leaves him swatting air.

Madrak is in a bad spot. He can't quite get to Stryker, and the Ironclad is not a great target. The Charger on the other hand makes a nice temptation. Madrak has five Fury, so first he casts Sure Foot on himself first leaving two.

Time for Madrak to go to town! I throw his Axe at the Charger and the damage bounces off the hull. I saved the two Fury for the Ricochet (Madrak's axe can hit another target within four inches of the first). That means Stryker gets an axe to the face. I need an 11 on three dice to whack the high DEF caster. Bingo! I roll 14. I boost the damage for seven health getting ticked off of Stryker. At least something paid off for Madrak this turn.

Cygnar:

Normally I would knock Madrak and his buddies down and shoot them to pieces. Currently, Sure Foot keeps Earthquake for working so we have to do this the hard way.

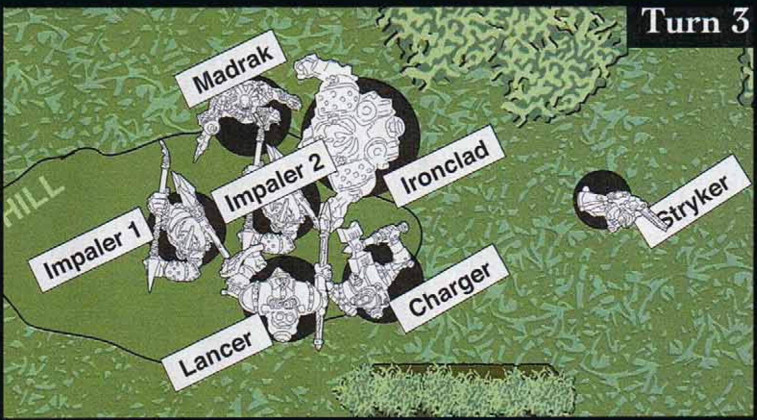
I allocate two focus to the Lancer for pummeling, and one to each of the other jacks for running, leaving Stryker two for an Arcane Shield on himself.

The Lancer activates and closes with Imapler #1. The Lancer needs a 10 with Sure Foot up. After all is said and done I get 10 points through and annihilate the Impaler's Body Aspect as well as a few points into the Spirit. Nice work Lancer; now for the shield. This time we're not so lucky. The shield misses with a roll of three.

The Ironclad activates and runs his metal butt off to engage with Madrak. The Ironclad can't hit him, but it will be a good spot to keep the Warlock from moving.

I could shoot, but I want a bit more of a wall in front of the Impalers (In retrospect, this was a huge mistake – I must have needed more coffee). I run the Charger up on Impaler #1 and get ready for next turn.

That leaves me with Stryker to activate, cast Arcane Shield on himself and get in position to charge Madrak next turn.



Turn 3

TURN FOUR

Trollbloods:

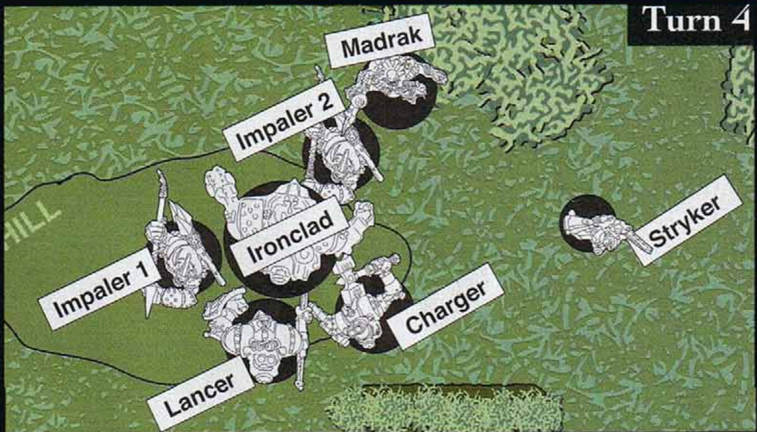
Ok, I have one chance here – I hope this works.

First the Fury. Madrak Leaches five Fury leaving one on Impaler #2. Against the odds he fails the check and frenzies on the Lancer. Sigh. Part of the game. Of course my dice betray me, and the boosted attack roll misses (all Frenzy attacks and damage are automatically boosted).

Ok, I'll activate Madrak first this time. I spend 2 of his Fury to cast Impaler #1's Animus Far Strike on himself. Since the Impalers are either frenzied or without Spirit, he has to do this himself. Now for the fun part. He disengages the Ironclad and takes that fat free strike. It's a hit; not a big surprise. The total is a whopping 28 points of damage, which is 12 points on Madrak. I can transfer the damage to one of the Trolls (all Warlocks can transfer damage to a beast by spending a Fury point), or use his one-shot Scroll of Grindar's Perseverance to ignore the shot altogether. It's a once per game trick, for just such occasions; so scroll it is. No damage!

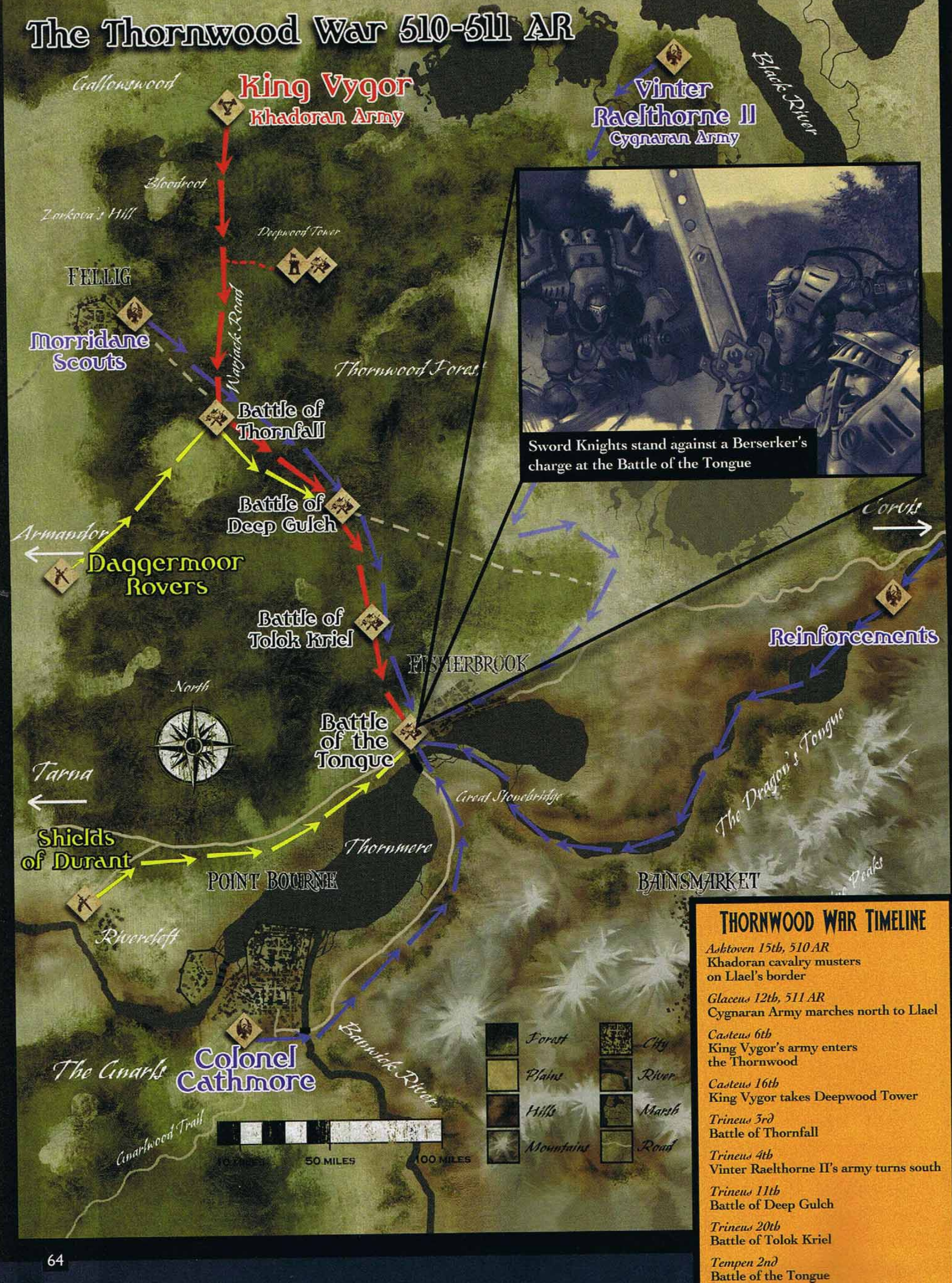
Madrak has three Fury left and clear LOS and range to Stryker. The Axe throw hits due to the boosting the roll. With Arcane Shield active, Stryker is at 18 ARM. Damage roll: six, five, and three! One more than Madrak needed and Stryker falls. (Take that Editor-boy!)

Kevin pulls it out with a great move. I smell rematch...



Turn 4

The Thornwood War 510-511 AR


Gallowswood
King Vygor
Khadoran Army
Vinter Raelthorne II
Cygnaran Army
Black River
Bloodroot
Zorkova's Hill
Deepwood Tower
Fellig
Warjack Road
Morridane Scouts
Thornwood Forest
Battle of Thornfall
Battle of Deep Gulch
Armandor
Daggermoor Rovers
Battle of Tolok Kriel
Corvis
Reinforcements
Fisherbrook
North
Battle of the Tongue
Tarna
Great Stonebridge
The Dragon's Tongue
Thornmere
Shields of Durant
Point Bourne
Bainsmarket
Peaks
Rivercleft
The Gnarls
Colonel Cathmore
Banwick River
Gnarlwood Trail
10 MILES
50 MILES
100 MILES
Forest
Plains
Hills
Mountains
City
River
Marsh
Road

Sword Knights stand against a Berserker's charge at the Battle of the Tongue

THORNWOOD WAR TIMELINE

Ashtoven 15th, 510 AR
Khadoran cavalry musters on Llael's border

Glaceus 12th, 511 AR
Cygnaran Army marches north to Llael

Casteus 6th
King Vygor's army enters the Thornwood

Casteus 16th
King Vygor takes Deepwood Tower

Trineus 3rd
Battle of Thornfall

Trineus 4th
Vinter Raelthorne II's army turns south

Trineus 11th
Battle of Deep Gulch

Trineus 20th
Battle of Tolok Kriel

Tempen 2nd
Battle of the Tongue

WARMACHINE HISTORICAL BATTLES

PERSONAL INITIATIVE

THE FIRST THORNWOOD WAR (510-511 AR)

A century ago the mad King Ruslan Vygor occupied the Khadoran throne. Against his advisors' advice, he initiated a winter attack on Cygnar through the Thornwood Forest, intent on carving a bloody swath to King Grigor Malfast's heartland by the onset of spring.

Technically the war began in the final month of 510 AR when Khador's diversionary force began to harass Llael's western border, luring the Cygnaran army north. The fighting between Khador and Cygnar in the Thornwood didn't begin until the second month of 511 AR. This short war ended at the Battle of the Tongue, where more warjacks clashed than at any point in history, only exceeded in the Second Thornwood War of 606 AR.

Bows are quiet compared to the ear-numbing thunder of a rifle's report. But once a man hears that distinct thrum of a bowstring and the slight hiss of an arrow through the air with his life in the balance, he will remember the sound. Scout Private Ian Corcoran had just enough time to turn and duck as a weighty wooden shaft buried itself in the trunk of the mossy tree by his ear, quivering like a living thing.

He did not realize it at the time, but had that arrow found its mark, it would have changed the course of history.

As winter settled in with the New Year, a sickness manifesting as a choking cough afflicted Fellig. It scraped the throat raw and left eyes red and watering from pain, its victims eventually barely able to speak. There had been few fatalities, but the outbreak was bad enough to seal the gates. In addition, ominously slaughtered livestock were discovered around the city's periphery, prompting superstitious rumors. The forest-wise scouts had no answers, and began to disappear while on patrol.

Private Ian Corcoran was incredulous when his Commander Kyle Gaffock cancelled all patrols on the grounds that an investigation would put men in peril. This seemed a criminal breach of duty, but the others took it in stride. They used it as an excuse for drinking and gambling in town, giving back to the town their hard earned pay.

Ian couldn't sit idle. He talked his friend Dougan into accompanying him in a wide sweeping patrol, plague or evil spirits notwithstanding. The two of them had been observing a large encampment of mercenaries recently seen marching along the forest's edge near Fellig.

What they discovered, thirty miles northeast of Fellig, was a gaping wound in the forest, like the wake of an impossible storm. Along this eerily straight passage an entire strip of trees and underbrush were leveled and torn to mulch. Fresh tree stumps jutted up across the forest floor in the opening. Ian and Dougan shared a wordless look and shrunk back from the tree line.

Judging by the lay of the land, the swath of downed trees went roughly south. Lumber lay along the edges of the cleared area; enough wood within a rock's throw to build a hundred houses. It didn't require a skilled tracker to find evidence of countless weighty boots and wagon tracks.

They followed the strange path south into the deeper Thornwood and eventually discovered the rear train of an army larger than either of them could have imagined before that day. Toward the rear were hundreds of large wagons laden with supplies. Ian and Dougan moved onward through the trees, aided by the fact that the entire column had stopped and was patiently waiting. These were rugged men and women, wearing furs and cloaks against the winter's cold. The red-lined uniforms of the rear guard and overheard conversation confirmed they were Khadorans.

The two scouts crept past the wagons to gape at an unending line of red and black armored pikemen. These were not conscripted peasants with farm implements; they were the famed Iron Fang Pikemen. Ian counted the flags of their standard bearers—it looked to be as many as several brigades, maybe four thousand men! Mixed in were lightly armored soldiers carrying axes and short stout rifles. Ian saw a long line of halberdiers mixed among the Khadoran red and black. These wore white tunics with dark grey insignia; the Ironbears, the mercenaries he had been looking for, clearly now in Khadoran employ.

Ian had seen enough to send Dougan back toward Fellig with hand signals, telling him to report what he'd seen. Ian's continued alone up the column until he caught sight of the front line. He beheld a mighty parade of enormous armored warjacks. It took his breath away—he had never seen so many in one place. Each gripped oversized axes nearly as long as a man was tall. Smoke poured continually from their stacks, and Ian realized the sound he'd been hearing was the continuous roar of steam engines and the rhythmic chopping of axes into yielding wood.

As the trees splintered and fell, other warjacks would grab the trunks and hurl them out of the way. The coal consumption had to be ungodly, yet Ian had seen many wagons of supplies, and likely they were supplementing by burning wood. He wondered what madness had possessed these Khadorans. The ranks of soldiers behind the warjacks assisted or waited, as if hacking through the Thornwood was an entirely reasonable way to spend the winter.

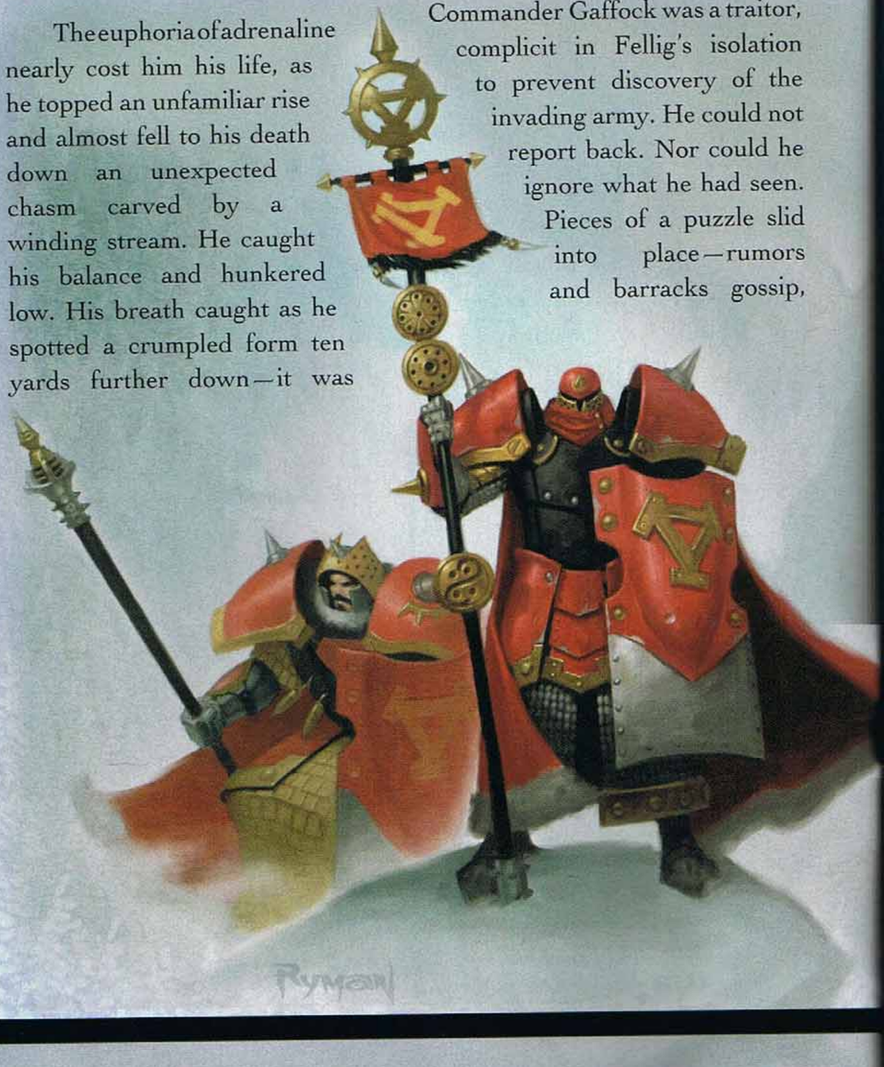
At this point he heard the strum of a bowstring and the hiss of an arrow, and felt it sink into wood to quiver by his ear.

He was in motion, tumbling back behind the ridge, as he saw the fleeting glimpse of grim broad-shouldered and bearded men fanning out toward him, bows ready. Another arrow whistled by over his head as he scrambled like a beast down the incline, moving to get as many trees as possible between his flesh and his would-be killers. He had no clear thought or plan, only a scramble for survival.

The euphoria of adrenaline nearly cost him his life, as he topped an unfamiliar rise and almost fell to his death down an unexpected chasm carved by a winding stream. He caught his balance and hunkered low. His breath caught as he spotted a crumpled form ten yards further down—it was Dougan, his head twisted almost backwards, and his limbs bent at unnatural angles.

Hearing the sound of pursuit, Ian had moments to act. He scrambled down the short chasm, ignoring incidental scrapes. He took shelter under an old rotted log which had drifted down the stream and lodged sideways in a bend. He could hear the Khadoran woodsmen scrambling along the ridge. An exclamation and muttered conversation confirmed they had spotted Dougan's corpse. They drifted away after what seemed a terribly long time.

While waiting for the enemy to leave, Ian felt paralyzed. He knew in his heart that his Commander Gaffock was a traitor, complicit in Fellig's isolation to prevent discovery of the invading army. He could not report back. Nor could he ignore what he had seen. Pieces of a puzzle slid into place—rumors and barracks gossip,



discussion about Khador's march on Elsinberg, the great mass of the Cygnaran army rushing north to meet it. The main army would be at Northguard by now. "They're going the wrong way."

* * *

He ambushed a mounted Khadoran sentry discovered a few miles north of the stream, stealing his horse. Ian felt no pride in cutting his throat, or in killing the horse the next day, riding it at a hard gallop until its lungs burst. The entire time he was terrified, expecting to be shot on sight by any Khadoran patrols watching the northern edge of the forest. He did not sleep or stop, pushing on until he thought his own lungs would explode from cold air. He lost one of his good boots as he entered the Bloodsmeath Marsh, where muddy ground sucked it off his foot like a hungry mouth. He limped up to a small swampie homestead and stole an old nag which—while slow—seemed wise to the dangers of the Marsh.

Hidden sentries near Northguard almost shot him. A tense confrontation ensued, but he convinced them that he was a scout from Fellig with urgent news. His filthy demeanor, wild eyes, and exhausted posture convinced them. He was escorted a couple miles northeast by the river, where a large field of military tents was erected.

Stately and impressive men occupied a tent decorated by an ornamented Cygnus, each wearing fine uniforms. Ian realized that no fewer than five generals were in attendance. The captain escorting him spoke respectfully. "Excuse me, sir, there's a reconnaissance scout here straight with urgent news."

The captain spoke to a younger man encased in plated armor, surrounded by generals. There was something imposing in his tall bearing, hawk-like features, black hair, and piercing eyes. On his back was a great bladed sword of Caspian style, as long as he was tall. The captain saw Ian's hesitation. "Private, tell Lord General Raelthorne what you came here for."

The realization of the man's identity startled Ian awake. This was the Archduke of Caspia, Lord High Chancellor, General of the Crown Vinter Raelthorne II—King Grigor Malfast's right hand man, leader of his armies, in whose veins flowed the blood of a king. Ian opened his mouth, and no sound emerged. Finally he choked out, "Your Grace..."

> **Vinter Raelthorne** II's voice was harsh, "If this is true, I want that traitor drawn and quartered before the end of the week."

Vinter's face was cold. "In this room I am a general, not a duke. What news, Private?"

Ian told his tale, nervously but with increasing confidence. It was not an easy story to relate, particularly with the weight of multiple generals staring at him in open disbelief.

A heavyset red-faced general on Vinter's right scoffed with an explosive guffaw. "Impossible! I don't believe any of it, not a single word. It'd take all the coal in Khador to chop through the Thornwood!"

Ian clenched his teeth, but kept his eyes down.

Vinter turned to one of the few men in the room who was not in uniform, attired in dark but refined clothes. "Gaverton?" Ian did not know this man, but several of the generals reacted poorly to his name, looking at him with suspicious eyes.

The man's voice was quiet. "Fellig's Commander Gaffock is suspected of inappropriate dealings with Khador. I have several reports, each of questionable repute, that he has accepted gold talons from the Great Prince of Umbresk. But Fellig is remote; we have no spies there. It has never been proven."

* * *

Vinter Raelthorne II's voice was harsh, "If this is true, I want that traitor drawn and quartered before the end of the week."

Ian winced at this, remembering many kindnesses by the hearty and indulgent Commander Gaffock, a man who had always treated him well. Yet he knew the man had turned; he deserved no pity.

The heavyset general shook his head. Ian later learned this was Lord General Sparholm, Vinter's cousin. "Sir, we have reliable information from Llael. Scouts, seasoned men, older and more experienced than this private, insist the Khadoran army moves on Llael. The entire Khadoran cavalry marches on Elsinberg."

Vinter turned back to Ian, his voice neutral. "You saw the column with your own eyes?"

"Yes sir. Two brigades of the Iron Fangs, the mercenaries, and at least forty heavy 'jacks. Maybe more." He remembered another detail. "There was a banner I hadn't seen before, sir." He described it, surprised at its impact.

An explosion of comments and invectives followed. This went quiet when Vinter raised a hand. His eyes were cold, hungry. "What you describe is the family crest of King Ruslan Vygor."

General Sparholm looked close to a stroke, his face red. "I am to believe the king of Khador and every Iron Fang Pikeman and battle-ready warjack in their armory is in our forest? It defies belief! We know the cavalry is in the north!"

Ian spoke, "Sir, begging the general's pardon, but I saw no cavalry in the Thornwood."

Another general interjected, "There has never been a Khadoran assault without cavalry."

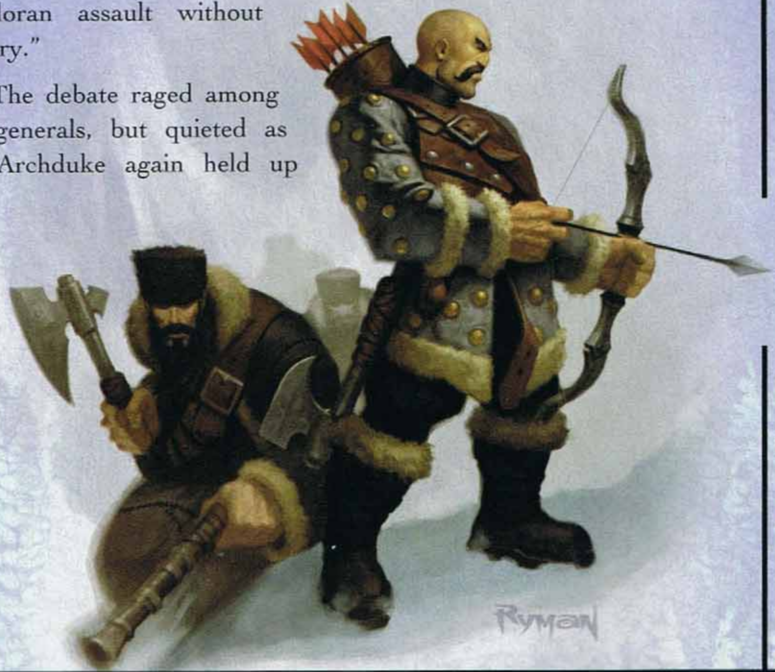
The debate raged among the generals, but quieted as the Archduke again held up a gauntleted hand. His words were ominous. "No sane king would order an army through the Thornwood. But King Vygor is not sane. I believe this scout and Master Gaverton; Fellig's commander is a traitor, and we have been deceived. The attack on Llael is a feint, and we're playing into Vygor's hands."

There was a short silence. General Sparholm was still having difficulty. "Where would King Vygor be going?"

Vinter answered calmly. "To Corvis. It would cut our lines, enabling him to pincer our army from two sides as we attempt to withdraw from Llael."

"King Malfast is in Corvis!" Another general exclaimed, face ashen. King Malfast had temporarily moved his court north at the first rumors of trouble in Llael, eager to lend aid to his northern ally.

Raelthorne spoke again, "They must be stopped before they reach Corvis."



There was an exhalation of breath, a break in the tension. Some faces reflecting that they felt Vinter was in error. Yet now that the General of the Crown had spoken, the others had to swallow their objections and proceed.

Raelthorne continued, "We have orders from the King—I cannot turn this army until King Malfast orders it so. Our allies will be reinforced. Diverting an army of this size is like changing the course of a river. We must convince Khador we have taken the bait, and confront their cavalry. Otherwise they would dog our heels during any withdrawal."

"How then prevent the capture of Corvis? We will be too late..." Sparholm asked.

"They cannot be making good time through the forest." Vinter looked to Ian.

"No sir, it looked like slow going, even with the warjacks breaking through the trees."

Sparholm sighed, "Too bad we have no army nearby. Not enough men at Fellig. Deepwood Tower likely fallen. We've added most of the strength of Corvis and Point Bourne to our army."

Vinter stepped over to the map. It was almost possible to see a light igniting in Vinter's eyes, the flickering tinder of an idea. "The Daggermoor Rovers are in Armandor, are they not? And the Shields of Durant on some errand in the town of Rivercleft, last I'd heard."

Ian tried to recollect barracks rumors. "I think that's correct, sir. We sometimes see the Rovers in Fellig."

Vinter smiled for the first time, and shared a look with Gaverton, his spy master. "He said the Ironbears were hired to Khador. That may work to our advantage. Old Man Currough owes me a boon."

Sparholm scoffed, "You think you can talk them into engaging the entire Khadoran army?"

Vinter shook his head. "All we need is time, not victory. King Vygor must be delayed, by any means, until we can march to meet him. Without cavalry, King Vygor is blind, in hostile territory."

Sparholm posed a question. "Is Colonel Drake Cathmore still teaching at the Strategic Academy in Point Bourne? This is his kind of scrap."

One of Vinter's aids answered. "We sent him orders two days ago, sir, requesting he join us."

Sparholm cursed under his breath. "We need to get someone to outrun that order. We need him to stay in that region. He may be the only experienced warcaster who hadn't joined our van."

Vinter spoke to Ian. "I hope you had no plans for rest." Several of Raelthorne's aides had already begun a frenzy of activity, sending runners out among the army tents.

Ian bowed respectfully, "I am at your service, sir."

As if summoned by magic, several other scouts entered the tents. Scouts always wore the most informal and pragmatic Cygnaran army gear, even when summoned to generals and an archduke. Their colors inclined to brown with only a few splashes of dark Cygnaran blue. Every scout wore the best boots he could afford or bargain for. These three were older men, grizzled, and they looked at Ian with an air of arrogant dismissal.

Once they had assembled, Vinter spoke to the room, "Let it be known I am hereby granting field promotion to Ian Corcoran, formerly a private in the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service, hereafter Swift Sergeant. Sergeant Halfork, I'll leave it to you to ensure he gets his stripe." This was said to the eldest of the grizzled scouts, who wore the gold lightning bolt on single stripe of that rank. He looked like he'd just swallowed something unpleasant—swift sergeant was the most esteemed enlisted rank in the CRS. Given the organization's slow rate of advancement, it usually required decades of service. Ian was stunned, but knew he'd work to earn that stripe.

Vinter dispatched his scouts efficiently. The elder swift sergeant was trusted with the return to Corvis with a message for King Malfast. Another would accompany a sword knight squad with the grim task of executing the Fellig commander. As they departed, Vinter called to an officer attending in the tent, a tall and broad shouldered Midlunder wearing the distinctive diamond with laurels insignia of a commander. "Sergeant, you will now report to Commander Hadley Yarwood." Ian saluted his new superior officer.

Vinter gave them their orders. "Commander, I need you to head the efforts to stall our foe. Make good use of this scout, and find him the fastest steed in my army. I need you both to hasten for Point Bourne. Contact Drake Cathmore—instruct the Colonel to stay at Point Bourne. He is to assemble and equip whatever soldiers and warjacks he can find. We may require him to move on short notice as a ready reserve. Sergeant, I'll be relying on you to keep me appraised. You will be living on horseback for the foreseeable."

"Yes sir!" Commander Yarwood marched from the tent, and Ian turned to follow. He stopped when the archduke intercepted, stepping away from his generals.

Vinter spoke, "You've done your king a great service, sergeant. If we both live through this war, come to Caspia. I have need of good men. Those who know the value of information." With that, the General of the Crown saluted him, a memory to carry until his dying day.

THE WARJACK ROAD

A motley group of defenders gathered to hinder and delay Khador's progress—bending the "Warjack Road" away from Corvis. Desperate measures were required to buy time for Vinter's main army to march double time across hundreds of miles of bad terrain to confront the invaders.

CAPTURE OF DEEPWOOD TOWER

The slaughter of the Deepwood Tower sentries happened on the 16th of Casteus in 511 AR. Tower defenders were a token force, unprepared for the massive Khadoran army. Kossite woodsmen intercepted those trying to flee. Khador used this post to protect supply lines as the army marched south.

BATTLE OF THORNFALL

The first big clash happened at a thin section of forest called Thornfall on Trineus 3rd in 511 AR, where the Daggermoor Rovers and Fellig's garrison set upon Khador. These forest fighters evaded the Kossites screening the Khadoran advance to execute a bloody ambush. Waiting for the bulk of the army to pass, they attacked the supply train in the rear before dispersing into the trees. The Khadoran column ground to halt while woodsmen tracked the attackers into the forest.

BATTLE OF DEEP GULCH

It took precious time for Khador to regroup and resume their march, extending the Warjack Road to the Bramblerut. King Vygor intended to take this crude road all the way to Corvis. Cygnaran forces attacked at a ravine called Deep Gulch on the 11th of Trineus. Rovers destroyed the bridge as warjacks crossed, while riflemen fired from cover on the exposed Khadoran line. King Vygor had no choice but to divert south while suffering enfilade fire. Two of King Vygor's trusted Kommandants pleaded to withdraw. Vygor accused them of treason and executed them, then fed their corpses to his war-dogs. Greylord Alexander Karchev later caught the Daggermoor Rovers in a flanking maneuver, killing hundreds and prompting the company to retreat back to Ord.

BATTLE OF TOLOK KRIEL

Desperately outnumbered, the Morridane from Fellig lured the Khadorans into the largest trollkin community in the Thornwood, Tolok Kriel. Khador's unwitting intrusion resulted in a messy extended battle on Trineus 20th. Hundreds of trollkin lost their lives in the fight, exacting a similar toll on the northerners. The trollkin retreated as Khador razed the villages, salvaging supplies for the inexorable advance. King Vygor decided to seize Point Bourne, now closer than Corvis. He sent Karchev to lead the vanguard and capture the bridge.

BATTLE OF THE TONGUE

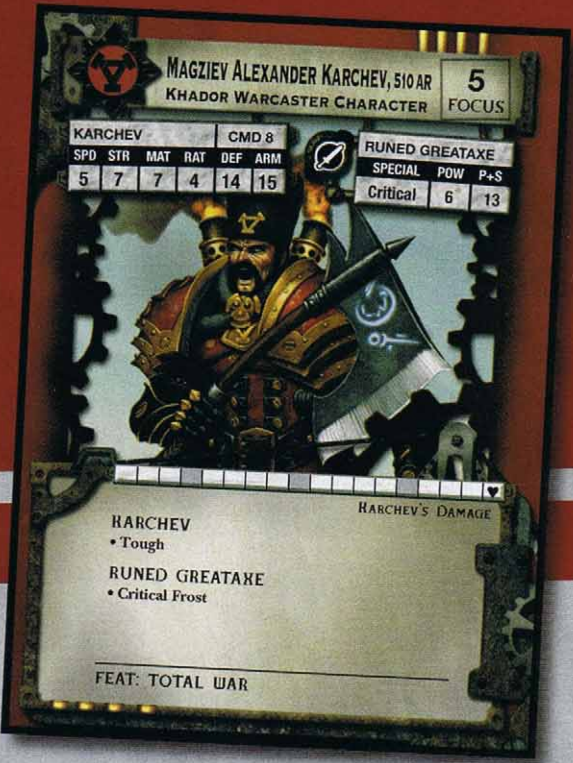
The greatest fight of the First Thornwood War erupted on the 2nd of Tempen over the Great Stonebridge at the Dragon's Tongue River. The veteran ranger and warcaster instructor Colonel Drake Cathmore led the defenders, assisted by several of his best protégés from the Strategic Academy. The Shields of Durant mercenaries joined Cathmore, and the defenders deployed heavy cannons supplied by Corvis on a high hill on the opposite side of the river. However, on witnessing the size of the Khadoran vanguard, Colonel Cathmore knew they stood no chance of victory and could only hope to destroy the Great Stonebridge. The Colonel lost his own life in the clash with Karchev and the defenders suffered horrendous casualties, but succeeded in bringing down the bridge. Vinter Raelthorne II and the main Cygnaran Army arrived in time to fall on the Khadoran flank while cannon fire rained down. In the last battle, Vinter Raelthorne II managed to impale King Vygor on his sword, thereafter named "Kingslayer."

HISTORICAL BATTLE OF THE TONGUE

The "First Thornwood War" was brutal and short, taking place over just four months starting in the last month of 510 AR and ending in the fourth month of 511 AR. The "Battle of the Tongue" was the last great clash at the end of the war, where more warjacks met their end in a few days than at any time in history. What follows is an abstract representation of the key battle to take the Great Stonebridge. The sides are not equal or balanced.

Specific army lists are included below for each side participating in the historical Battle of the Tongue. Some models require alteration to their stats and weaponry to reflect the technology of the era. This is a simplified representation to maximize ease of play and the utility of existing models.

Note: These warcasters and era adjustments are not tournament legal



MAGZIEV ALEXANDER KARCHEV, 510 AR
KHADOR WARCASTER CHARACTER
5 FOCUS

KARCHEV				CMD 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	7	4	14	15

RUNED GREATAXE		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Critical	6	13

KARCHEV'S DAMAGE

KARCHEV
- Tough

RUNED GREATAXE
- Critical Frost

FEAT: TOTAL WAR

KHADORAN 510 AR ERA ARMY

- Magziev Alexander Karchev
- 510 AR Destroyer
- 4x 510 AR Berserkers
- Iron Fang Officer & Standard Bearer
- 2x Iron Fang Pikemen Unit (leader w/9 troops)
- 2x Winter Guard Unit (leader w/9 troops)
- Kossite Woodsmen (leader w/9 troops)
- Manhunter

KHADOR 510 AR ERA WARJACKS

The Destroyer which fought in the First Thornwood War had a weaker bombard than the modern one. Berserkers were the mainstay of Khador's force, backed up by a few Destroyers.

510 AR Era Warjack	Era Adjustments	Model Used	In-service	Upgraded or Retired
510 AR Berserker	No Decayed Cortex (3 boxes); No chance to explode	Berserker	430 AR	NA
510 AR Destroyer	Bombard RNG 12, AOE 3", ROF 1, POW 12	Destroyer	480 AR	537 AR

KHADOR 510 AR ERA UNITS

Almost all of Khador's units have been in service since the First Thornwood War. During the Battle of the Tongue, the Khadoran army was comprised primarily of Iron Fang Pikemen, supported by Winter Guard and Kossite Woodsmen.

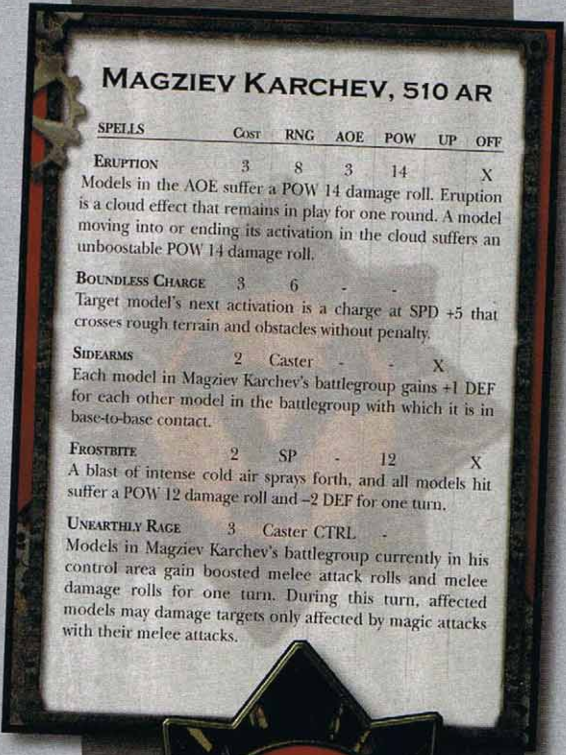
KHADORAN WARCASTER

The only warcaster still alive who participated in the First Thornwood War is Alexander Karchev, before he became the "man in the machine." The Old Witch, Zevanna Agha, existed at this time and upgraded her scrapjack with an Arcantrik Relay from the ruins of this war. However, there is no record of her participation in the battle.

GREYLORD ALEXANDER KARCHEV

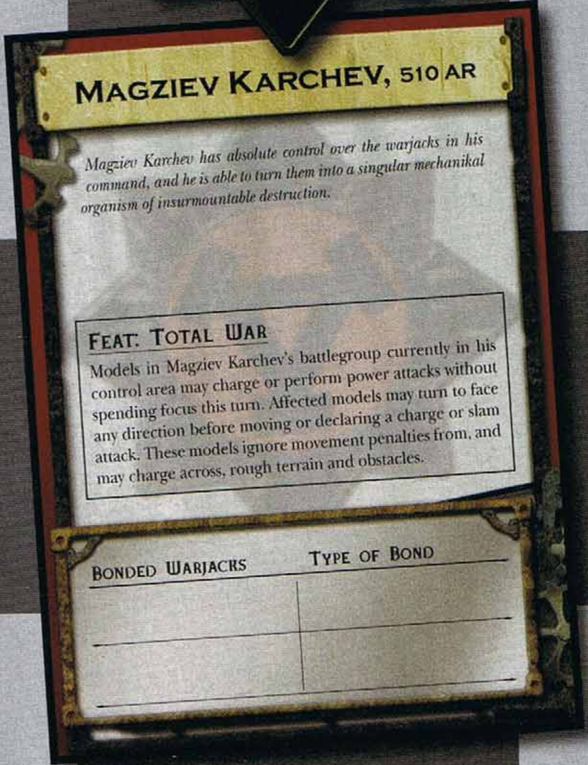
Alexander Karchev was already a veteran Greylord and noted warcaster before the Battle of the Tongue, considered King Vygor's greatest weapon in the war. He demonstrated phenomenal mastery over warjacks and a keen understanding of tactics. Karchev nearly lost his life in the Battle of the Tongue. Even mortally wounded and crippled, he unleashed a massive surge of arcane power to obliterate the enemies, buying time to recover his mangled body.

Model: The best model to use to represent Karchev is the Greylord Koldun. The Karchev of this era is on a 30mm base .



MAGZIEV KARCHEV, 510 AR

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ERUPTION	3	8	3	14		X
Models in the AOE suffer a POW 14 damage roll. Eruption is a cloud effect that remains in play for one round. A model moving into or ending its activation in the cloud suffers an unboostable POW 14 damage roll.						
BOUNDLESS CHARGE	3	6	-	-		
Target model's next activation is a charge at SPD +5 that crosses rough terrain and obstacles without penalty.						
SIDEARMS	2	Caster	-	-	X	
Each model in Magziev Karchev's battlegroup gains +1 DEF for each other model in the battlegroup with which it is in base-to-base contact.						
FROSTBITE	2	SP	-	12		X
A blast of intense cold air sprays forth, and all models hit suffer a POW 12 damage roll and –2 DEF for one turn.						
UNEARTHLY RAGE	3	Caster	CTRL	-		
Models in Magziev Karchev's battlegroup currently in his control area gain boosted melee attack rolls and melee damage rolls for one turn. During this turn, affected models may damage targets only affected by magic attacks with their melee attacks.						



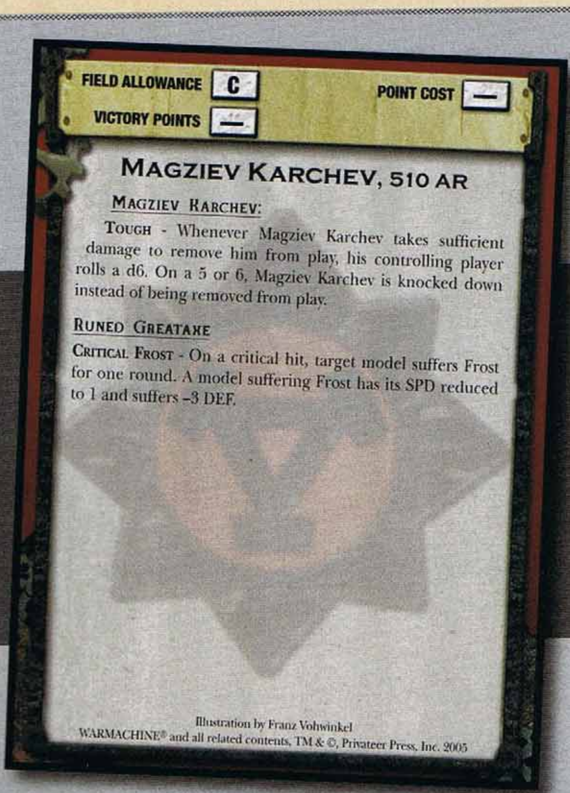
MAGZIEV KARCHEV, 510 AR

Magziev Karchev has absolute control over the warjacks in his command, and he is able to turn them into a singular mechanikal organism of insurmountable destruction.

FEAT: TOTAL WAR

Models in Magziev Karchev's battlegroup currently in his control area may charge or perform power attacks without spending focus this turn. Affected models may turn to face any direction before moving or declaring a charge or slam attack. These models ignore movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

BONDED WARJACKS	TYPE OF BOND



FIELD ALLOWANCE C
VICTORY POINTS —
POINT COST —

MAGZIEV KARCHEV, 510 AR

MAGZIEV KARCHEV:

TOUGH - Whenever Magziev Karchev takes sufficient damage to remove him from play, his controlling player rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, Magziev Karchev is knocked down instead of being removed from play.

RUNED GREATAXE

CRITICAL FROST - On a critical hit, target model suffers Frost for one round. A model suffering Frost has its SPD reduced to 1 and suffers –3 DEF.

Illustration by Franz Vohwinkel

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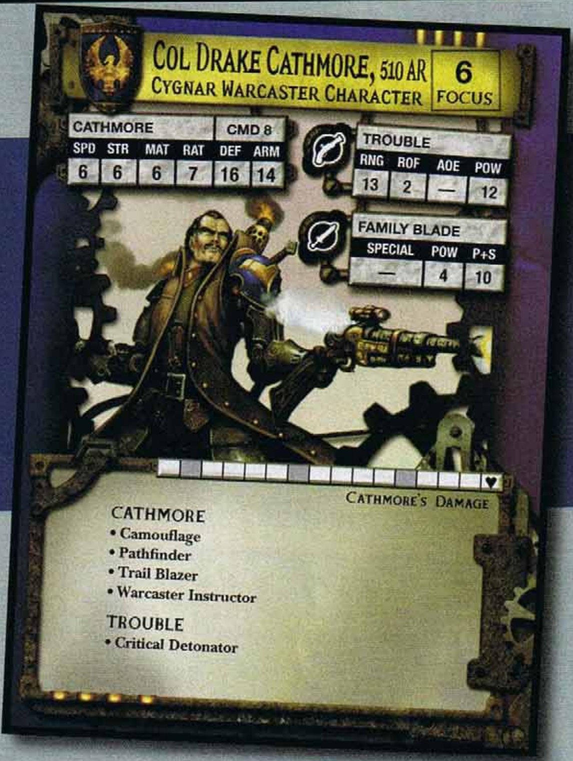
CYGNARAN 510 AR ERA ARMY

- Colonel Drake Cathmore
- 2x Cygnaran Mules
- 510 AR Javelin [Lancer]
- 2x - Journeymen Warcaster
- 2x - Cygnaran Nomad
- 510 AR Infantry Unit (w/9 troops) [Trenchers]
- 2x Sword Knights Unit (w/9 troops)
- 1x Ironbears Unit (w/9 troops) [Halberdiers w/Ambush]
- Shields of Durant Gunners Unit (w/9 troops) [Hammerfall Gun Corps]
- Shields of Durant Ogrun Bokur solo (must be taken with Gunners)
- Field Mechaniks Unit (leader w/3 troops)
- Cygnar Era Warjacks

Cygnar is in an interesting position since most of the Cygnaran warjacks of the era are now mercenary 'jacks. Historically the bulk of Cygnar's army and warjacks arrive after the scope of the scenario described below. The outnumbered defenders at the Battle of the Tongue relied in particular on Nomads and Mules. They also made use of a now outmoded warjack called the Javelin, equipped with the precursor to the modern Arc Node.



COL DRAKE CATHMORE, 510 AR

CYGNAR WARCASTER CHARACTER

6 FOCUS

CATHMORE				CMD 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	6	7	16	14

TROUBLE			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
13	2	—	12

FAMILY BLADE		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	4	10

CATHMORE'S DAMAGE

CATHMORE
- Camouflage
- Pathfinder
- Trail Blazer
- Warcaster Instructor

TROUBLE
- Critical Detonator

CYGNARAN JAVELIN

Before there was the Lancer, there was the Arcane, and before there was the Arcane, there was the Javelin, a much reviled light warjack design, notable for bearing the precursor to the arc node, a device called an "arcantrik relay" invented in 436 AR. The Javelin did not perform well for its cost, and prompted redesign.

Arcantrik Relay – The Javelin may channel spells, but any spell channeled has its range reduced by 2".

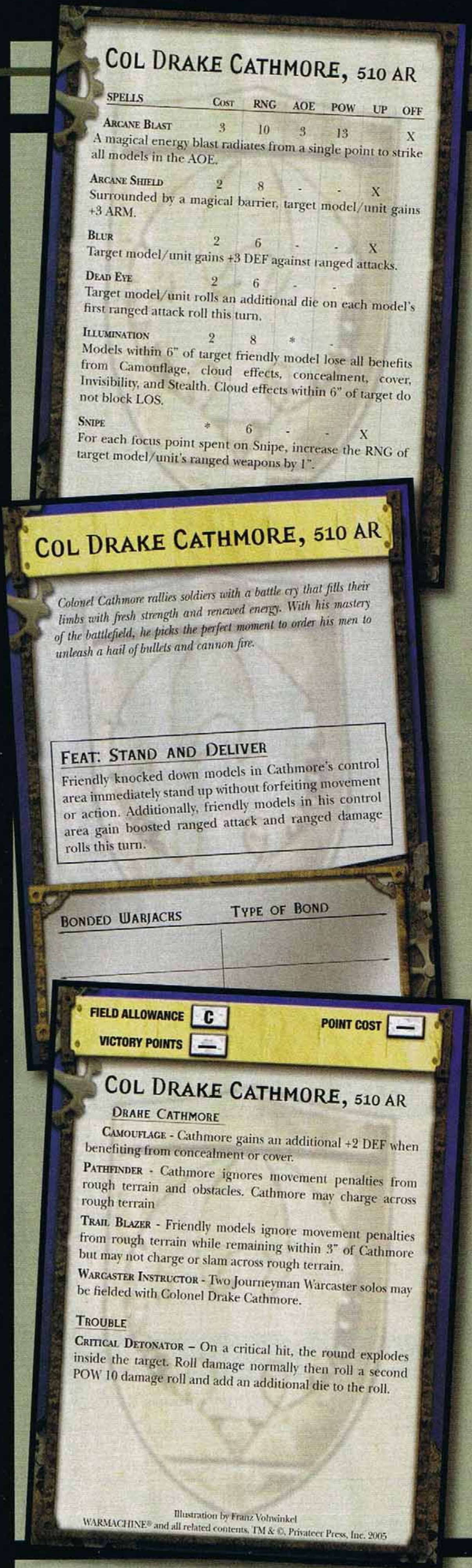
CYGNAR 510 ERA WARJACKS

510 AR Era Warjack	Era Adjustments	Model Used	In-service	Upgraded or Retired
Cygnaran Mule	No changes	Mule	459 AR	582 AR Retired
Cygnaran Nomad	No changes	Nomad	455 AR	563 AR Retired
510 AR Javelin	Lancer with -1 SPD, -1 DEF, -2 ARM, Regular Shield (no Shock Field), Arcantrik Relay instead of Arc Node	Lancer	460 AR	540 AR Retired From Cygnar Military

CYGNAR 510 AR ERA UNITS

Most Cygnaran soldiers serving in the Battle of the Tongue are represented by Infantry troops and Sword Knights. Cygnaran soldiers received considerable troop support from mercenaries (see Mercenaries, below).

510 AR Era Unit	Era Adjustments	Model Used
510 AR Infantry	Use Trencher stats, but without Smoke Bombs	Trenchers



COL DRAKE CATHMORE, 510 AR

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ARCANE BLAST	3	10	3	13		X

A magical energy blast radiates from a single point to strike all models in the AOE.

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ARCANE SHIELD	2	8	-	-	X	

Surrounded by a magical barrier, target model/unit gains +3 ARM.

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BLUR	2	6	-	-	X	

Target model/unit gains +3 DEF against ranged attacks.

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
DEAD EYE	2	6	-	-		

Target model/unit rolls an additional die on each model's first ranged attack roll this turn.

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ILLUMINATION	2	8	*	-		

Models within 6" of target friendly model lose all benefits from Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, cover, Invisibility, and Stealth. Cloud effects within 6" of target do not block LOS.

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
SNIPE	*	6	-	-	X	

For each focus point spent on Snipe, increase the RNG of target model/unit's ranged weapons by 1".

COL DRAKE CATHMORE, 510 AR

Colonel Cathmore rallies soldiers with a battle cry that fills their limbs with fresh strength and renewed energy. With his mastery of the battlefield, he picks the perfect moment to order his men to unleash a hail of bullets and cannon fire.

FEAT: STAND AND DELIVER

Friendly knocked down models in Cathmore's control area immediately stand up without forfeiting movement or action. Additionally, friendly models in his control area gain boosted ranged attack and ranged damage rolls this turn.

BONDED WARJACKS	TYPE OF BOND

FIELD ALLOWANCE C

VICTORY POINTS —

POINT COST —

COL DRAKE CATHMORE, 510 AR

DRAKE CATHMORE

CAMOUFLAGE - Cathmore gains an additional +2 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover.

PATHFINDER - Cathmore ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. Cathmore may charge across rough terrain

TRAIL BLAZER - Friendly models ignore movement penalties from rough terrain while remaining within 3" of Cathmore but may not charge or slam across rough terrain.

WARCASTER INSTRUCTOR - Two Journeyman Warcaster solos may be fielded with Colonel Drake Cathmore.

TROUBLE

CRITICAL DETONATOR – On a critical hit, the round explodes inside the target. Roll damage normally then roll a second POW 10 damage roll and add an additional die to the roll.

Illustration by Franz Vohwinkel

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IRONBEARS

The only major mercenary company which served Khador during the First Thornwood War was the Ironbears, a group of rugged halberdiers with no fondness for King Vygor, their employer. Vinter Raelthorne II bribed them to switch sides and turn on Khador's flanks. To represent this, they are included in the Cygnar army list and gain Ambush. To represent the Ironbears, use the stats for the Steelhead Halberdiers, found in No Quarter #1, adding Ambush.

Ambush – The Ironbears do not have to be put in play at the start of the game. The Cygnar player may put the Ironbears in play during his control phase during any turn. When put in play, place the Ironbears in skirmish formation within 3" of any table edge. Ironbears gain +2 on attacks during their activation the turn they are put into play but do not gain an additional aiming bonus if they forfeit their movement this turn.

SHEILDS OF DURANT

The Shields of Durant are a mixed dwarven and ogrun company glad to lend support to the outnumbered Cygnaran soldiers in the war (IKWG p. 141). To represent the Shields of Durant, use stats for the Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps and the Ogrun Bokur solo, found in NQ #1.

CYGNARAN WARCASTER

Colonel Drake Cathmore led the defense at the Great Stonebridge. Until the arrival of the main Cygnaran army (outside the scope of the scenario), he was assisted only by several journeymen from the Strategic Academy at Point Bourne.

COLONEL DRAKE CATHMORE

This colonel was destined to defeat Alexander Karchev but at the cost of his life. A widow and several children survived him; one of his modern descendants is Earl Hagen Cathmore, the Lord of Northguard. Colonel Cathmore was a former ranger and rifleman, well versed in forest fighting. Having a particular aptitude for instruction, he was serving Cygnar at the Point Bourne branch of the Strategic Academy before the Battle of the Tongue.

Model: Commander Coleman Stryker, Major Markus "Siege" Brisbane, or Magnus can stand for Colonel Drake Cathmore.

THE TURNING POINT

BATTLE OF THE TONGUE SCENARIO

2ND OF TEMPEN (4TH MONTH) 511 AR

A small force of desperate Cygnarans and mercenaries from Corvis, Point Bourne, and the town of Rivercleft gathered at the Great Stonebridge spanning the Serpent's Tongue River, led by Colonel Drake Cathmore. Witnessing the approach of the massive Khadoran vanguard led by Greylord Alexander Karchev, they knew Cygnar's only hope was to destroy the bridge. This would buy Vinter II enough time to arrive and attack the Khadoran flank.

SPECIAL RULES

See map. Cygnaran forces are attempting to hold the bridge long enough for sappers to destroy it. The Bridge is represented by a 6" x 8" area bordering the rear of their deployment zone, 12" from the east table edge, and can only be entered on the north edge; the east and west sides are impassable. The game will end after eight (8) rounds. The Khador player must stop the Cygnarans from destroying the Bridge before the end of the game. The Khador player can stop the destruction of the Bridge by moving one or more friendly models onto the Bridge during his turn and keeping it there for one round.

Cygnaran forces are supported by a continuous artillery barrage from cannons deployed on a high hill south of the river. To determine the point of impact for this blast, the Cygnar player nominates one point on the table at the start of each of his Maintenance Phases. The blast deviates 2d6" inches from this point in a direction determined by the deviation template. Center a 5" AOE blast on the point of impact. All models within the AOE suffer a POW 10 damage roll.

The Khadoran army is seemingly unending. To represent the their sheer numbers, the Khador player may return some models to play after they have been disabled, destroyed or removed from play. Berserker warjacks, Iron Fang Pikemen units, and Winter Guard units may be returned. Only units that have been completely wiped out, with all troops in the unit destroyed or removed from play, may be returned to play. During each of his Maintenance Phases, the Khador player may return models to play, placing them within his deployment zone. Returned models can activate the turn they are put in play.

SET UP

Players take turns, each placing four (4) terrain features. Terrain features cannot be placed in an enemy deployment zone or within 3" of another terrain feature, including the Bridge. The Khador player cannot place terrain features within 12" of the Bridge. Terrain features may be placed on hills. Forest, hill, and wall terrain features are recommended for this scenario.

BEGINNING

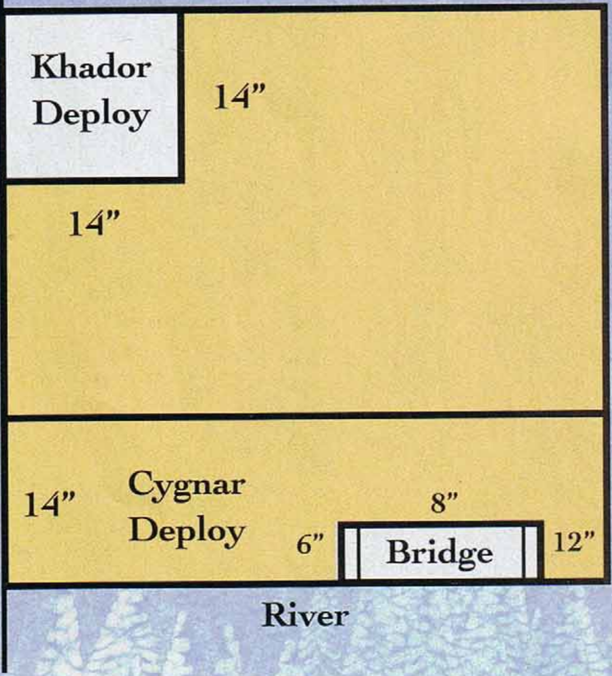
The Cygnar player deploys his forces first and takes the first turn, placing them within 14" of the southern table edge.

The Khador player then deploys his models in a 14" x 14" area in the northwest corner of the table.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Khador player wins if he begins his maintenance phase with one of his models completely within the Bridge area.

The Cygnar player wins if Karchev is destroyed or removed from play or the game ends before the Khador player wins.



HAND-ROLLED HOOAGA

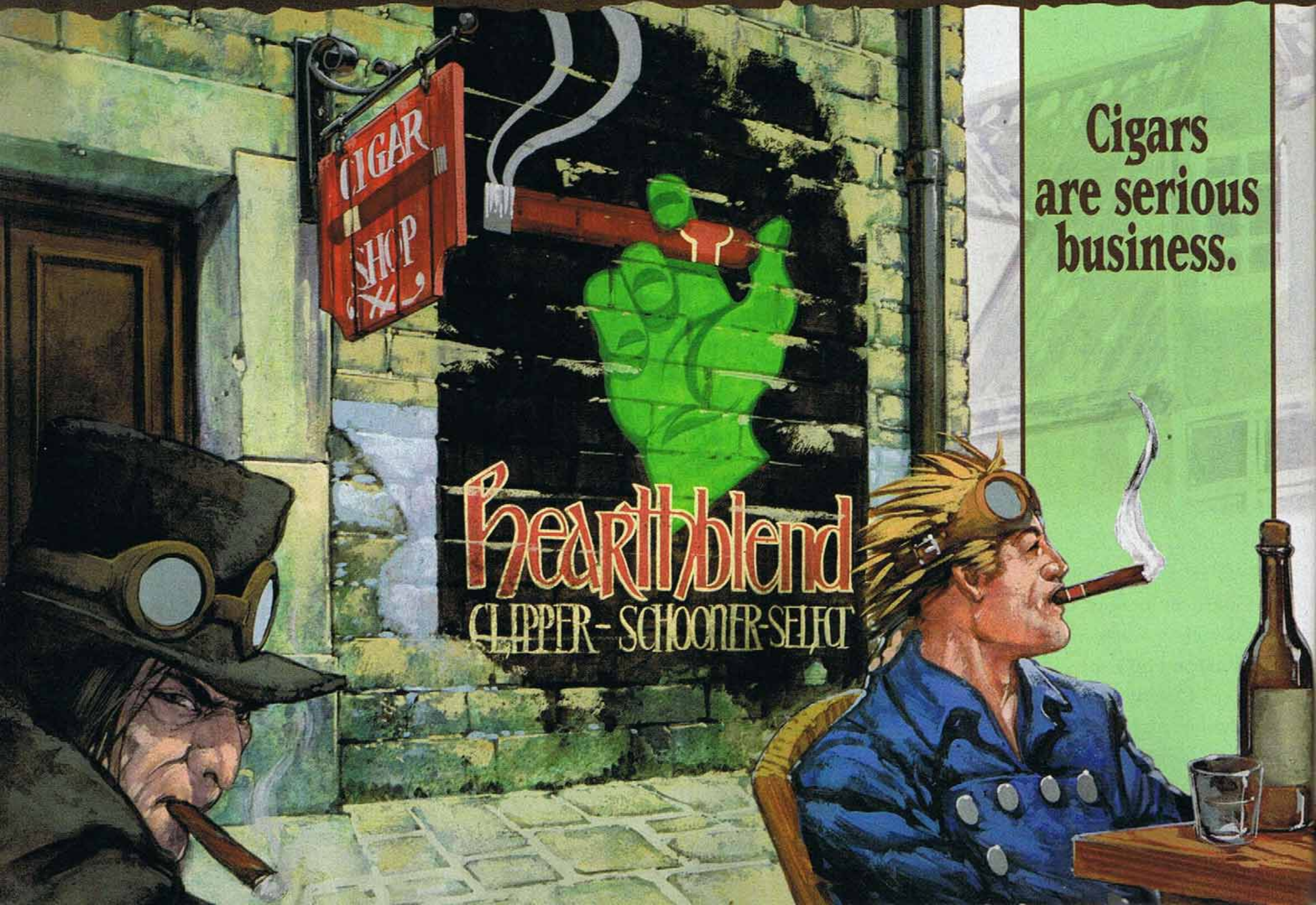
CIGARS OF IMMOREN

Written by Doug Seacat • Art by Brian Snoddy

Once considered a strange habit reserved to gobbers and trollkin, hooaga leaves wrapped into cigars for smoking have become a common sight from northern Khador to southern Cygnar and all points between. Regional variants have cropped up in recent years with individual reputations for quality. What is listed below is just a small sampling of a thriving new business.

The cigar trade has become an important part of the Ordic economy. The Ordic towns of Tarna and Hearthstone have a well established reputation for growing some of the best hooaga in the region. A variety of small independent traders and loose affiliations have cropped up, each trying to dominate the competitive market.

Cigars are serious business—it is not uncommon for rival companies to enlist unscrupulous hirelings to sabotage one another. Some nobles are personally invested. Thane Ross Kaddock of Hearthstone is an example of an Ordic noble whose fortunes are tightly linked to hooaga. Rumors say he employs a group of so-called mercenaries called the Olgunholt Raiders who are accused of disrupting the Tarna river trade.



Regency Gold

Started in the Regency Saloon in Tarna, the gobber proprietor boasts his cigars are the finest in Ord. Made from local hand-selected, tightly-wrapped whole leaf, these offer a smooth draw and have excellent quality. They are priced accordingly and are intended for the discriminating smoker.

Hearthblend

These Hearthstone cigars are favorites of sailors, sentries, and anyone who works outdoors. Aficionados claim its smoke is invigorating and good for keeping away the night's chill. These flavorful cigars are noted for a special local blend of hooaga leaf which provides a mild flavor at an affordable price.

Moskrad Premium

Khador imports many cigars from Ord, but local hooaga grows in the south. Moskrad Premium is wrapped near the shores of the lake of the same name in Rustoknia Volozskya. These loose cigars have a strong woody flavor and an uneven burn. Some consider them too coarse for civilized palettes, but they are inexpensive.

Voxsauny Dark

Although the Voxsauny Duchy of Llael is famed for its fine wines, they also produce the most esteemed label of cigars. These cigars are relatively thin, tightly wrapped, and have a refined spicy flavor. Prices on these cigars have leapt to ridiculous levels after Khador's occupation since they must be smuggled out of Llael at great risk.

Kaargrot

These unique large cigars are a variant smoked by trollkin who disdain the hooaga of humans and gobbers. Kaargrot derives from a poisonous offshoot plant of hooaga. The plant is used by the trollkin as a brewed herbal remedy and for Dhunian rites, but urban trollkin have begun wrapping it into cigars. This bitter smoke deadens the tongue and can cause lasting damage or unconsciousness in other races. These are not sold but offered as barter between trollkin.

CIGAR PRICING

LABEL	CIGAR	PRICE (BOX OF 25)
Regency Gold	Gram's Robusto	15 gold
	Captain's Edge	20 gold
	Castellan's Choice	30 gold (box of 20)
Hearthblend	Clipper	6 gold
	Schooner	9 gold
	Baird's Select	15 gold
Moskrad Premium	Holcheski's Pride	4 gold
	Moskrad Umber	6 gold
Voxsauny Dark	Twilight	40 gold (box of 10)
	Eclipse	100 gold (box of 10)
	Black Label	200 gold (box of 5)

Cigar aficionados become loyal to a label and will pay a steep premium to acquire their favorites. Prices increase considerably with distance, particularly when crossing certain national borders. This has encouraged a lively smuggling trade, especially for the elusive Voxsauny Darks. GMs can use cigars as treasure under the category of mundane items.

FIGHTING ON THE DOCK OF THE BAY

By Rob Stoddard

With some of my favorite scenarios fought on barges, wharfs & docks,and with this issueof No Quarter highlighting pirates and spies I could think of no better time than to showcase a dock table and share a "how to."

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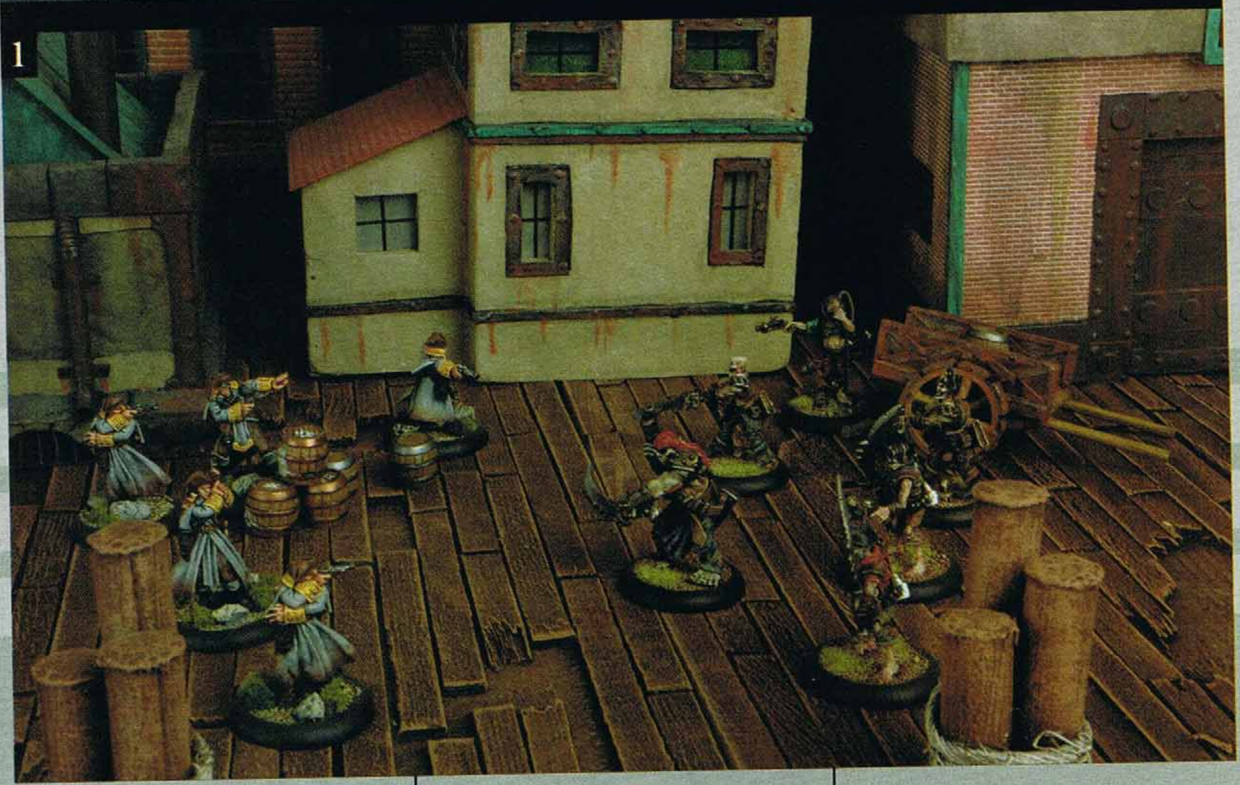
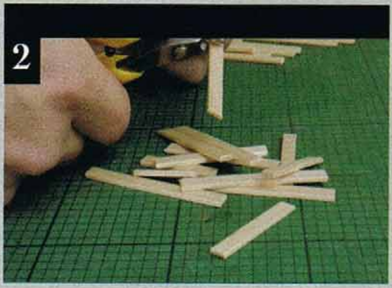


First we need some supplies. We need enough foam board to fill 4" x 4"; depending on the dimensions of each sheet sold in your area this may take up to 6 sheets or more of foam board. We'll also need a mass of wood planks—Popsicle sticks work great for this since you can by them in bulk and they are more affordable than using balsa or basswood for our planks. If you are lucky you should be able to go into your local craft store and find Popsicle sticks sold by the thousands. You may want to pick up a second box just in case. We'll also want a good quantity of yellow glue for when we get into the actual construction of our docks. For dock supports and beams we'll want twine and a few 1/2" balsa wood dowels in 2" – 3" lengths. The final pieces to our dock puzzle are super glue, a hobby knife, pen or pencil, a pair of strong clippers, a saw to cut down our dowels, a cheap 2" house brush, a few craft paints, some plastic party cups & plates, paper towels, and a hammer—yes a hammer, trust me.

We begin by measuring and marking 1" x 2" on our foam board and cutting these to size; we need a total of eight 1" x 2" sections. We can then move onto Popsicle sticks and turn them into planks. Utilizing clippers we want to cut our sticks to varying lengths. (2) This will help bring out a more authentic look in the final pieces. We don't want each one of our planks with a perfectly cut end so grab a few and twist them in the middle until they snap. (3) This provides a nice busted up plank or two to break up an otherwise pristine dock. This dock has seen its fair share of warjacks crashing into one another and stomping around; it's not going to look spring-time fresh.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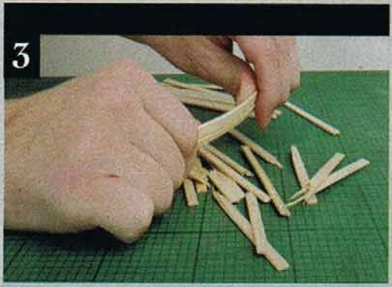
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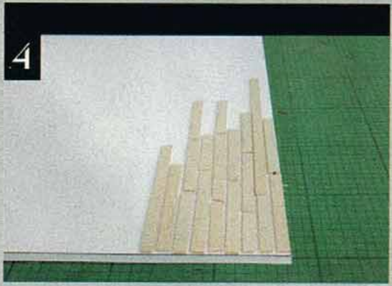
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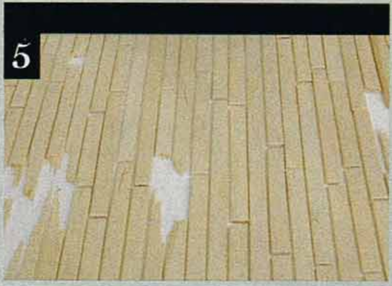
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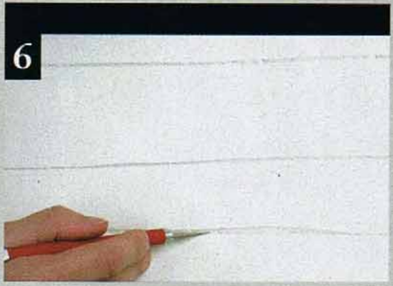
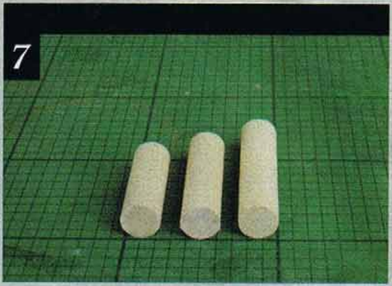

6

Once we have enough planks cut to fill the space, we start gluing them to one of our 1" x 2" foam board pieces. Grab a plastic party cup and fill it with a bit of yellow glue. Now we bring out our inexpensive 2" house brush and paint a small section of the foam board with yellow glue; we don't coat the entire board since the majority of it would dry before we could get all the planks in place. With glue down and drying we need to be quick about positioning our planks. Keep in mind that they do not need to be in perfect alignment; we want a small gap between each plank to help with definition. (4) Be sure to mingle twisted planks with the straight ones. (5) We repeat this process until we cover the entire 1" x 2" surface. With one of our eight 1" x 2" sections done we move to the next, and then the next. This by far is the most time consuming portion of our entire process, but is well worth the effort when complete.

By the time the last wharf section is finished, the first few should be completely dry. Do not be alarmed if the sections start to bow a little. (6) This is normal, and a quick fix is right around the corner; just be sure to bring your hobby knife. Gently flip over the wharf sections, exposing the bare foam board side. We make four triangular cuts along the length of the wharf section; (6) these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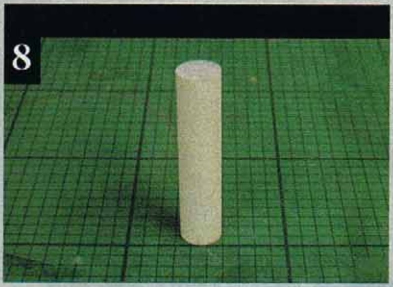
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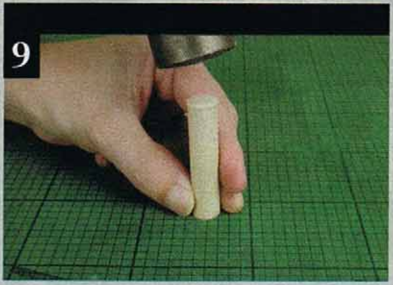
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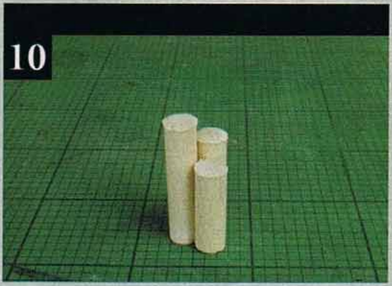
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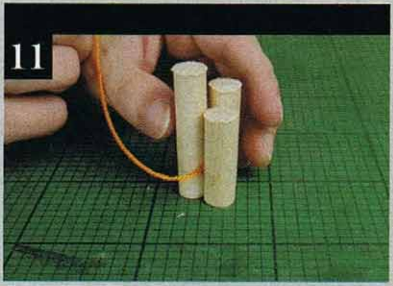
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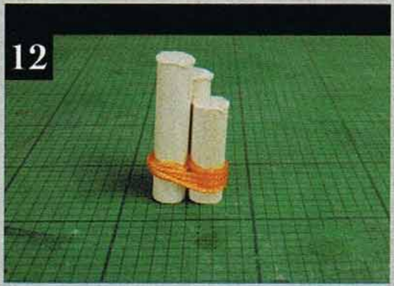
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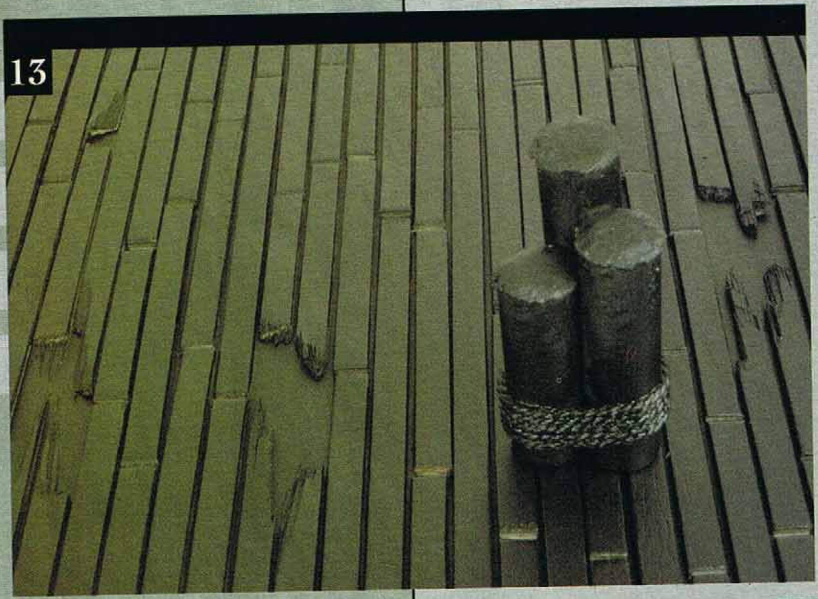
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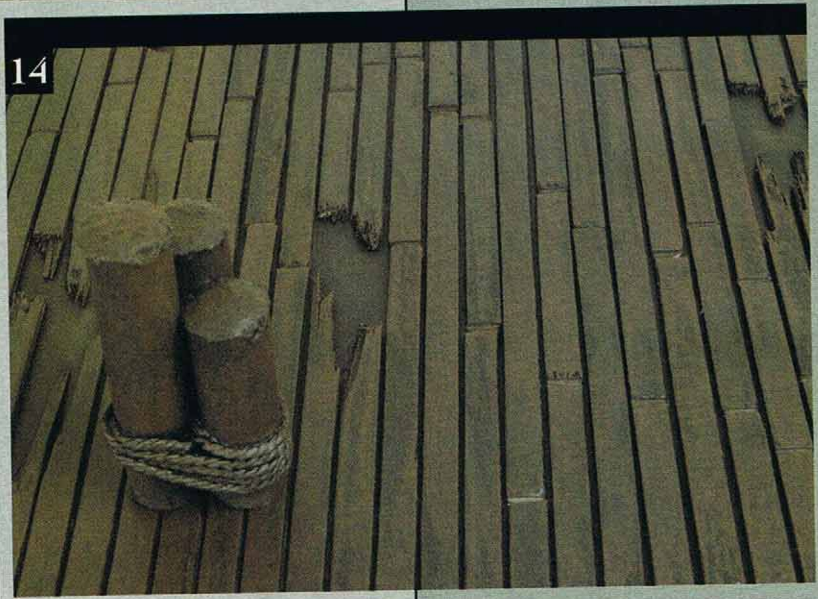
will alleviate bowing and return our wharf section to a nice flat surface. With the majority of our table constructed with these wharf sections we can move onto details that will bring the entire project together.

For the supports we start by cutting our balsa wood dowels into varying lengths—nothing too precise, but using 1/2" increments achieve a good look. (7) Now for the moment that you've all been waiting for: bust out that hammer I told you to keep handy. We're going to put that baby to good use. Hold the support firmly against a hard, flat surface. (8) Be mindful of those fingers and use the hammer to flatten one end of the support by gently hitting the edges. (9) By adding a few angled cuts with a hobby knife before pounding on the supports you can create quite a different look.

While assembling our supports work with groups of three; we want to make sure that each support is a different length to achieve our look. Place the supports in a triangular pattern (10) and bring out the twine. Pinch one end of the twine between two of the supports and use some super glue to hold it in place. At this point we can also glue the supports to each other. (11) Make sure that the supports are touching at their base and carefully glue them in place. Since we are dealing with super glue and wood, the dry time should be fairly short; however, if you would like a more instant result don't be afraid to use some accelerator. Next coat the outside middle of our supports with super glue to prepare the area for twine. Wrap the twine around the supports as many times as needed, stacking the line atop itself. We wrapped most of ours four times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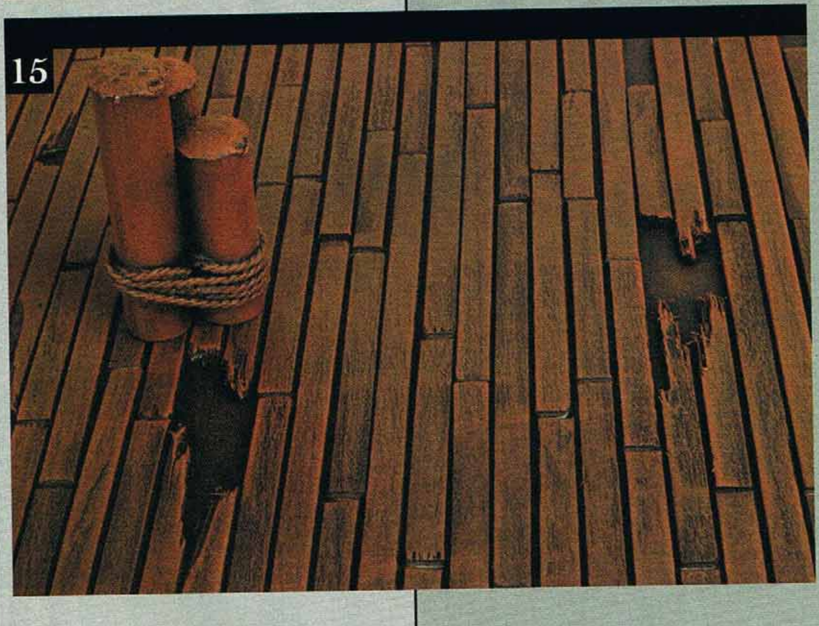
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around and this gave a great look—your mileage may vary. Once the twine is wrapped we cut it and glue the loose end in the middle of the supports. At this point you may need to use a small object to stuff the twine between the supports, but this will keep everything in its rightful place. With the loose end between the supports use a few drops of super glue to secure it and let everything dry. (12) Repeat this process a few times to create a fair number of supports and bring our docks to life. With everything dry, we're ready to paint.

We begin by priming all our pieces with a black spray primer. Keep in mind this is a terrain project, so any black primer will work. (13) To complete the majority of the docks we will only need 4 paint colors. I recommend using acrylic craft paints. You can usually find good size bottles for around a dollar in most craft stores. As for color choices, we want 3 different browns: a deep brown, a medium or red brown, and a light brown. Our last color is for our twine and should be the color of rope, so a light tan or bone should do the trick. With our primer dry break out our 2" house brush once again. If you chose to use the same house brush for gluing down planks and painting the docks, be certain that the brush is clean before painting.

Starting with our deepest brown squirt some paint onto a plastic party plate. Work the paint into our house brush and then brush the majority of the paint onto a paper towel or old rag—we want to dry brush our docks. Quickly run the brush back and forth over the entirety of the dock section, the edges and raised areas should pick up the paint leaving the recesses shaded and dark. To really see a change it may take more than one pass so don't get discouraged. (14) With deep brown applied and dry we move onto medium brown and repeat the dry brushing process, maybe even a bit lighter on color. (15)

Finish off the dock by dry brushing the lightest brown from our palette over everything. (16) Repeat the exact steps when painting our supports. When you finish with the light brown you will want to use a light tan/bone and the smallest edge of the brush to complete the look for the twine. (17) With the supports and docks complete there is nothing standing between you and a full-metal slugfest with your next opponent on the dock of the bay!

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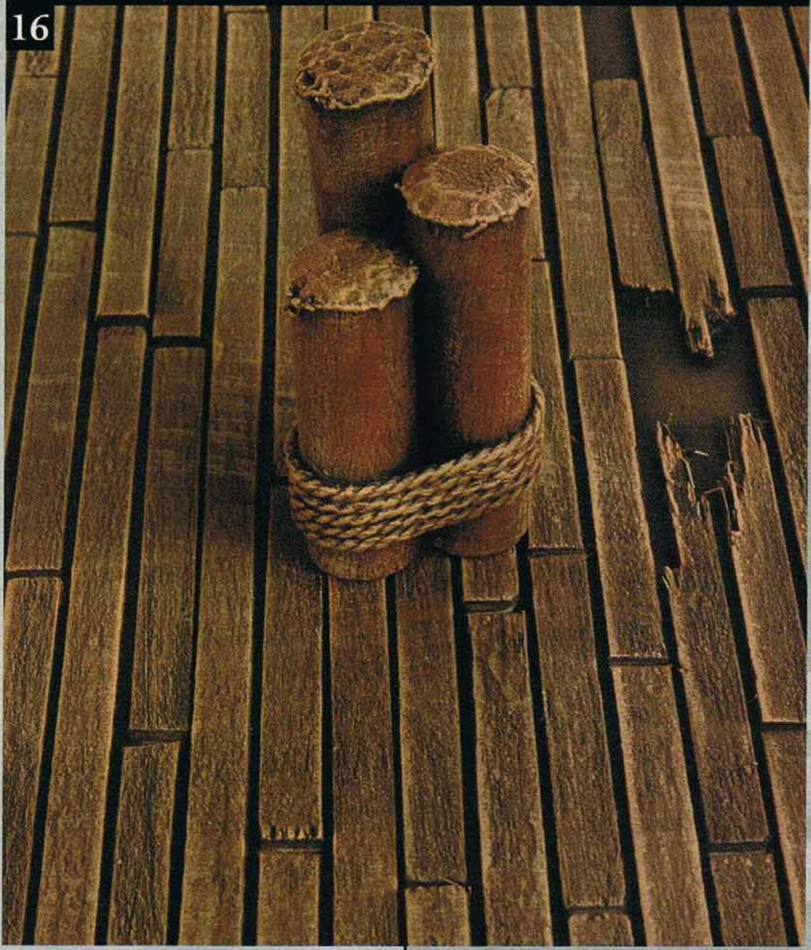

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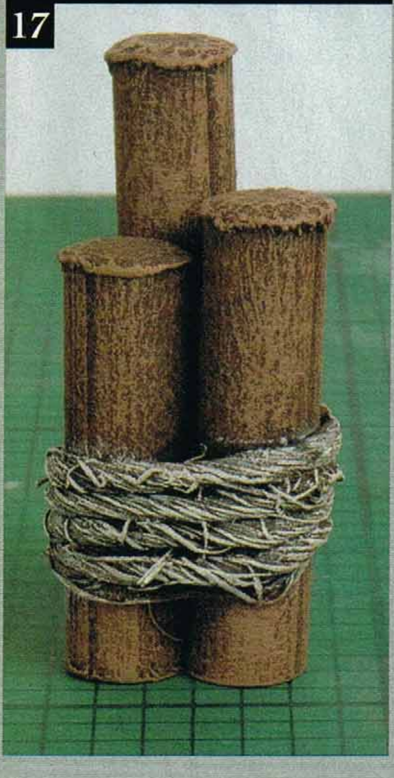


Narrative by Doug Seacat · Scenario by Miles Holmes & Jason Soles · Art by Chippy

A CLEAN ESCAPE

The boat slipped quietly down the river, lit by the glow of a single shuttered lantern. The only sound was the occasional moan of pain and cursing from the small cabin below, making the huddled oarsmen on deck shift uncomfortably. Despite their tension there was a barely suppressed air of triumph. The men shared satisfied grins, but superstitiously avoided speaking congratulations aloud.

The moaning finally ceased, prompting guilty relief among those listening, though they knew what it portended. The creaking of heavy steps followed as a man climbed up onto the swaying deck, burdened by a heavy limp body slung over his shoulder.

Nolan was brazen—or stupid—enough to speak aloud, his voice jarring in the quiet. "How's Lort doing?"

"He's dead, or Sarge would have left him below." This comment came from the man at the tiller, Gazo Castra, the self-appointed skipper of their little boat.

Nolan took this news with a slow nod. "Need a hand, Sarge? Where's he goin'?"

"Into the water, we'll not have time to bury him." Sergeant Kerne Boggs answered as he moved his burden to the starboard side. He saw a few of the men looking at him sullenly. "Yes, he died in service. There's no time for funerals or digging in the muck." They could see his hands were slick with blood from his crude attempts to stop Lort's bleeding. "Anyone know Lort's faith?"

Gazo answered after a pause, "Morrow I suppose. He wasn't much for religion."

The sergeant nodded and mumbled an awkward prayer before heaving the corpse over the side. Boggs watched it go morosely, noticing with a slight pang the green sash across Lort's chest, remembering him joking about being a jaunty pirate just a few hours ago. The body fell into the water with a mild splash while the men at the oars strained to leave him behind in their wake.

There was a short silence before the joking began—the men quipped that Lort's loss was their gain, as their shares increased accordingly. Death was common in the mercenary trade—a comrade one day was food for crows the next.

Gazo spotted their tributary and exclaimed in relief. The mood of all aboard brightened as they made their way up the sluggish stream away from the considerably larger and better traveled Black River. They rowed for another hour as dawn begun to break before spotting the campfire of their rendezvous. Two men had been left behind, watching over their gear during the evening foray. An old but

serviceable wagon and a number of horses were ready to go on the other side of the campfire.

"What's the word, Boggs?" The grizzled older man on shore queried.

He answered with a smile, letting the men and woman tumble out of the boat as he held up a finger for patience and ducked into the cabin below. There was a cacophony of excited exclamations as each man tried to tell the tale of their success while divesting themselves of their ragged and smelly clothing. Most of these were thrown on the fire, the wet clothes putting up a plume of smoke. They shared word of Lort's demise, but the two men waiting at the camp judged that an acceptable loss; they'd wagered on at least two deaths.

Everyone settled down as Sergeant Boggs and Nolan emerged from the cabin, carrying a heavy chest. "Before I open this..." Boggs began, prompting a variety of groans and hisses, "we need to thank the woman without whom we'd not be here: Stefka Yurievna. For better or poorer, whatever is in this box is thanks to her persuasive efforts."

Like many others, the well muscled but ruggedly attractive Umbrean woman was in the midst of strapping on her armor after having burned her pirate disguise. At the whistling and catcalls of the men she stood and offered a mock curtsey. "The bursar in Merywyn was an idiot with too much fondness for wine."

"And Umbrean women!" Gazo shouted, prompting laughter all around.

Stefka's smitten bursar had overheard intelligence about a Cygnaran courier bound with considerable coin for Rhydden. Khador had intended to scoop him when his boat drifted past the watch station east of Ravensgard. It hadn't taken long for Boggs to assemble a group of his fellow Steelheads at the Merywyn chapter house and convince them to do some moonlighting as pirates.

Sergeant Boggs spoke again. "I'm a Steelhead through and through, but I could start to enjoy this river pirating. They don't pay us enough to risk our lives day in and day out—and we deserve a little extra to send home, am I right?" They all cheered in agreement but yelled to stop the speechmaking and open the damned box.

"**Someone else** coming from downstream, Sarge!" This time it was Gazo, pointing the other direction.

He took a pry bar and splintered the wood cranking it open. Gleaming inside were three braces of new pistols, a fortune in gold coin, and several heavy bullion bricks. The men cheered again, and he saw several had opened bottles and flasks from their stowed supplies. Scooping through the coins, Boggs' fingers brushed something below, and pulled forth a long and thin metal case two feet across, four inches deep, and two inches thick. There was an unfamiliar sigil on its top, similar to Llaelese noble coats of arms.

Opening the case, he gasped in surprise and almost dropped it. His face was lit by a peculiar glow. Stefka was nearest, and she held her hand to her mouth. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Boggs!" The old man who had tied up the boat shouted to him, pointing to the north. "There's smoke thataway."

Boggs cursed and pulled his spyglass from his oiled greatcoat, bringing it quickly to bear. He could see a short column of ragged soldiers and a couple of steamjacks bearing their way. "That's the banner of the Highborn Covenant. By Thamar's Teeth what are they doing here?"

"Someone else coming from downstream, Sarge!" This time it was Gazo, pointing the other direction.

The air was split by a high whistling screech like the screaming of a thousand men dying in terror and something exploded into their wagon with a muffled explosion. The horses went berserk and fled, several almost strangling themselves in their haste to escape. Boggs whirled and sighted through the spyglass again. Blood drained from his face as he saw what could only be a Cryxian helljack walking like a spider along the shallows. Behind strode a horrifying line of bloated undead. Among them was a familiar and fresher figure wearing a distinctive green sash, dressed like a pirate.

Boggs took down the spyglass and turned to scream at his men, "Get your armor on, now!" They redoubled their efforts, tossing drinks aside and scrambling for their halberds. The sergeant tucked the case under his arm as he pulled his helmet on, wondering how he was getting out of this one alive.

ANY FACTION, 500 POINTS

Pirates have made off with a treasure more valuable than they ever expected. Word of its nature has reached your commander and you have been ordered to recover it and hold it until the main body of your forces can arrive. Unfortunately, your rivals have the same information you do. You must gain control of the pirate base, and eliminate the enemy.

Special Rules

This scenario can be played by any two factions with 500 points each on a 4x4 table.

See map. A 3" wide shallow water river runs from the Southwest corner to the Southeast corner of the board. The river loops around the Pirate Deployment Zone, a 3" radius area in the center of the table. See Shallow Water, WARMACHINE: Prime, pg 61, for details.

Place ten (10) independent Pirate models completely within 3" of the center of the table. The pirates have the same stats and rules as the Steelhead Halberdier Troopers. See Steelhead Halberdiers, No Quarter magazine #1, page 29, for details.

A Pirate will make its Forefend attack against the first eligible target that ends its movement within the Pirate's melee range each round.

The Pirate models activate after the second player completes his turn each round. A Pirate model only activates if it is within 6" of a non-Pirate model. When it activates, the Pirate model moves up to its SPD in inches toward the nearest non-Pirate model and attempts to attack it. If two or more models are equidistant from a Pirate model, randomize which it attacks.

The first player to Hold the Pirate Deployment Zone for three consecutive rounds. A player holds the Pirate Deployment Zone if all models within 3" of the center of the table are controlled by that player. Engaged models and Incorporeal models my not hold the objective.

This scenario takes place under heavy fog cover. The LOS of all models is limited to 6".

Set Up

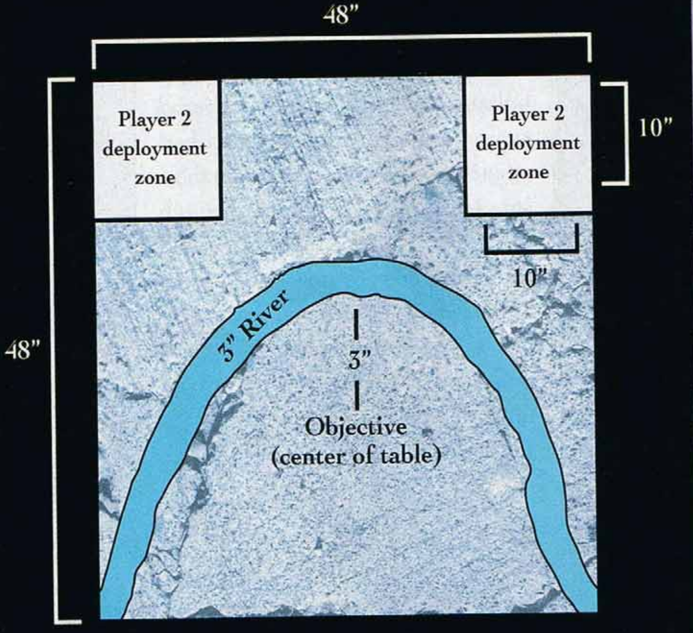
Players take turns, each placing three (3) terrain features. Terrain features cannot be placed within a deployment zone or within 3" of a table edge or another terrain feature, including the river. Terrain features may be placed on hills.

Beginning

At the start of the game, each player rolls a d6 and the higher roller chooses who will go first. The first player sets up first and takes the first turn. Players deploy their forces in a 10" x 10" area in either the northwest or northeast corner of the table.

Victory Conditions

The first player to hold the Pirate Deployment Zone for three consecutive rounds wins the game.



Narrative by Doug Seacat • Scenario by Miles Holmes & Jason Soles • Art by Brian Snoddy

CATCHING THE TRAIN

The men stood on the platform, their heavy repeating long guns held loosely, looking out past the tracks to the dry grassy plains to their east, an expanse only interrupted by gentle hills and a large farmstead in the distance. Their small train depot was thirty miles south of Bainsmarket on the Market Line and little used. The Cardare Mountains dominated the southern sky, towering peaks obscured by dark clouds threatening rain. The soldiers felt conspicuous standing watch at this meager depot, particularly with a hulking Defender standing down by the small access road.

Gunner Cobb Gant leaned toward his friend Fitch, speaking in a conspiratorial tone. "What do you think of him?" He jerked his chin at Lieutenant Journeyman Ansel Tolbert working on the warjack, who was too far away to hear them.

Gunner Fitch Wain eyed the young warcaster, who was busy pulling an access plate from his Defender's heavy barrel cannon. "He's removed that same blasted plate three times now. I don't think he knows what he's doing. He's making me nervous..."

Cobb pulled a large cigar from his coat, taking a moment to clip and light it before drawing in a mouth full. "I overheard he just graduated from the S.A.—this is his first tour of duty." He shook his head. "When is that damned train coming?"

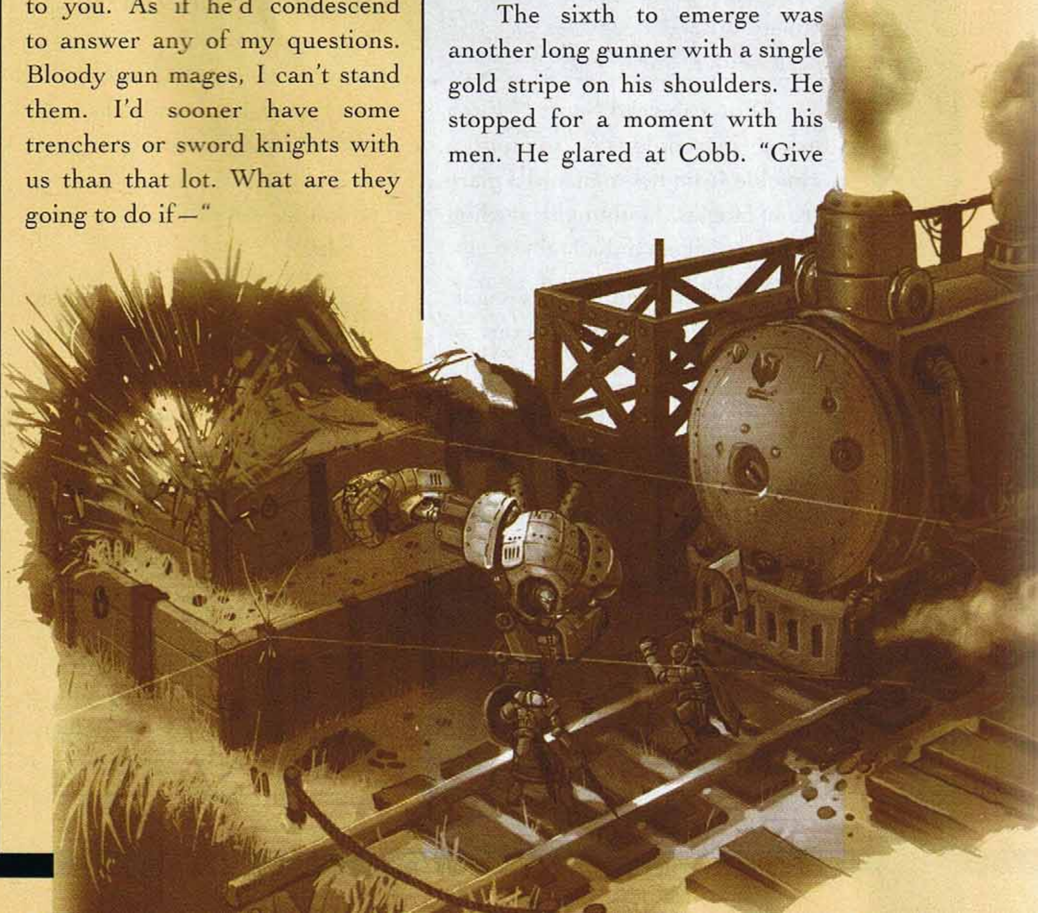
Fitch choked back a cough at the unpleasant smoke of the cheap cigar, wondering how much Cobb had paid for the stinkweed. Fitch shrugged to the question. "Should be here any time now. Know who they're sending?"

"Like they'd tell me. Captain Gately knows, if you want to ask him."

Fitch snorted in amusement. "That's Captain Adept Gately to you. As if he'd condescend to answer any of my questions. Bloody gun mages, I can't stand them. I'd sooner have some trenchers or sword knights with us than that lot. What are they going to do if—"

He cut off his rant as there was a loud creaking from the depot door and several well dressed soldiers exited, five of them wearing distinctive deep blue jackets with golden embroidery, goggles, and tricorne hats. Each bore a sleek and distinctive pistol at their waists, although the gunners deliberately avoided giving them the satisfaction of staring. In return, the gun mages marched past as if the long gunners weren't there, their lieutenant pointing succinctly to each corner of the depot and ordering them to check the perimeter.

The sixth to emerge was another long gunner with a single gold stripe on his shoulders. He stopped for a moment with his men. He glared at Cobb. "Give



me one of those, gunner." He took the offered cigar and added his smoke to the cloud.

"Sarge, any idea what's going on here?" Fitch asked; Sergeant Hogan Corley had always been willing to answer questions. "What are we protecting?"

Sergeant Corley glanced briefly over his shoulder. "This is the captain's show. He's inside with it now. It's something important; worth taking a warcaster from the front to escort it south."

"You didn't see it?"

"I saw it..." The sergeant's tone was grim and he seemed in an ill humor.

"And?" Cobb wasn't one to be deterred.

The sergeant gave him an appraising look. "It didn't look like much." He shrugged. "Maybe a rubbing off some old runed stone, no alphabet I've seen before."

"You can read Sarge?" Fitch asked incredulously, earning a chuckle from the men and a glare from Hogan. "I thought reading was for officers only."

Cobb chewed on his cigar. "So we're guarding a scrap of paper? What a crock..."

"Listen," the sergeant's tone had become stern, and they settled down. "Captain Gately is a man who's been through hell up north. I doubt you've heard of him since none of you boys pays attention, but he was in the thick of it during the siege at Merywyn and he saw plenty of fighting after. The man has ice in his veins. But this thing has him spooked." He paused to let that sink in. "Now consider the fact that we had gunner Terleigh run off on us last week..."

This was a topic they were all uncomfortable talking about, and Fitch shifted and looked at the ground. "Terleigh just got homesick for his family or something, he's just a kid. He'll be back."

Sergeant Corley shook his head and his eyes narrowed. "Terleigh was a Menite, as we all know. And he managed to get a look at that piece of paper before he left."

One of the other gunners had become red in the face and blurted out, "My parents are Menites. That doesn't make me any less a Cygnaran." He glared at his friends who glanced at him uneasily. "Menites aren't all traitors." He said this last no less intensely, staring at the sergeant.

"Relax, Burroughs. No one said anything different. I'm just telling you something was funny about Terleigh—he saw what we're guarding, and then he deserted. That doesn't look good, and it's got the captain uneasy. The sooner we off-load this thing, the better."

Fitch sighed. "I don't see how a piece of paper is worth killing or dying over."

The sergeant gave him a hard look. "Tell that to the people in Fellig." They'd all heard about the burning of the sacred monastery, of the priests and monks who'd given their lives trying to stop it. It was the most harrowing story coming out of the war since the massacre at Riversmet—bad as that was, it had been a Llaelese city. What had happened at Fisherbrook was similar, but that town had been dying for decades and wouldn't be missed. Fellig was something else again, a proper Cygnaran city, even if one few citizens had bothered to visit. Word of the events there had hit hard, particularly among the numerous Morridane serving as long gunners.

A gun mage across the tracks was pointing, which drew their attention. There was a plume of smoke rising up over the top of the hill blocking their view of the horizon. "Is that a train?" Fitch asked.

"No, there aren't tracks over there. Maybe that farmstead is on fire?"

Tensions mounted as the smoke increased, and each of the long gunners ensured his weapon was ready. The gun mages had drawn back to the depot as Journeyman Tolbert scrambled to reattach parts to his Defender. Captain Adept Gately stepped out from the depot door, making the long gunners on the platform start. His magelock pistol was in hand and his expression was inscrutable behind his goggles, but his face was pale. "Sergeant, get your men to cover."

Over the hill ahead of them silhouettes had begun to rise, and for a moment the sun shined on gold trim from what could only be white Protectorate banners, each bearing the blood red symbol of Menoth.

"How the hell did they get all the way across the Midlunds?" Cobb's voice was tinged with dread as he cursed and stamped out his cigar. "Where in Urcaen is our bloody train!?"

ANY FACTION, 500 POINTS

The defender's forces are transporting a powerful artifact. They are waiting at a transport depot for reinforcements and a Warcaster to pick up the item and return with it for testing. The attacker has been ordered to break through the defensive line and to recover the artifact for themselves. The attacker must take the advantage and strike while the defender's Warcaster is still en route on the train.

Special Rules

This scenario may be played by any two factions at 500 points each on a 4x4 table.

See map. A 3" wide Train Track runs east-west through the center of the table dividing it in half. The Train Tracks are rough terrain.

Place a 6" x 6" Depot in the middle of the table touching the north edge of the track as shown on the map. The Depot has one door large enough to accommodate medium-based models on its south side. The Depot cannot be damaged.

Finding the Artifact

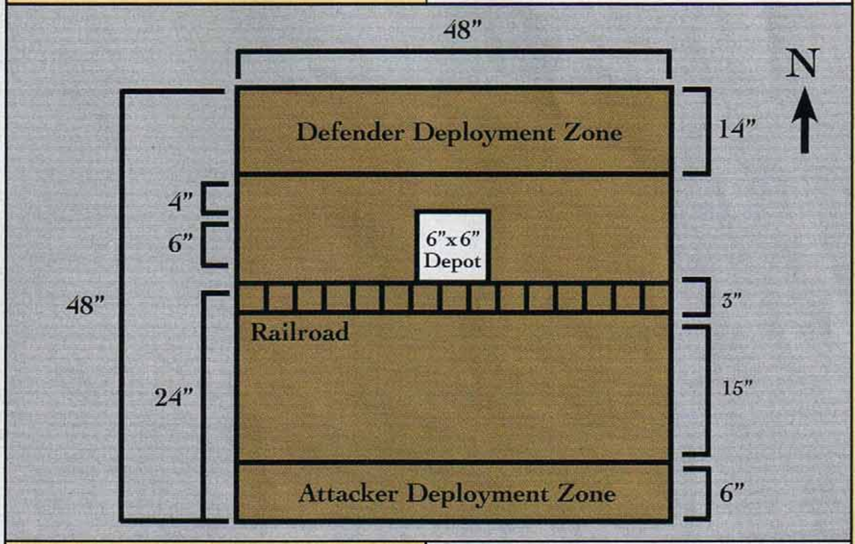
The attacker must Hold the Depot for one round to find the artifact. The attacker Holds the Depot if his Warcaster is in the Depot and he controls all other models in the Depot during his maintenance phase. Models that are engaged in melee combat cannot be used to Hold the Depot.

When the artifact is found, it is assigned to the attacker's Warcaster. The artifact does not hinder the Warcaster in anyway. Once the attacker finds the artifact, he may win the game by getting his Warcaster back to his deployment zone.

The Train

The defender's Warcaster and the Warjacks in his battlegroup are not deployed at the beginning of the game. Instead, the Warcaster and his battlegroup arrive on a train during the Maintenance Phase of the defender's third turn.

When the train arrives, models on the Train Tracks are Thrown d6" in a direction determined by the deviation template and suffer a POW 15 damage roll. When rolling the direction, the one (1) on the deviation template always faces the north table edge. Models landing on the tracks should be further in the direction rolled so that they are *not placed on the tracks.*



Once the arrival of the train has been resolved, the defender immediately places his Warcaster and the Warjacks in his battlegroup within 3" of the Train Tracks, but not on the Train Tracks or in the Depot. There must be enough space to place each model's base. Models activate normally the turn they are placed on the table.

The train remains on the Train Tracks for one round. While the train remains, the entire length of the Train Track is considered to be an obstruction that blocks LOS.

Set Up

Players take turns, each placing three (3) terrain features. Terrain features cannot be placed within 3" of the table edge or another terrain feature, including the Train Tracks and Depot.

Beginning

The Defender deploys first, placing his models within 14" of the north table edge. The defender cannot deploy his Warcaster or any Warjacks in his battlegroup at the beginning of the game. The attacker deploys his forces within 6" of the south table edge.

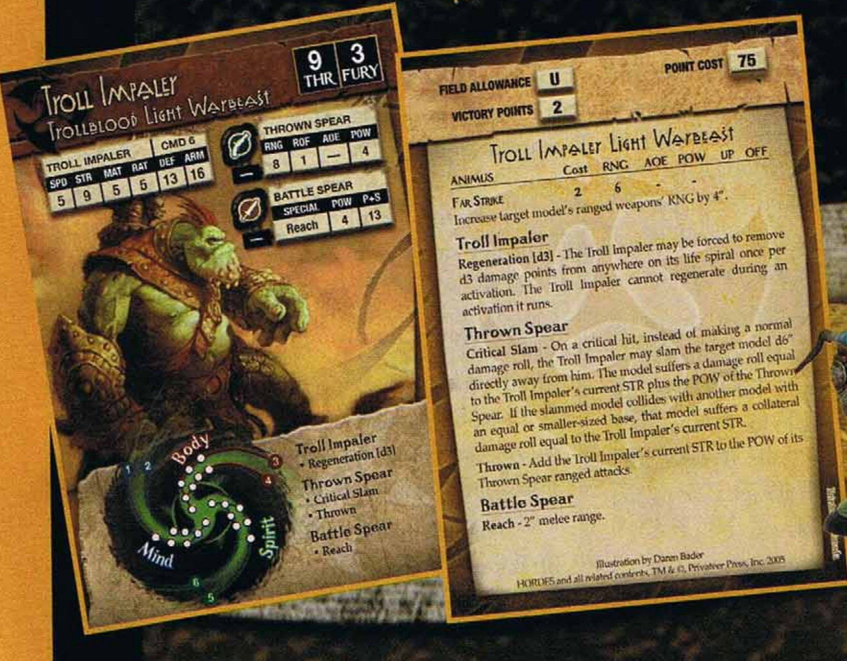
Victory Conditions

The attacker wins immediately if his Warcaster has possession of the artifact and is within the attacker's deployment zone.

The defender wins if the attacker's warcaster is destroyed or removed from play.

Monstrous Miniatures Combat

Spring 2006



TROLL IMPALER
TROLLBLOOD LIGHT WARBEAST

9	3
THR	FURY

TROLL IMPALER				CMD 6	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	9	5	5	13	16

THROWN SPEAR

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	—	4

BATTLE SPEAR

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Reach	4	13

Body
Mind
Spirit
1
2
3
4
5
6

Troll Impaler
- Regeneration [d3]

Thrown Spear
- Critical Slam
- Thrown

Battle Spear
- Reach

FIELD ALLOWANCE U
VICTORY POINTS 2
POINT COST 75

TROLL IMPALER LIGHT WARBEAST

ANIMUS	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
FAR STRIKE	2	6	-	-		

Increase target model's ranged weapons' RNG by 4".

Troll Impaler

Regeneration [d3] - The Troll Impaler may be forced to remove d3 damage points from anywhere on its life spiral once per activation. The Troll Impaler cannot regenerate during an activation it runs.

Thrown Spear

Critical Slam - On a critical hit, instead of making a normal damage roll, the Troll Impaler may slam the target model d6" directly away from him. The model suffers a damage roll equal to the Troll Impaler's current STR plus the POW of the Thrown Spear. If the slammed model collides with another model with an equal or smaller-sized base, that model suffers a collateral damage roll equal to the Troll Impaler's current STR.

Thrown - Add the Troll Impaler's current STR to the POW of its Thrown Spear ranged attacks.

Battle Spear

Reach - 2" melee range.

Illustration by Daren Bader
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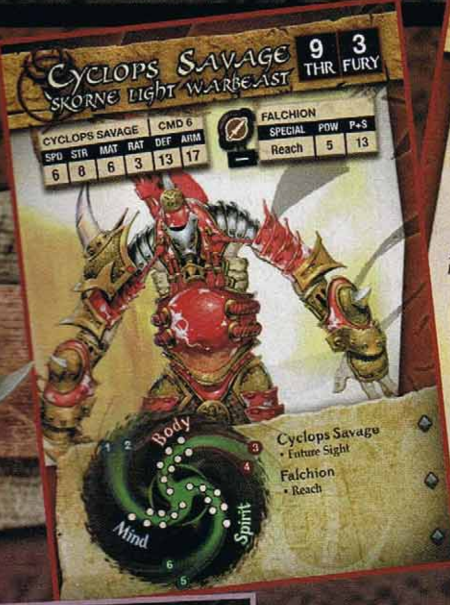


Cyclops Savage

Skorne Light Warbeast

9	3
THR	FURY

CYCLOPS SAVAGE — CMD 6

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	8	6	3	13	17

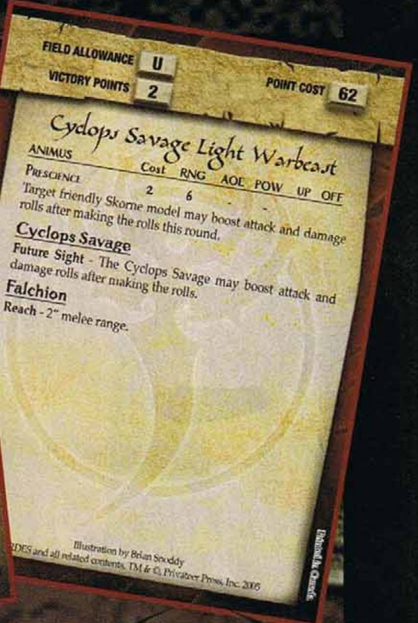
FALCHION —

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Reach	5	13

Body 1 2 3 4 Mind Spirit 6 5

Cyclops Savage
- Future Sight

Falchion
- Reach



FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
VICTORY POINTS	2
POINT COST	62

Cyclops Savage Light Warbeast

ANIMUS	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
PRESCIENCE	2	6	-	-		

Target friendly Skorne model may boost attack and damage rolls after making the rolls this round.

Cyclops Savage

Future Sight - The Cyclops Savage may boost attack and damage rolls after making the rolls.

Falchion

Reach - 2" melee range.

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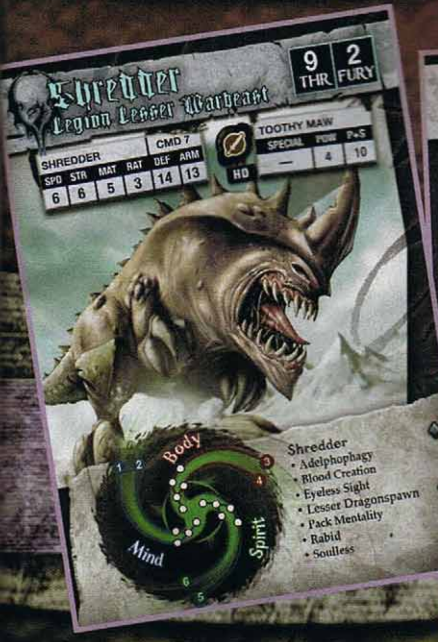


Shredder

Legion Lesser Warbeast

9	2
THR	FURY

SHREDDER — CMD 7

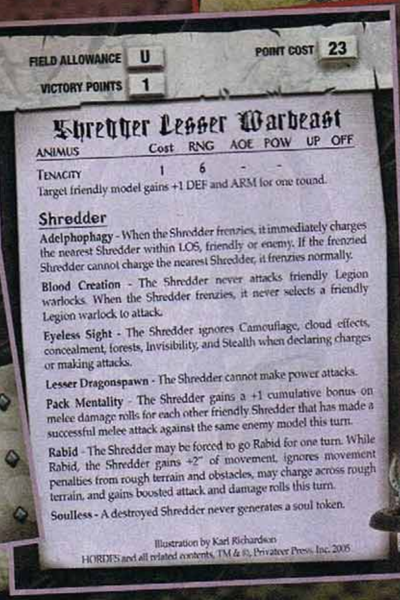
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	5	3	14	13

TOOTHY MAW — HD

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	4	10

Body 1 2 3 4 Mind Spirit 6 5

Shredder
- Adelphophagy
- Blood Creation
- Eyeless Sight
- Lesser Dragonspawn
- Pack Mentality
- Rabid
- Soulless



FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
VICTORY POINTS	1
POINT COST	23

Shredder Lesser Warbeast

ANIMUS	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
TENACITY	1	6	-	-		

Target friendly model gains +1 DEF and ARM for one round.

Shredder

Adelphophagy - When the Shredder frenzies, it immediately charges the nearest Shredder within LOS, friendly or enemy. If the frenzied Shredder cannot charge the nearest Shredder, it frenzies normally.

Blood Creation - The Shredder never attacks friendly Legion warlocks. When the Shredder frenzies, it never selects a friendly Legion warlock to attack.

Eyeless Sight - The Shredder ignores Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, forests, Invisibility, and Stealth when declaring charges or making attacks.

Lesser Dragonspawn - The Shredder cannot make power attacks.

Pack Mentality - The Shredder gains a +1 cumulative bonus on melee damage rolls for each other friendly Shredder that has made a successful melee attack against the same enemy model this turn.

Rabid - The Shredder may be forced to go Rabid for one turn. While Rabid, the Shredder gains +2" of movement, ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles, may change across rough terrain, and gains boosted attack and damage rolls this turn.

Soulless - A destroyed Shredder never generates a soul token.

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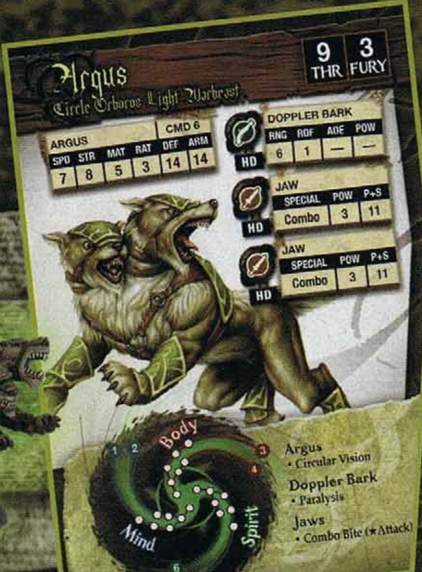


Argus

Circle Orboros Light Warbeast

9	3
THR	FURY

ARGUS — CMD 6

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	8	5	3	14	14

DOPPLER BARK — HD

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
6	1	—	—

JAW — HD

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Combo	3	11

JAW — HD

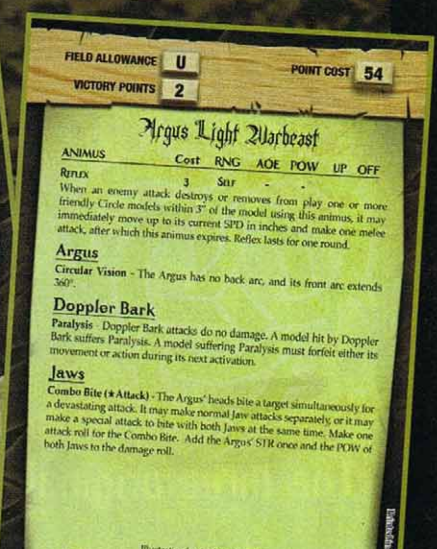
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Combo	3	11

Body 1 2 3 4 Mind Spirit 6 5

Argus
- Circular Vision

Doppler Bark
- Paralysis

Jaws
- Combo Bite (★Attack)



FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
VICTORY POINTS	2
POINT COST	54

Argus Light Warbeast

ANIMUS	Cost	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
REFLEX	3	SELF	-	-		

When an enemy attack destroys or removes from play one or more friendly Circle models within 3" of the model using this animus, it may immediately move up to its current SPD in inches and make one melee attack, after which this animus expires. Reflex lasts for one round.

Argus

Circular Vision - The Argus has no back arc, and its front arc extends 360°.

Doppler Bark

Paralysis - Doppler Bark attacks do no damage. A model hit by Doppler Bark suffers Paralysis. A model suffering Paralysis must forfeit either its movement or action during its next activation.

Jaws

Combo Bite (★Attack) - The Argus' heads bite a target simultaneously for a devastating attack. It may make normal Jaw attacks separately, or it may make a special attack to bite with both Jaws at the same time. Make one attack roll for the Combo Bite. Add the Argus' STR once and the POW of both Jaws to the damage roll.

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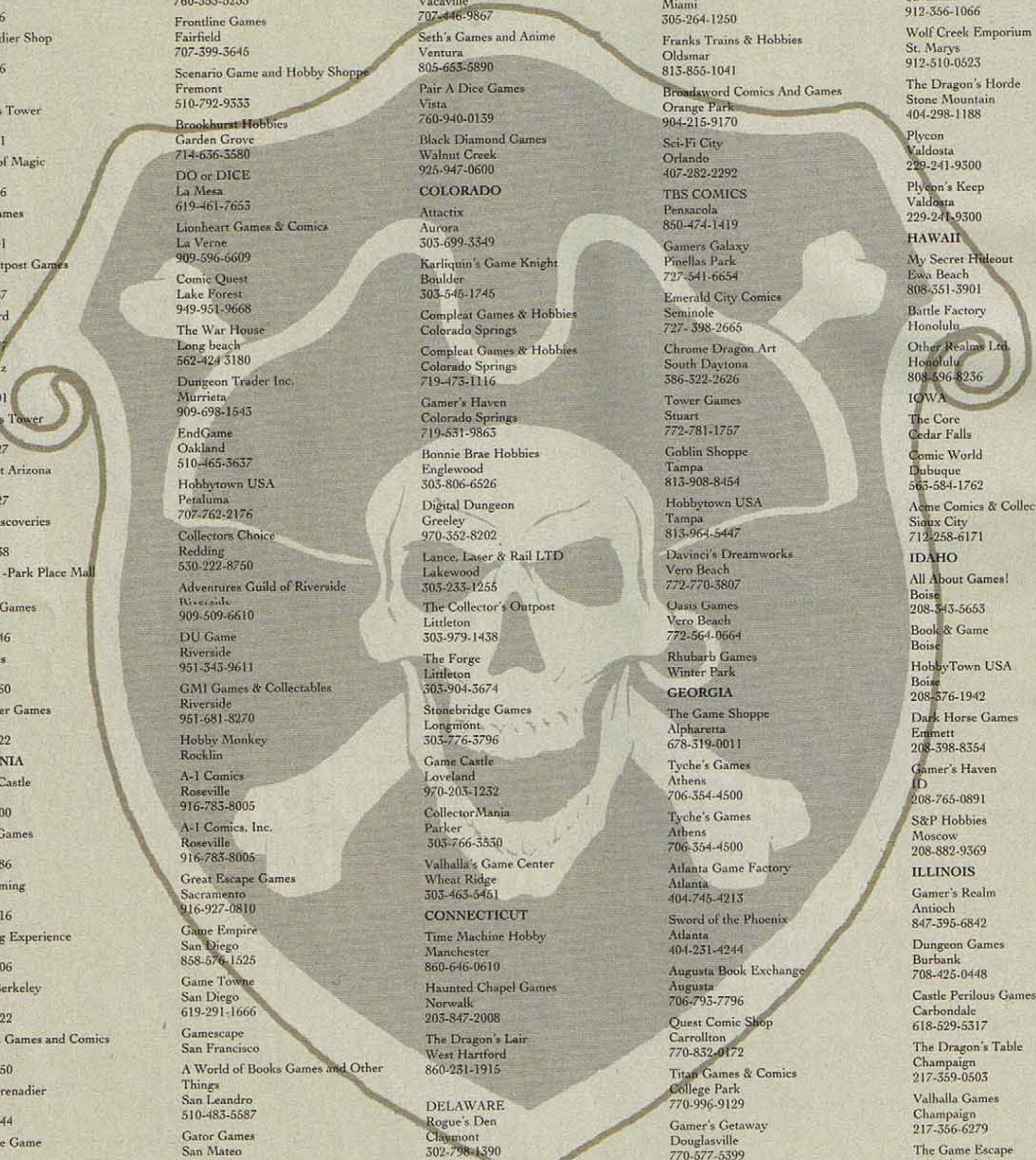

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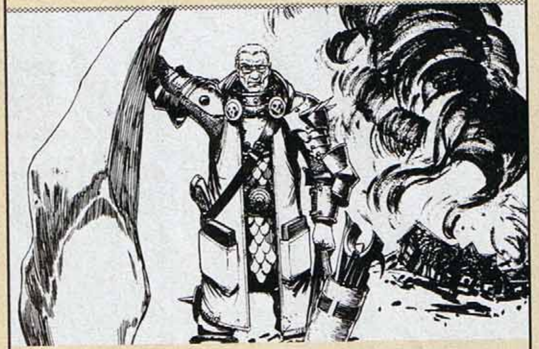
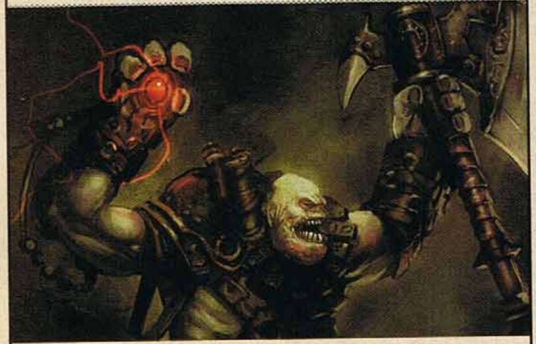
THE POOP DECK

IN THE NEXT NO QUARTER MAGAZINE

Uncovering the **Orgoth!**



Saying goodbye to an **old friend.**



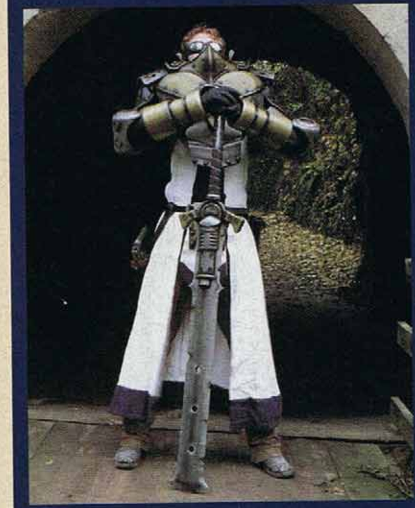
Madrak in the House of Raelthorne

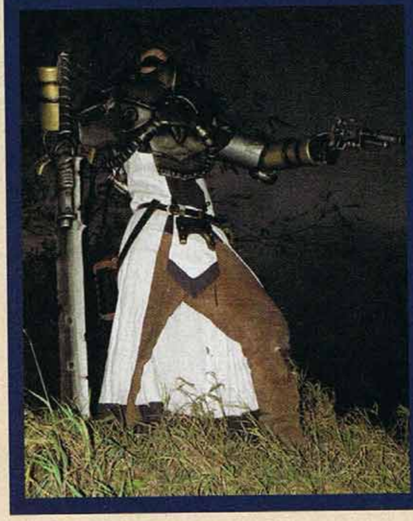
PLUS, **Drugs & poison,** the **Hammerfall** up close, and the release of **HORDES!**

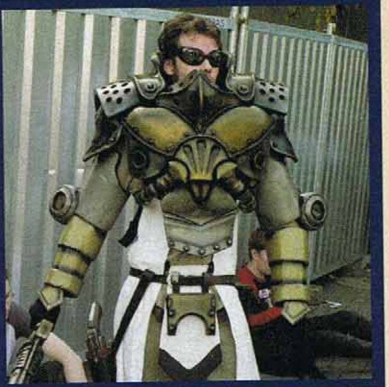
Stryker Lives!

The creative geniuses over at Mind Forge (www.mind-forge.de) pulled out all the stops for Essen Spiel in Germany this year with this amazing Stryker battle suit.

It took over eight weeks for the team to craft this battle-ready beauty out of latex, closed-cell foam, and cloth.







HORDES™

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